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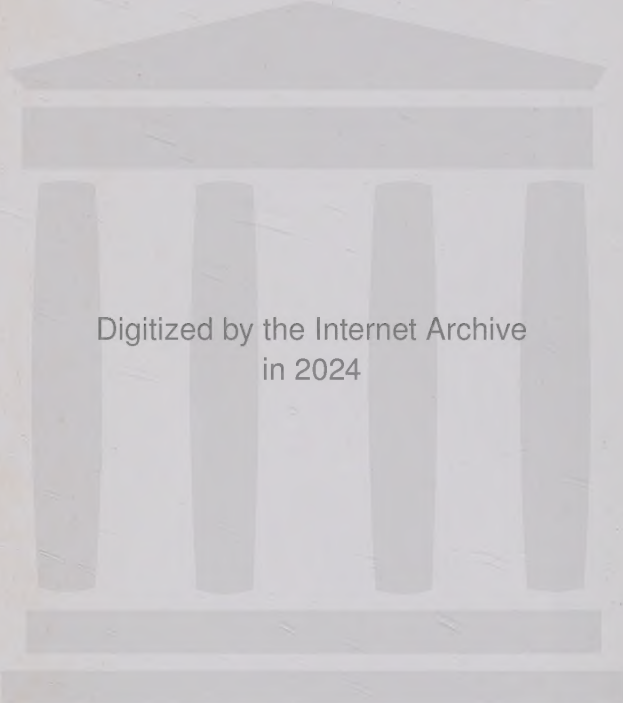
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Rules and Orders
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and
Regulation of Haydon
& Hunt.

1812.

For the true support and continuation
of the said Hunt the subscribing members
hereto do agree to abide and fulfil the
following Engagements and all other

Rules

A SPECIMEN PAGE FROM THE OLD DIARY

(Frontispiece)

HUNTING IN NORTHUMBRIA

BEING THE HISTORY OF THE HAYDON
HUNT AND MANY OTHER PACKS, TOGETHER
WITH SONGS, STORIES AND LEGENDS
OF SPORT IN THE BORDER COUNTY

BY

WILLIAM FAWCETT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH, M.C.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON

H. F. & G. WITHERBY

326 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1

1927

DEDICATED

TO

PEGGY

*In remembrance and appreciation of
a true and valued friendship, which has
made smoother the rough places of life;
and brought abiding joy, comfort, and
a lasting happiness in its train.*

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INTRODUCTION

THE foolish man hath said in his haste "there is no fun in hill and moor and hunting." Some of us think otherwise. Indeed those who are imbued with the proper spirit of sport, who love hounds and hound-work, and hunting for all that is best in it, and who have tasted the joys of hunting on heathery heights, are ready to admit a very considerable debit to the hills and hill-packs. Even within the memories of many still living, the hunting outlook has changed, the demands made by it—Nimrods of to-day and their estimate of what constitutes "the best of the fun" has altered, and this is not the place to discuss the policy of the question, to enter into comparisons or to say whether the twentieth century ideas, and ideals, are decadent. This much, however, one may say, that it is with such packs as the Haydon, the Border, and the other hill hunts in Northumberland, Cumberland, Yorkshire and Wales, that a young man, anxious to *learn* the art of woodcraft and venery, will best be served. It is with such packs he may still see something of the old system of hunting the fox, in such countries he may, as nowhere else, watch hounds work, study the run and wiles of foxes, and learn the heaven-sent lesson of patience. There is no better school for a prospective Master of Hounds to *commence* his novitiate. In such countries as the Haydon, first things are placed first. Pageantry, "fashion," and advertisement have always been a secondary consideration to actual sport. Possibly more is spent

in boot polish in some hunts than is required to maintain the Haydon and its other hill contemporaries. Pace and endless "lapping" too, have always been subservient to actual *hunting*. The old Haydon stalwarts found intense pleasure in running the early morning drag of a fox up to his kennel, and then commencing what was possibly a slow run of two or three hours, ending with a fox almost walked to death. They loved to watch the individual work of every hound, to recognize and drink in the note of Towler or Countess or Climbank when each in turn proclaimed the line of the stout greyhound fox in front. And what foxes they were and *are*, those mountain greyhounds. No miserable, artificially reared, ringing beggars, these, but big, wild, enterprising animals, knowing a tremendous amount of country and worthy of the name of fox. The pages which follow bear out all this, and show us, too, that the Haydon have often had their days when foxes were raced to death and when it required a man with his heart in the right place, a useful horse underneath him, and a knowledge of the country to live with the pack.

The author of this book has done good service by collecting from inevitable loss, the story of this far Northumbrian Haydon Hunt. Very painstakingly he has chronicled the evolution of the pack and much of interest by the way. Though in the main local, the history as a whole is pretty much that of many other packs, and similarly the tradition is also the same, as is the local patriotism. Now in sport—and particularly fox-hunting—tradition and local patriotism (for there is a distinct local as well as *national* patriotism) count for much. One might even go further and say that those hunting countries most blessed with both will be the last to lay aside the horn and bid good-bye for ever to the scarlet and black and tan. Some of us imagine that where fox-

hunting is no more in many of the low countries, the hills of Northumberland, Cumberland, Yorkshire and Wales will still continue to echo with the soul-stirring sound of the horn. This Haydon tradition began in the very early days and was cemented by the frequent dining, and wining, of men who loved the freedom of the open air, the horses, hounds and the congenial company of those whose tastes jumped with their own.

We may smile indulgently at the Haydon bucks of a couple of hundred years ago and at those who succeeded them, for their *penchant* for dining together, for their frequent meetings at "The Anchor" and other inns, but they thereby laid the foundation and very superstructure of friendship, of complete understanding and good fellowship, which is the very quintessence of the success of a pack of hounds. Maybe they did drink their three bottles and maybe too they did "make the welkin ring" with their hunting songs and "tally-ho's." Nevertheless they were true sportsmen, maybe better fellows than we are to-day. Possibly their hounds were not quite up to Peterborough standard, but they loved them, they bred them for nose and music, and with a view to the hills and ravines they had to traverse, and also pied in colour that they might follow them with the eye over the seas of dark heather and as they appeared far away on some distant crest. To them hounds which work last themselves, which would fill the valleys with music and which would last the longest of long days were more essential than great pace, and certain points of conformation which to-day enter much into the reckoning. There is ample evidence, however, as the author shows, that the Haydon hounds in early days took some catching, when scent was good, and there is often a serving scent on the heather when hounds cannot run a yard on the low country. Probably the

old Haydonians boasted (and toasted) when their hounds did race a fox to death, though the deduction one forms from succeeding pages is that this was not the type of hunt they most appreciated. To them a fox found and rolled over after a burst of twenty or thirty minutes was not the ideal. They were prevented from dwelling upon every incident, from seeing to which hounds the honours went, from being close up with the pack, to drink in the music and all the concomitant delights of a less speedy conquest. Many of those who hunted with hill-packs either went on foot or on a dales or fell galloway, so that neither means of locomotion fitted them to live with hounds when they screamed away in front, up hill and down dale, over stone walls and along the narrow ravines which add a charm and diversity to hunting in these parts. Let it not be thought that ponies are spoken of disparagingly for the hills. I have hunted much in such countries in the North of England, in Ireland, and in Wales, and am convinced that a clever, well-bred, short-legged pony is the very best conveyance man, woman, or child can have. They are far handier to mount and dismount; they are far more sure-footed when descending a steep hillside, or crossing broken boggy ground; they are much sooner rested after a long and tiring day, and are better to lead on occasion when topographical conditions demand this line of action. As a matter of fact, the hill portion of the Haydon country is less boggy and less precipitous than the moorlands of North Yorkshire, though in other respects the conditions are much the same.

As long as our memories can go back we recall the pessimistic prophecy that "fox-hunting is doomed." The passing of the squirearchy, and their estates, with the hateful and misnamed socialistic spirit, the ever-increasing expense of maintaining a pack of hounds, all combine to make us pessimists in our

generation. Please God we are wrong, and that the sport of our forefathers which has done so much for rural England and for national character, national independence and robustness, may be passed on to our children and children's children. You remember poor Lindsay Gordon's prophecy:

“ Yet if once we efface the joys of the chase
From the land, and outroot the stud,
Good-bye to the Anglo-Saxon race,
Farewell to the Norman blood.”

Generations to come will be grateful for books like this which will enable them to appreciate the various vicissitudes through which a small pack passed. Both the character of sport and sportsmen will bear the test of analysis. There is something which rings true about both, something rugged like the wild hill country and yet something essentially homely and hospitable, and that is an integral part of the truth to which I have referred. The Haydon men rode hard in the days when the brush fell to the first in at a kill; the spirit of competition for the coveted trophies was very keen in all hill countries, but they welcomed strangers out with them, and asked no other credentials than that they should be sportsmen in spirit and in truth. From the time that the Haydon was a trencher-fed pack, and each man who walked a hound felt he had a vested interest and a prescriptive right to assist in the proceedings in the field, there has been a delightful family feeling in the country. When men spoke of “ wor hounds ” they indeed spoke in the possessive case. So long as this feeling of personal interest and pride continued (or may I say continues) in the hills, so long is all well with hunting. I think most of those who have had any experience of such countries will agree with me that there *is* such a spirit abroad in them, and that one does not find it nearly so strong in the “ fashionable ”

lowlands. I repeat it is to these isolated countries, with their hills and fells, and glorious seas of heathland, one must go to learn hound work, and to understand something of the manner in which our forbears enjoyed the sports of the field. Even in these later days ideas have crept in, but the very topographical conditions still preserve much of the method of hunting the fox adopted by those gallant enthusiasts whose early struggles, economy, and sport is dealt with in the opening chapters of this book.

To all those who love our great national sport for what it is, and what it was, I commend this volume, not merely as the story of a possibly little known country, but as a fascinating contribution to the history of the chase. Students of venery everywhere will find much to interest them in the evolution of a hill-pack, the change from hare to fox, the actual attitude towards "the aristocrat of the woodlands," and the lore, legend and tradition which surrounds the whole narrative. It may be that some may be tempted on reading these pages to experience for themselves the joys of hill hunting, and the poetry inspiration and unspeakable charm of watching hounds racing away in front with a thousand acres of heathland in front and on every side and another range of hills coming closer and closer as "forrard on": "forrard on" is the cry. Here and there a stone wall may meet them, occasionally "'ware bog" may necessitate a slight deviation, sometimes it is "Keep your horse's head straight, throw your weight back and let him get his hind legs under him to slide down some steep incline." For excitement, variety, good fellowship, stout foxes, abundance of opportunity to see hounds find their fox and hunt him, commend me to such countries as the Haydon, where "forrard on" is more often the cry than "tally-ho back," and when the number of foxes killed is no indication as to the amount of fun enjoyed. This it cannot be when

every hillside has a score of unstoppable earthed and craggy fissures into which a beaten fox can creep.

Mr. William Fawcett has found a good fox and has hunted him handsomely through the following pages, with here and there inevitable checks. In so doing he has preserved to posterity much which would inevitably have been lost, and in addition has provided those of to-day with a valuable text-book on the sport which has meant so much to many of us and is so bound up with the poetry and picturesqueness of rural England. Twenty years ago I edited a book on hunting, and would like to conclude with a quotation therefrom:

“Those hill countries of Cumberland, Westmorland, Northumberland, and Wales, with their tough and sport-loving inhabitants, are, in fact, famous nurseries for turning out hardy and vigorous specimens of mankind. The thing is impossible, but if it were feasible each season to give our foot regiments, weary as they are, too often are, of parades and route marches, a month or two of fox-hunting in the hill countries, the men would be for some time to come fit to march, if not to run for a man's life. Still better would it be for some of the more soft and coddled sportsmen of these degenerate days, who dislike even the trouble of hacking a few miles to covert and have had enough of hunting after an hour's galloping if they could be compulsorily entered to fox-hunting for a season amongst the hills.”

J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH.

“ A STIRRUP CUP ”

To the compiler of hunting history the task is no light one, involving as it does immense labour of research, with very often only the thinnest of materials to work from. A scrap of old paper sets us on the right line, an old document, musty from confinement in a country house muniment box, gives us an index to the past, but often the only guide is oral, local tradition, which may or may not be correct. The writer of hunting history is often faced with unsurmountable difficulties in collecting and verifying the records which come to his hand. These are, as it were, a corner stone upon which is erected the whole fabric, but to lay that foundation is often a matter of no little trouble.

Such has been the case in the ensuing series. When I set out to write them I was a stranger in a strange country, and had it not been for the help and advice of many kind friends, perhaps much of this history would never have been penned. “Good sportsman means good fellow,” said Browning, and the saying bears as much weight to-day. Friendships formed in the hunting field or the great out o’ doors often prove to be the most lasting of all. In this volume much has been rescued from the past, and we have been enabled to etch a picture of old-time sportsmen, and not only their pleasure, but also, in some degree, their social everyday lives as well. All this would have been impossible had it not been for efforts of many friends, both old and new, if I may be so permitted to call them.

Among those to whom my grateful thanks are due are Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Maling for unremitting kindness in every way; Colonel E. Joicey for kindly placing the old diary and other interesting material at my disposal; Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough for many useful suggestions. To Mr. T. J. Young I am deeply indebted for helping me with information in regard to the country, and also for writing accounts of latter-day masterships and sportsmen. It is my hope that his cadence and style will be duly recognized. Mr. John Dickenson, of Bardon Mill, has also my thanks for throwing much light on the sport of the old-time Haydon; and I also thank Mr. Lewis Priestman, M.F.H., for placing prints for reproduction at my disposal. Much of the history of hunting on the Border would never have been written had it not been for the kind offices of Mr. Jacob Robson, Captain T. Robson and Mr. Howard Pease, who gave me a great deal of help and kindly advice. The same remark applies to Mr. J. G. Nevin, who kindly placed the Allendale Hunt papers at my disposal. To Mr. Arthur Spraggon, Mr. H. Coning, and Mr. William T. Younger, my thanks are also due for the reproduction of papers in their possession. I should also like to thank my old and valued friends Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Turnbull, who have always given me every assistance and done much to make the path of life the easier. Last but by no means least I should like to pay a tribute to both my father and my mother for the great interest that they have taken in this volume, and for the kindness that they have always shown to a very unworthy son. For the reproduction of prints, portraits and photographs I should like to thank both Messrs. Thirlwell, of Stockton-on-Tees, and also Messrs. Elliott and Fry, who have helped me with these difficult items in every way. My thanks are also due to the editors of the principal sporting journals in

which parts of the following chapters have appeared. These journals include *Baily's Magazine*, *The Field*, *The Cumberland News*, and *The Hexham Courant*, though much of the subject matter has been altered since the appearance of the articles in question.

It is a matter of impossibility to mention all those who have rendered me assistance, and though many of them were perfect strangers to me at the outset, I can only assure them, each and severally, of my gratitude, and also of the pleasant memories which have surrounded our association in a work that we have had at heart.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

*The Stud Farm,
Croft Spa, Yorks.*

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CHAPTER I

"THE THROW OFF"

The Old Haydon Diary, 1809-79

JORROCKS : "Vot 'ounds have you been with?"

PIGG : "A vast. I ken all o' t' h'unds i' the North—Lambtons, Ridleys, t' Horworth, t' Tindale, an' all."

JORROCKS : "Yes, but those be Scotch 'ounds, packs I know nothing on; but tell thou me vot civilized packs you've been with."

Lovers of Handley Cross will remember the foregoing dialogue, and though James Pigg mentions the Tynedale, he does not say anything about the Haydon. Doubtless though a very much older pack than the Tynedale, they did not attract much attention outside their own immediate neighbourhood. Though there are no very early records of the sport extant in Hexhamshire, yet the Haydon bear a very respectable ancestry, being the oldest pack in Northumbria.

The first record of the Haydon, which shows that hunting must have been carried on for a long while in Southern Northumbria, is a stuffed fox in a glass case which bears the following inscription :

"This fox, a wild inhabitant of the west banks of River Alan, was killed November 25th, 1809, after a hard chase of three hours by the celebrated hounds of the Haydon Hunt, and placed here by the members thereof in honour of the Receiver of Greenwich Hospital."

The Receivers of Greenwich Hospital were (and to some extent still are) the largest landowners in the Haydon Bridge district, having the administration of the sequestered Derwentwater estates, of which much more later.

Haydon Bridge receives its name from the bridge which crosses the South Tyne here. Camden, who wrote over three centuries ago, described it as a wooden structure and in sad repair. The name Haydon appears to be compounded from *Hay*, an enclosure, and *Don*, which means water.

The inn is situated at the farther end of the bridge, and it was here the hunt headquarters were situate.

Time was when these old inns were the only centres for news when it was brought in by coach, so consequently they did a wonderful trade, gossips coming from many a mile around to hear how Wellington was progressing in the Peninsula, or how the great races had gone at York or Doncaster. How we can picture them in the days before the advent of railways, when the old coaches drove up with the burly coachman, ruddy of face, so swathed in coats, shawls and mufflers, looking as if he was endeavouring to live up to the elder Mr. Weller's maxim of "Vidth and Visdom Samivel," the cheery red-coated guard, the four horses tired and travel-stained, the "change" waiting to be put in by the scurrying ostlers, whilst the cheery landlord runs out with flagons of mulled ale, and other heart-warming drinks, assisted by a buxom, smiling chambermaid ready to reply to the witticisms of the passengers. Good slow old days. Time inexorable has passed them over, and to-day modern youth no longer cares for the shrill music of the "yard o' tin" or the "rattle of the bars."

These old hostelries had an extensive range of stabling to provide post horses and changes for the mail coaches. At the "Anchor" may still be seen



THE STUFFED FOX

these old stables, but alas, their glory has departed. But at this time “The Anchor,” with its jolly landlord, Matthew Hetherington, would be at the height of its popularity; the old Haydon met there frequently, and jolly fellows they must have been, fond of good wine, fun, and loving hunting for its own sake, with the essential concomitants of congenial companions and good fellowship. The stables were always full of the horses belonging to the members of the hunt, and right merrily did they make the welkin ring with song and story, and after dinner, when the dew of the vintage had fallen pretty heavily, much rough good-humoured horse-play took place, for these were the “Tom and Jerry” days, when no heel taps were allowed, and the first toast was “The King” and the last “Here’s to Fox-hunting.”

The old inn still stands overlooking the rapidly flowing South Tyne, and one wishes that a glimpse of the past might be shown one for a space, but only the tradition remains and one can only imagine and picture the “brave days of old.”

Three years elapsed, and then the hunt was placed on a business footing. A meeting was held at the Anchor Inn, with Mr. Henry Eshton as President in the chair. The following rules were codified and enacted:

RULES AND ORDERS OF THE HAYDON HUNT, 1812

“For the true support and continuation of the said hunt, the subscribing members hereto agree to abide by and fulfil the following engagements and all other rules and orders which may by a majority of the members be adopted for the better conducting thereof.”

I. “Every member engageth to furnish and keep through the season so many staunch running hounds (accidents excepted) as are annexed to his name.”

This is interesting as it shows that the hounds were trencher-fed, as were the majority of the packs in those days.

2. "There shall be two and no more Public Dinners thro' the season, viz.: At the commencement and conclusion thereof, and that each of the absent members at either of the said dinners shall contribute and pay his proportion to the public bill the same as if present, that the house may not suffer or be hurt by a superabundant preparation, and that the Secretary herein to be appointed shall be fully authorized to collect and receive the same and settle his account at the conclusion of the same."

They dined very well, these old forbears of ours: the old inn grace in those days being, "What we are about to receive the landlord expects to be paid for."

3. "That for the true preservation of good order a bill of the expenses of the day at each meeting shall be ordered at eight o'clock in the evening and immediately collected and discharged, and every member be at liberty to depart if he chuseth (chooseth?) at nine."

4. "A President shall be elected at the first of the said meetings to whom all matters of complaint must be addressed and by him be laid before the members to take their determination upon."

This important person really acted as Master.

5. "There shall be two regular hunting days in each week thro' the season, viz.: Wednesday and Saturday as usual if the weather permits, but when unfavourable the next fair appearing morning to be taken, until it fall in due course, and at the conclusion of each day's sport the game to be disposed of by John Davidson to the Secretary (if not present), who will enter the same in a regular manner, and the field for

the next meeting always to be appointed before parting.”

This is a most interesting rule as it shows us that tradition dies very hard in the North Countree; the Haydon still hunt on the same days.

The game was, as we shall see, the hares which were untorn by the hounds, for at this time the Haydon were hunting both fox and hare.

John Daveson (*sic* Davidson) was the pedestrian huntsman.

6. “The several members hereof, in order to obtain the good esteem of all the surrounding neighbourhood, do most strictly engage themselves that in pursuit of their amusements they will most cautiously refrain from giving offence to any person whoever, and that they will not ride upon any ground whereon corn or grass seeds are sown, or turnips growing.”

A very good rule indeed, and one which should always be rigidly adhered to, because it is only by the courtesy of the landowners and farmers that hunting is carried on at all.

7. “A proper person shall be engaged to collect the hounds the evening before each day’s hunt, and take them to the field in the morning; which person shall have a proper recompense for his trouble, and all other expenses as shall be thought fit, or in any consequence thereof (which expenses) shall be paid by an equal contribution of all the members hereof.”

In the olden time, this official personage was “hound boy,” and a collection—generally a crown a head—was made for him, which was known as “field money.”

8. “The game taken thro’ the season shall be distributed amongst the members in proportion to the numbers of hounds they subscribe to keep and furnish.”

The game, as I have observed, was, of course, hares.

9. "That no person whoever can be a member of the said hunt without being voted in by a majority of members at their first annual meeting for the season (to be held at the house of Miss Hubbert, the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge), and afterwards subscribing his name."

10. "Lastly, the members of the said Hunt, and whose names are hereto set, do unanimously agree to abide by and fulfil the several regulations and orders as formerly established for the conduct thereof, and to furnish the number of staunch hounds thro' the season as are annexed to their names."

The members—I quote directly from the original diary—were as follows:

Henry Eshton, President.

Thomas Coats, vice-President.

William Coats.

John Parker. xxx

Nicholas Maughan. x

George Routledge.

John Snowball. x

James Mulcaster.

Thomas Cowing.

Thomas Lambert.

John Lambert (both of Elrington Hall).

Thomas Hunter. xx

John English. x

William Armstrong, senior. xx

William Armstrong, junior.

Anthony Warter. x

William Todd. x

William Lambert. x

These were the original members; the crosses against their names represented the number of hounds

kept, which totalled only seven couple, but on November 10th, 1814, George Coats was elected a member. He brought another—a couple and a half—the Master's nephew, Mr. William Eshton, being elected with him, likewise Thomas Holden (designated with the title of "Esquire"), who kept three hounds.

In 1818 (November 19th), Mr. Humphrey Dodd was elected, with Mr. Thomas Todd, Mr. Thomas Errington and Mr. Matt. Brown.

The last entry in the diary reads: "1820, November 23rd, Thomas Coats was permitted to wear the silver buttons of the hunt." William Watkins was secretary.

CHAPTER II

"THE THROW OFF" (*continued*)

Being the Olden Story of the Haydon Hunt

Now let us glance at the sport the old timers had. It must be remembered that the hare was then the chief quarry, and they only had a very short pack.

The diary simply gives an account of the game disposed of; to whom; if the "dogs" tore any. And I am afraid it would provide very dry reading.

Apropos of "dogs." The famed "Bobbie" Dawson, of Bilsdale in Yorkshire, for over sixty years whipper-in to the Bilsdale Hounds, and one whose whole heart and soul lay in the chase, if he heard anyone describing hounds by any other appellation than *hounds*, would ride up to them, saying, "Ca' 'em hunds, thoo fond de'il."

The Haydon were hunting hare with an occasional fox at that time, but the diaries speak more eloquently of the old time than I can do.

Season	1812-1813.	52 hares; 16 torn.
	1813-1814.	36 hares; 10 torn.
	1814-1815.	56 hares; 21 torn.
	1815-1816.	36 hares; 2 torn.
	1816-1817.	59 hares; 8 torn.
	1817-1818.	47 hares; 21 torn.
	1818-1819.	47 hares; 15 torn.

This season the first record of fox-hunting is shown, the diary reads:

"February 12th, 1819.—Fox Hunt.

February 18th, 1819.—Fox Hunt (bag fox)."

So the diaries continue—sometimes they hunted fox, more generally hare, and it is not until the year 1834 that we find anything like an account of any proceedings excepting the game shared out and other now unimportant items.

To quote the diary once more:

MEMBERS OF THE HAYDON HUNT,

November 5th, 1834.

	£	s.	d.
1. Mr. George Lee . . .	0	7	0
2. Mr. Matthew Lee . . .	0	7	0
3. Mr. John Lee . . .	0	7	6
4. Mr. Thomas Lambert . . .	0	7	6
5. Mr. John Nevin . . .	0	7	6
6. Mr. Thomas Watson (resigned) . . .	0	7	6
7. Mr. Ralph Reed . . .	0	7	6
8. Mr. William Watson (resigned) . . .			
9. Mr. Isaac Walton . . .	0	7	6
10. Mr. ——— Martinson . . .	0	7	6
11. Mr. T. Rewcastle . . .	0	7	6
12. Mr. William Howdon . . .	0	7	6
13. Captain Eshton (Master of Chesterwood Grange) . . .	0	7	6
14. Mr. J. Stokoe (arrears) . . .	0	7	6
15. Mr. George White (resigned) . . .			
16. Mr. N. M. Parker (the Secretary) . . .	0	7	6
17. Mr. James Turnbull . . .	0	7	6
18. Mr. Matthew Hetherington . . .	0	7	6
19. Mr. John Harle (a branch of the famous de Haviland family) . . .	0	7	6
<i>Carried forward</i>	6	6	6

			£	s.	d.
	<i>Brought forward</i>		6	6	6
20.	Mr. William Hunt	.	0	7	6
21.	Mr. M. Barwick	.	0	7	6
22.	Mr. John Craig	.	0	7	6
23.	Mr. J. S. Cromack	.	0	7	6
24.	Mr. John Bell	.	0	7	6
25.	Captain Nicholson	.	0	7	6
			<hr/>		
			8	11	6
Dinner Bill	.	.	7	17	6
			<hr/>		
			£0	14	0
			<hr/>		

Wednesday, November 5th.

M. N. Parker proposed Mr. Cromack to be a member of the Haydon Hunt; seconded by Mr. Barwick. Mr. Cromack was unanimously elected.

Mr. John Bell, proposed by Mr. John Lee, and seconded by Mr. Barwick. Mr. John Bell was unanimously elected.

Captain Nicholson, Summerrods, proposed by G. Lee, Esq., and seconded by John Lee, Esq. Captain Nicholson unanimously elected.

	£	s.	d.
Twenty members at 7s. 6d.	7	10	0
J. Stokoe, in arrears	0	7	6
Fifteen members at 3s.	2	5	0
<hr/>			
	£10	2	6
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“The members of the Haydon Hunt hereby agree to hire Thomas Davison as huntsman of the hounds during the ensuing season, and the said Thomas

Davison hereby agreeth to hunt the said hounds on the same condition as usual.”

Follows the quaint signature of Thomas Daveson.

Then follows the bill for the dinner, which was held at Mr. Martinson’s, Nilstone Ridge, then occupied by Mr. Martinson (a great supporter of the Haydon), which reads as follows:

	£	s.	d.
15 dinners at 2s. 6d.	1	17	6
4 dinners at 2s.	0	8	0
10 bottles sherry	3	0	0
2 bottles port	0	10	0
Brandy, rum and whisky	1	8	0
Ale-horns and tobacco	0	14	0
Waiters, music, wine, etc.	2	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£10	2	6
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ACCOUNT OF GAME KILLED BY THE HAYDON HUNT DURING THE SEASON 1834-35

“*October 18th.*—Black Dykes. One hare, Robert Wears, and one fox killed (the latter is written in large letters).

November 1st.—Summerrods. Two hares, one torn. B. Wears and Captain Nicholson.

November 12th.—Summerrods. Three. John Stokoe, Michael Lumley, Mr. Richmond.

November 26th.—Whitechapel. Five hares. Jno. Grey, Esq., William Hunt, John Dickenson, M. Hetherington, John Surtees. A pretty good day.”

This John Grey, dignified by the title of "Esquire," was no other than the famous "John Grey of Dilston," who did more for agriculture and shorthorn breeding than any man of his time. Mr. Grey was a great friend of Culley, who made the Border renowned for its shorthorns, and it was in 1833 that Mr. Grey was appointed a commissioner for the Greenwich Hospital estates. During his tenure of office he made great improvements, and the name of "Grey of Dilston" was one with which to conjure in agricultural circles in the North Countree. From his youth upward Mr. Grey was intimately connected with shorthorns, and much of his knowledge was derived from his close friendships with the Collings, Bates and Maynards. With them he spent his holidays, and when his schoolmaster asked him of what was their conversation, he replied, "*Comet, et id genus onme.*" A very keen hunting man, Mr. Grey was a member and a staunch supporter of the Haydon at this time. In "Saddle and Sirloin," "The Druid" tells us of his prowess: "Hunting was what Mr. Grey loved best, and he enjoyed it much in his youth with the hounds of Mr. Bailey of Mellerstein. We remember with what keen delight he quoted to us the remark of an old shepherd upon the riding of one of his grandchildren. 'It's just yen of them Greys—it's in the bluid—they canna help it.'"

"*December 3rd.*—Kennel." This would be at Haydon Bridge.

Certainly this is the first note we have of the existence of any kennel. There is a kennel at "The Anchor," but of later date, though probably hounds would be kennelled there the night before hunting.

"*December 3rd.*—One killed. One torn.

December 10th.—Whitechapel. Three. William Woodman, George Lee, Matthew Lee.

December 20th.—Langhope Dean. Four. One torn. William Lambert, William Howdon, John Pattinson, Mr. Richmond (by request).

January 3rd.—Glendue. Four. John Snowball, John Lambert, William Bell, Robert Wears.”

They had poor sport till January 28th, when we find the following entry:

“*January 28th.*—Low Gate. Bag fox killed.

January 31st.—West Banks. One hare. Thomas White. Also a fox killed.

February 18th.—Warden. Four. Joseph Rewcastle, Robert Cowing, Thomas Lambert, Isaac Walton.

February 23rd.—Haydon Bridge. Bag fox killed.

March 11th.—Haydon Bridge. Bag fox killed.

March 18th.—The huntsman has in his possession belonging to the Haydon Hunt 13 couples, a whip, and a horn.”

The huntsman was a pedestrian one, collecting the hounds overnight and taking them to the place of meeting the next morning.

The horn is a curious relic which was handed down from huntsman to huntsman, and is now in the possession of Colonel E. Joicey, of Blenkinsopp Hall. It is one of the old curved type which was slung over the huntsman's shoulder by a cord—a most interesting relic. It may be borne in mind that in the olden days many of those who went hunting carried a similar horn, and a kill was always signalized by much horn-blowing. The author, when these pages were being written, was presented with one of these old copper bugle horns.

Then follows the first record we have of the hounds' names and who they were kept by; we of to-day would call it a kennel book.

I give them verbatim.

NAMES	KEPT BY
1. Tipler . . .	William Potts.
2. Ranger . . .	William Martinson.
3. Leader . . .	William Bell.
4. Canty . . .	Thomas Dickinson.
5. Tapster . . .	William Pearson.
6. Crooner . . .	John Robson.
7. Music . . .	George Arthur.
8. Britton . . .	Thomas Lambert.
9. Blossom . . .	George Lee.
10. Tory . . .	John Pattinson.
11. Damsel . . .	William Howdon.
12. Winder . . .	William Lambert.
13. Towler . . .	Ralph Reed.
14. Towler . . .	Matthew Hetherington.
15. Carnage . . .	Joseph Blacklock.
16. Countess . . .	Robert Bell.
17. Ruby . . .	Thomas White.
18. Ruby . . .	Thomas Lee.
19. Countess . . .	John Lambert.
20. Fanny . . .	Thomas Charlton.
21. Haydon . . .	M. N. Parker.
22. Butler . . .	John Harle.
23. Trimmer . . .	Robert Cowing.
24. Gamester . . .	John Bell.
25. Flora . . .	Edward Dodd.
26. Lovely . . .	William Pickering.

Thirteen couples in all.

There were two Towlers, Countesses and Rubies in the pack, perhaps, and in all probability, they were puppies named after their progenitors.

Season 1835-36

At a meeting of the subscribers to the Haydon

Hunt held on Monday, 20th October, Edward Dodd, of Haydon Bridge, was elected to act as huntsman for the present season.

This was Mr. George Lee's first season as Master. Turning to the diary:

"*October 10th, 1835.*—Haydon Bridge. Run a fox from Haydon Bridge and killed him in Alton-side Haugh, also three hares.

October 17th, 1835.—Harsondale Cleugh. Killed a fox, one hare.

November 7th, 1835.—West Heugh. Run a fox to earth; killed one hare which William Pearson got.

November 13th, 1835.—West Heugh. Run a fox to earth.

November 16th, 1835.—High Warden. One rabbit.

November 21st, 1835.—Harsondale Cleugh. Three hares. Mr. Martinson one for Hunt dinner.

December 12th, 1835.—A fox run to earth and a hare run to earth.

December 19th, 1835.—West Dipton. A fox killed at Hindley Dean after a splendid chase of not less than 30 miles, which was run in 3 hours 10 minutes."

This famous run was one worthy to be recorded amongst the best, and therefore I quote the following account which appeared in *Bell's Life*—the great sporting journal of that day—which entry was published on January 10th, 1836, reading:

"The Haydon Hounds threw off at West Dipton on the 19th ult., and unkennelled a fox at the foot of Blackburn. After following the course of the ravine past Newbiggin, he crossed the Devil's Water

towards East Dipton; leaving that extensive cover, he made direct for the plantations at Minsteracres, but being closely pursued he struck off for the lead-hills; being headed, he turned back to Minsteracres; from thence to Mr. Ormston's plantations, at Healey; but still finding no refuge from his pursuers, he made for Apperley, taking Whittenstall in his course. A fresh fox here, unfortunately, broke cover, which took off two of the leading hounds; the main still, however, pursued their original customer, and after returning by New Ridley, ran into him in gallant style in a field near Hindley. The whole course of this chase cannot be anything short of thirty miles, which was run in three hours and ten minutes, and, considering the inclemency of the day and the nature of the country, it must be considered an extraordinary feat."

"*January 9th, 1836.*—West Dipton. Two foxes run to earth. The first raised in Dipton and earthed in Lock Wood, and the second raised in the same place and earthed in West Heugh."

This is where they had the great run from. It is—and one hopes always will be—a great stronghold for members of the vulpine tribe. Many a merry run has been enjoyed in the past with these straight-necked 'uns.

"*January 20th, 1836.*—Greenshaw Plain. A fox killed in Coastley Moor.

February 14th, 1836.—Redheugh. A fox raised and killed at Harsondale Cleugh.

February 20th, 1836.—Sewing Shields. A fox raised in Mill Hills Plantation and killed at

Newbrough; a most delightful gallop, the ground being rather soft though.

February 27th, 1836.—A fox run from Mill Hills and killed at Simon Syke March.

March 26th, 1836.—Sewing Shields. A fox raised in Grindon Plantation and killed at Newbrough. Also a fox earthed in Queen's Craig.

April 6th, 1836.—Sewing Shields. Raised a fox in Capons Cleugh and earthed him in Sewing Shields after a smart chase."

EXPENSES OF THE HAYDON HUNT DURING SEASON 1835-36

	£	s.	d.
Huntsman's wages	9	0	0
A pair of shoes for huntsman	0	10	0
Rent for kennel	0	10	0
Saddler's bill	0	8	8
Pattinson's bill for med.	0	6	7
Watching earths at Judas Crag	0	10	0
Watching earths at Sewing Shields	1	0	0
To Walton and Wears for collecting dogs	0	5	0
For musicians	1	0	0
Dinner bill	7	10	0
Waiters	0	5	0
Additional	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£21	15	3
	<hr/>		

As has been observed before, the huntsman went on foot; Walton and Wears were "hound boys," whilst the watchers (or earth stoppers) were hardly paid since the Judas Crag and Sewing Shields have

countless crannies where Master Reynard could lodge. It is probable that the custom, existing at this time in the Haydon country, of lighting fires on these and other strongholds was usually practised.

We find the following were members of the Haydon Hunt during season 1836-37:

Mr. George Lee, Master.
 Mr. Matthew Lee, his brother.
 Mr. John Lee, his brother.
 Mr. John Nevin.
 Mr. Ralph Reed.
 Mr. Isaac Walton.
 Mr. Martinson.
 Captain Eshton, a former Master.
 Mr. M. N. Parker, the Secretary.
 Mr. Hetherington.
 Mr. Harle.
 Mr. Barwick.
 Mr. J. S. Cromack.
 Mr. John Bell.
 Mr. R. Elliott.
 Mr. J. Lambert.
 Mr. G. Armstrong.
 Mr. J. Liddle.
 Mr. W. Langhorne.
 Mr. W. Lambert.

EXPENSES OF THE HUNT PRIOR TO NOVEMBER MEETING, 1836

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Pickering's bill for meal for dogs	.	0	17 6
Mr. Reed's bill for meal for dogs	.	0	17 6
Paid for printing cards	.	0	7 6

The last item is interesting. Fixtures were not

advertised in those days. Cards were generally sent to the members informing them of the week's meets, a list was put up in the different inns, and in some parts of the country the fixtures were given out in church, a custom prevailing in remote districts till quite recent times.

At the meeting held at Nilstone Ridge on 23rd November, 1836:

"On the motion of Mr. Joseph Liddle, seconded by Mr. Reed, it was unanimously resolved that no person shall be absent from the table above the space of five minutes, unless upon special leave, under the penalty of one shilling."

Mr. C——k fined one shilling.

Mr. H——n do. do.

Mr. H——e do. do.

It will be easily seen and deduced who were the absentees. Probably the reason for this was that the decanter did not pass round, since in those days everyone had to take toll as it passed "in the way of the sun." In some place there were decanters which had no bottoms, necessitating a quick passage round, since if they rested the wine ran out. Also there were glasses with no bottoms on the stems, thus making it incumbent to swallow the contents at once.

Season 1836-37

"October 7th, 1836.—A fox raised at Elrington Plantation and killed at Plankney Mill.

October 15th, 1836.—New Drop. A fox run and earthed at Coal Holm; also a fox raised at

Leadbirks Plantation and killed at Threepwood Water House.

October 7th, 1836.—A fox raised at Elrington Plantation and killed at Plankney Mill.

October 15th, 1836.—New Drop. A fox run and earthed at Coal Holm; also a fox raised at Leadbirks Plantation and killed at Threepwood Water House.

November 5th, 1836.—A fox run and killed.

November 20th, 1836.—Capons Cleugh. A fox earthed at Judas Crag.

December 14th, 1836.—Homilton. A fox raised at Homilton Plantations and earthed at Capons Bank.

Memorandum.—The Allendale Blackguards stole poor reynard from his rightful owners.”

In those days it was the custom to steal foxes from their earths, bag them and turn them down, so as to ensure a run. At the same time the “Allendale Blackguards” were committing a very unsportsman-like act, for it is one of the rules of hunting etiquette that if foxes run into another hunt’s territory they shall not be dug out. We shall see the dale of Allen was hunted by a stout pack of its own at this period.

“January 19th, 1837.—Plankney Mill. A fox run from Haydon Bridge and killed at Capons Cleugh.

February 4th, 1837.—A fox raised at Judas Crag and killed at Harsondale Cleugh.”

Apparently Judas Crag was a favourite meeting-place; to-day foxes in plenty are always found there. It forms part of the beautiful scenery at Staward Peel, just below the main road to Alston. The next entry bears this out.

"February 11th, 1837.—Judas Crag. A fox raised at West Banks and killed at Landends.

February 22nd, 1837.—Gunnerton. A fox run and lost at Swinburn.

March 22nd, 1837.—A fox run to Wallington Plantation; also a fox run and killed near Gunnerton.

Hunted 36 days—October 3rd to March 22nd. Hares killed, 51. Foxes, 10; foxes earthed, 11."

EXPENSES OF THE HAYDON HUNT FOR SEASON ENDING
12TH APRIL, 1837

	£	s.	d.
Robert Reed for meal for dogs	0	17	6
John Pattinson for meal for dogs	1	8	9½
Robert Elliott for stopping holes at West Banks	2	0	0
Joseph Blacklock for going to Sewing Shields, repairing a drain	0	5	0
Mr. Errington's and Mr. Dugden's men	0	10	0
The Huntsman—wages	10	0	0
Rent of kennel	0	10	0
Additional wages of Huntsman for foxes' heads	1	5	0
George Armstrong's bill for couples	0	9	6
Cards	0	7	0
H. Pickering for meal	1	13	2
	<hr/>		
	£19	5	11½
	<hr/>		

The entry regarding the foxes' masks is of interest. At this time the huntsman usually followed some other occupation, and was generally paid for the foxes that he killed. In various places the churchwardens of the parish offered an honorarium for the number of foxes' masks brought. "Fox heads, 1s."

is the frequent entry in some of the old churchwarden books. Sometimes the amount was increased to five shillings. This sum was immediately spent over a bowl of punch, the contents of which was drunk by the assembled sportsmen, the worthy churchwardens taking their modicum. The custom prevailed till quite recent times and for many years "owd Tommy Dobson," Master and huntsman of the Eskdale for over fifty years (and a bobbin maker by profession), regularly drew ten shillings from the manorial courts for every fox that he killed, and very angry indeed was the old sportsman when this custom ceased, and eloquent was his wrath; wondering whatever the world was coming to when sport was not encouraged by the authorities as it always had been "i' t' memory o' t' owdest man livin' in' t' country."

We have another interesting reference to this custom in the old parish register of All Saints', Newcastle. The following is an entry:

1725.—Paid for two otter heads, 8d.

1727.—Paid for a badger's head, 1s.

1730.—Paid for a fougart's head, 4d.

Season 1837-38

At a meeting of the members of the Haydon Hunt, held at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, on Saturday, the 21st October, 1837, it was unanimously resolved:

"1st.—That a Huntsman be engaged to hunt the hounds from the 24th October to the first Saturday after the 25th March, 1838. That he is to take the hounds out regularly twice a week, viz., on Wednesday and Saturday, and also that the whole of the hounds are to be duly brought in to the satisfaction of the

John Turnbull
Chambers

1840
Wm. + Dodd
Edward Mark

George Lee
Chambers

FACSIMILE SIGNATURES TAKEN FROM THE OLD DIARY

Committee, else he (i.e., the Huntsman) to be subject to a penalty of 6d. for each offence.

2nd.—That no subscriber or any other person be authorized to cause the hounds to be taken out—without the sanction of the Committee of the said Hunt.

3rd.—That a Committee of five persons (exclusive of the Master of the Hunt and the Secretary) be appointed to carry into execution the rules and regulations of the said Hunt.

4th.—That the said Committee consist of the following gentlemen, any three of whom to be a quorum, viz.:

George Lee (Master of the Hounds).

Ralph Reed.

John Harle.

John Lee.

George White.

William Lambert.

William Langhorne.

M. N. Parker (Secretary).

5th.—That when the Master of the Hunt be present the whole directions are to be given to the Huntsman by him: if he be not present then the directions are to be given by the Secretary.”

This evidently put an end to the system of each man keeping his own hound and assisting in hunting the pack.

Memorandum

The Committee have engaged a kennel for the hounds during the present season, for twelve shillings and sixpence.

Kennel rents were cheaper in those halcyon days than these of high expenses.

In fact the whole Hunt was carried on very cheaply, the subscription list being generally in the region of five and twenty pounds, and expenses accordingly. The dinner bill was £8 16s. for this particular season, but our forbears knew how to dine, and if they dallied long with wine and song in the evening they were up at daybreak, with their souls on fire for the chase. They lived hard, merry lives, but, at the same time, it must be remembered that these sportsmen were largely composed of progressive and successful farmers, who believed in the old adage "that he who works hard can afford to play."

But let us continue the story, and see what sort of sport Edward Dodd had (he was again elected huntsman at the princely remuneration of £12).

Season 1837-38

"November 4th, 1837.—Harsondale. A fox earthed.

November 8th, 1837.—Capons Cleugh. A fox run and earthed at Honey Crook.

December 28th, 1837.—Judas Crag. A fox run to earth.

December 30th, 1837.—West Dipton. A fox raised at Dipton and run to Corbridge Fell where the rascal was pulled down at dusk.

January 3rd, 1838.—Newbrough. Three hares; two torn; Mr. Kirby one."

Here for some unaccountable reason the diary ends for the season.

No one can throw any light on the matter; probably because the Secretary was ill, or perhaps the doings of the Hunt were hardly worth recording, that season being a bad one for scent and very stormy, so the old books tell us.

EXPENSES OF THE HAYDON HUNT, 1837-38

	£	s.	d.
Huntsman's wages	12	0	0
Stopping earths	0	8	0
Rent of dog kennel	13	0	0
Dinner bill of the members including bill for footmen	11	0	0
Musicians, waiters	1	9	6
	<hr/>		
Total collected	£37	17	6
	<hr/>		
	36	17	6

The sum thus in arrear, namely £1, was defrayed by the Secretary, Mr. M. N. Parker.

At a meeting at Nilstone Ridge, held 2nd May, 1838, upon the motion of Mr. Harle, seconded by Mr. Reed, it was unanimously resolved :

“That in consequence of the extravagance of the footmen at this meeting the members will not be responsible in the future for any refreshment which may be ordered by or for them than by the directions of the Secretary.”

This is deserving of little comment, I think !

“Agreed with Edward Dodd to hunt the Haydon Hounds till the last day of March, 1839, for the sum of £15, on condition that the said Edward Dodd provided himself with a respectable green coat and white hat, satisfactory to the Secretary.”

This is the first mention of any hunt livery, though at first we know that the Haydon always wore a sort of green tawny coat. A coat of that colour was generally donned for hare hunting, yet the Haydon were hunting both fox and hare at this time. The ordinary morning dress was, in those days, white

leather breeches and top boots or Hessians, our forefathers being always ready to get on horseback, there being no other means of locomotion known.

With regard to the white hat, this would be made of beaver, being very fluffy according to the fashion of the time. Sporting people of those days always wore them, and a frequent question was "Who's stole the donkey." We find in the old Blaydon race song the following:

"The rain it poored doon aal the day and myed the ground
quite muddy.
Coffy Jones had a white hat; they war shootin',
Whe stole the cuddy.
There was spice stalls an' monkey shows an' aad wives
sellin' ciders,
An' a chep wiv a ha'penny roond-about shoutin' 'Noo me
lads for riders.'"

Season 1838-39

November 7th, 1838.—Elrington, four hares. Mr. Thos. Lambert one, three torn.

November 10th, 1838.—Capons Cleugh. A fox run and killed with not a horseman in sight. One wishes they had recorded where they killed him.

November 24th, 1838.—Capons Cleugh. Also a fox run to earth, and one hare which 'mine host,' Mr. Martinson at Nilstone Ridge, got.

December 4th, 1838.—Warden Hills. A fox run and earthed.

December 22nd, 1838.—West Boat. A fox run and lost during a great storm.

January 5th, 1839.—Wood Shields. A fox run and killed.

January 26th, 1839.—Warden Hills. A fox killed.

February 13th, 1839.—Warden Hills. A fox run and earthed at Acomb Dean. This must have

been a good run over some of the stiffest country in the North, including a crossing of the River Tyne.

March 2nd, 1839.—Deanraw. Five hares and two torn—a good day's sport.

April 6th, 1839.—Gunnerton. A fox killed.

October 1st, 1838, to *April 6th*, 1839.—Hunted 41 days. Hares killed, 57; foxes, 5; earthed, 4.”

A word here as to country. At this time the Haydon were hunting a tract of country over which, at the present, several other packs hold sway. Possibly, nay probably, it was the custom for people in outlying portions, such as Wark and Gilsland, to ask hounds to come and stay with them and hunt in that district for a day or two. Much the same custom still prevails to this day with the Border and North Tyne. Along with the old diary there used to be a map which showed the confines of the country of the older Haydon. That map is unfortunately not able to be found; if it had been it would have thrown several interesting lights both on old hunting economics, and also on other matters. As far as can be remembered by persons who saw it, the line of demarcation went across the Tyne near Corbridge, as far south as Blanchland, stretching northwards as far as Wark, and extending to the west as far as Gilsland. That these boundaries constituted a very considerable country to hunt, is not to be disputed, and yet the olden time sportsman with a very short pack showed good sport withal.

Season 1839-40

“November 2nd.—Agreed with Edward Dodd to collect and hunt the hounds belonging to the Haydon Bridge Hunt two days in each week, viz., Wednesday and Saturday, until the conclusion of the season on the last day of March, 1840, for the sum of £11 5s. to the satisfaction of the members of the said Hunt.

November 2nd, 1839.—Glendue. A fox run to earth.

November 16th, 1839.—Glendue. A fox killed.

November 20th, 1839.—Capons Cleugh. A fox killed.

November 20th, 1839.—Capons Cleugh. A fox run to earth at Hexham, High Wood, after a desperate chase.

December 14th, 1839.—West Dipton. A fox run to earth.

January 1st, 1840. Capons Cleugh. A fox run to earth.

January 11th, 1840.—A fox killed after running over fifteen miles.

January 22nd, 1840.—Elrington. A fox run to earth and one hare torn.

February 5th, 1840.—Nunwick. A fox run to earth.

February 15th, 1840.—Glendue. A fox killed at Hexham High Wood.

February 22nd, 1840.—West Banks. A fox run and killed at Hexham High Wood after a terrific chase.

March 7th, 1840.—Nunwick. A fox run to earth. Bolted, but killed “Jack” the terrier.

October 23rd, 1839, to *March 18th,* 1840.—Hunted 48 days. Hares killed, 53; foxes, 6; foxes earthed, 11.”

At a meeting of the subscribers to the Haydon Hunt held at the house of Mrs. Hetherington in Haydon Bridge, on Wednesday, 1st day of April, 1840, Mr. George Lee in the chair, it was proposed by Mr. Thomas Watson and seconded by Mr. Boaz Wright, and unanimously resolved:

"That Mr. John Turnbull be elected honorary secretary to the Haydon Hunt."

It was proposed by Mr. Elliott and seconded by Mr. B. C. Wright and resolved:

"That Mr. Edward Dodd be employed as huntsman for the ensuing season at the wages of £12."

The change for the secretaryship was all for the better as the diary now becomes more explicit.

Again taking up the line we find the following entry:

Season 1840-41

"*October 17th*, 1840.—Warden Hills. A fox started at Capons Cleugh; after a very splendid chase killed near Wall Mill."

This must have been a really great run: from Capons Cleugh to Wall Mill is nearly ten miles; it would be probably nearly double that as hounds run. Wall Mill is said to have been built by the Romans, and in Surtees' "Ballad of the Border" there is reference to it:

"And Hard Riding Dick
And Hughie and Hawdon and Will of the Wa'."

"*October 28th*, 1840.—Langley Castle. Two hares; one torn."

Langley Castle at this date would be in a ruinous condition. It was built in the thirteenth century by Sir Thomas de Lucy, "a righte valiant knyghte," who fought at Crecy, under the third Edward. On his death it passed by marriage to the Percy family, and at the end of the fourteenth century was bequeathed by the sixth Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII, but Edward VI gave it back to the seventh Earl, who rebuilt and renovated the castle after it had been burnt by the Scots in 1405. This seventh Earl was beheaded at York for taking part in the Rising of the North in 1569.

In 1542 a complete survey was made of the castle by Sir Robert Bowes, and only the main walls were standing then. Eventually the Radcliffes purchased it, and after the execution on Tower Hill of the last ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater—

"O Derwentwater's a bonnie Lord,
And golden is his hair."

it escheated to the Crown, who gave the estate for the endowment of Greenwich Hospital. In 1885 that famous Northumbrian antiquarian and man of letters, the late Mr. Cadwallader John Bates, bought it from the Lords of the Admiralty and proceeded to restore the castle to its former grandeur. This work was finished by his widow in 1911, Mr. Bates having died in 1902. To-day it is a noble castellated pile, recalling to the mind the romantic and pathetic incidents of the ill-fated Earl's lifetime when he went away from Dilston to fight for the "Old Pretender."

*"November 5th, 1840.—*Bag fox set off at Carts Bog, and run to earth at Judas Crag. They could not get him out there in a hurry, as the Crag is full of countless nooks and crannies.

*November 7th, 1840.—*Glendue. One fox run and killed at Oakerlands.

November 14th, 1840.—Capons Cleugh. One fox run and killed in covert, and three hares.

November 18th, 1840.—Judas Crag. One fox killed and another run to earth.

November 20th, 1840.—Gunnerton. One fox started at the Dungeon and after an excellent chase of over two hours, run to earth at Brady's Crag.

December 5th, 1840.—Capons Cleugh. A fox started at Haydon Plantation and killed after a long and severe run at Stagshaw Bank; horses all crying ‘Bellows to mend.’”

Stagshaw Bank, near to the present kennels of the Tynedale, is distant from Haydon Plantation about ten miles; it must have been nearly fifteen or twenty as hounds ran.

“December 21st, 1840.—A bag fox run from Haydon Bridge, and killed near Alton Side.

January 6th, 9th, 13th, 16th and 20th.—No hunting in consequence of the storm.

January 29th, 1841.—A bag fox started at Haydon Bridge and was killed near Lough Green.

January 30th, 1841.—No hunting on account of the storm until February 13th.

February 20th, 1841.—Plankney Mill. A fox run from West Banks and killed near Hexham. Another fox earthed in Kingswood High Cleugh and killed at Ravens Crag.”

This must have been a heavy day; a ten-mile point for the first run and a jog of similar distance back to find the second fox.

“March 20th, 1841.—One fox killed and another run to earth after a very excellent chase.

October 7th, 1840, to April 8th, 1841.—Hunted 50 days. Hares killed, 62; foxes killed, 17; foxes earthed, 11.”

At a meeting of the members of Haydon Hunt at

the conclusion of the season ending 8th April, 1841, at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, Mr. M. Lee in the chair, *inter alia*, it was proposed by Mr. Harle, seconded by Mr. Elliott:

“That the Haydon Hounds in future do not hunt bag foxes if the Slaley Hounds form the same line of conduct.”

As we have seen, the number of bag foxes hunted, though not as large as some packs of that period, were quite numerous. Most of these were stolen from crags by the earth-stoppers, who sold them to the Hunt, the field raising a subscription for the “baggy one.” The history of the Slaley Hounds will be found in another chapter.

It was proposed by Mr. William Benson and seconded by Mr. Robert Elliott and carried:

“That in future there shall be one public dinner only, and that be held on the conclusion of the season.”

It was proposed by Mr. Harle and seconded by Mr. Elliott and carried:

“That each member absent from such annual dinner pay the sum of 5s. as a fine.”

Resolved:

“That the sum collected as fines from absent members be carried to the general ball.”

It was proposed by Mr. Edge and seconded by Mr. John Howdon:

“That the next annual dinner be held at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge.”

It was proposed as an amendment by Mr. Harle and seconded by Mr. Thomas Watson:

"That the next annual dinner be held at Nelson Ridge."

On a division the numbers were :

For the motion	. 8
For the amendment	. 3
	<hr/>
Majority (for the motion)	. 5
	<hr/>

It was proposed by Mr. Pattison and seconded by Mr. Benson and carried :

"That the mare presented by Mr. Ebege be accepted and kept during the ensuing season for the huntsman."

It was also agreed to furnish the huntsman with a frock-coat, and also to provide the necessary articles for the horse.

It was also agreed to hire Edward Hunt as huntsman for the ensuing season (acting 31st March, 1842) for the wages of £13, he grooming his own horse.

This is the first reference we find of the Hunt providing a horse for their huntsman. Probably Edward Dodd found his own horse. One is rather apt to wonder whether the frock-coat was scarlet or green.

The Haydon having practically changed from hare to fox, the expenses accordingly rose.

The following were the members of the Haydon Hunt at the conclusion of the season 1842 :

George Lee, Esq., the Master.
 Mr. Matthew Lee.
 Mr. John Lee.
 Mr. Thomas Watson, Lees.
 Mr. John Watson, Allerwash Buildings.

- Mr. William Lambert, Dinnetly.
Captain Eshton, Chesterwood. (He was a gentleman farmer, having his home where Mr. C. T. Maling now resides and where the present kennels are situate.)
Mr. Robt. Elliott, Haydon Bridge.
Mr. Matthew Hetherington, Haydon Bridge.
Mr. Wm. Martinson, Milestone (*sic* Nilstone) Ridge (the landlord of the inn where the Hunt dinners used to be held).
Mr. John Harle, West Mill Hills.
Mr. Wm. Benson, Allerwash House.
Mr. John Turnbull, Haydon Bridge. (He was an Attorney-at-Law, as the old phrase ran, and a very keen supporter of the Hunt.)
Mr. Robt. Hutchinson, Allendale Town.
Mr. B. C. Wright, Esh Hill.
Mr. Wm. Charlton, Humshaugh.
Mr. Wm. Hairlep, East Wharmley.
Mr. John Howdon, Haydon.
Mr. Robt. Armstrong, Haydon Bridge.
Mr. Jas. Davison, Haydon Bridge.
Mr. Geo. Langhorne, East Brokenheugh.
Mr. Thos. White, Harsondale.
Mr. Samuel Walton, Hill Top.
Mr. Cuthbert Pattison, Haydon Bridge.
Mr. R. B. Ebege (the donor of the mare).
Mr. George White, Bank House.
Mr. George Hebron, Chollerford.
Mr. Christopher Reed, junr., Humshaugh.
Mr. Robert Shield, Stublick.
Mr. Matthew Henderson, East Landends.
Mr. Wm. Langhorne, East Mill Hills.
Mr. Marley, Hetherbridge.
Mr. Thos. Turnbull, Haydon Bridge.
Mr. Thompson.

Each member gave £1, making a total of £34,

the expenses being £37 1s., but Mr. Nicholas Maughan gave them £2 and Mr. George Ridley £1, so they had a balance in hand of £3 10s. 7d.

Season 1841-42

"October 2nd, 1841.—Cowesike. One hare, Mrs. Hetherington, of Anchor Inn, for Court dinner.

October 30th, 1841.—Glendue. A fox started at Woodshields, and after a very quick run killed near Threepwood.

November 3rd, 1841.—Moss Kennels. A fox raised in Mill Hills Plantation, and killed at Busy Gap.

December 1st, 1841.—Glendue. A fox killed after a terrific chase. One wishes our forbears had been a little more explicit; to-day there would have been simply columns in the sporting press; but they regarded such matters as of everyday occurrence.

December 11th, 1841.—Warden Hill. A fox run to earth.

January 12th, 15th, 19th, 22nd and 26th, 1842.—No hunting in consequence of stormy weather.

February 26th, 1842.—Fourstones Whin. A fox run to ground.

March 9th, 1842.—The Kennels. A fox found on Mr. George Langhorne's Fell and killed. Another fox raised in Haydon Plantation and run to ground.

March 23rd, 1842.—Sewing Shields Crag. A fox killed. Another fox started on Craw Hall Fell, and after a very severe chase run to ground near Dinnetly.

October 2nd, 1841, to April 6th, 1842.—Hares killed, 45; foxes, 12; foxes earthed, 8."

At a meeting of the members of the Haydon

Hunt at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, on Thursday, the 13th day of October, 1842, J. Turnbull in the chair, Messrs. Robert Bruce, Thomas Davison, Edward Dodd and Joseph Pearson, offered themselves as candidates for the situation of huntsman, and on voting by ballot the numbers were:

For Bruce	.	.	.	8
For Davison	.	.	.	3
				<hr/>
				5
				<hr/>

at a salary of £12 for the season, who was thereupon appointed.

Season 1842-43

"September 29th, 1842.—Fourstones Whin. Two foxes killed.

October 1st, 1842.—Judas Crag. One fox killed and two run to earth.

October 19th, 1842.—Gunnerton. A fox found at Birtley, and after a most splendid run, lost at Bavington."

This is not such a great run as might be expected; from Birtley to Bavington, where hounds threw up, is not more than eight or nine miles, though probably hounds would run more than that. Foxes travelled farther afield in those days and without any shadow of doubt knew far more country than they do to-day. Hence the terrific runs.

"October 29th, 1842.—Haydon. A fox found at Hinney Heugh Crag and killed at Windy Hurst, after a very severe run of above 2½ hours.

November 12th, 1842.—Birtley Wood. A fox killed.

December 7th, 1842.—Langley Mill. A fox run to earth.

December 17th, 1842.—Cupola. A fox started near Keenleyside Hill, and run very briskly to earth at Colt Crag.

December 19th, 1842.—Dinnetly. A fox found at Glendue and killed at Oakerlands.

December 24th, 1842.—Gunnerton. A fox found and earthed at Warks Burn.

January 7th, 1843.—Common House Gate. A fox killed near Woodshield at dusk by four hounds.

January 21st, 1843.—A bag fox set off at Haydon Bridge and killed at Haydon Fell. We thought they had decided not to run any more foxes, but ‘baggy’ had a short shrift.

January 28th, 1843.—Gunnerton. A fox run to earth near Acomb after a most tremendous chase of upwards of three hours.”

Acomb is now in the Tynedale country; this run must have been a capital one, since from Gunnerton, where they met, to Acomb is upwards of thirteen miles as the crow flies; hounds would probably run over twenty-five. In those days there were no specified boundaries, and hunts drew practically where they liked.

“*February 13th, 1843.*—Threepwood. A fox found in Dinnetly Cleugh and earthed at Newbrough after an excellent run. He was then bounced and lost at Hunwick owing to night setting in.

February 18th, 1843.—Harsondale Cleugh. Two foxes killed; one at Judas Crag and another at Crowhall.”

A good day evidently, if the old-time diarist had only given us more information.

“*February 27th, 1843.*—A bag fox set off at Fourstones and killed at Stublick Syke.

March 8th, 1843.—Gilsland. Six hares. Three

Mr. Boman, one Colonel Shadforth, one Mr. Todd, one Mr. Cobbett, Walwick Grange."

This is the first record we have of the Haydon meeting at Gilsland, which had, as we shall see, its own pack of harriers. The meet would probably be by invitation, and quarters would be found for horse and hound, with a right merry welcome for the men.

Gilsland, of course, is rich in the sentiment and tradition of the North Countree, taking its name from a Saxon Thane named Gilles Bueth, who was ousted from his possessions about the time of the Conquest by one Sir Roland de Vaux, who murdered him whilst engaged in a parley of truce; an old brass in Lanercost Priory reminds us of the old-time tragedy.

"Sir Roland de Vaux, that sometime was ye Lord of Tyermayne,
Is dead, his body clad in lead and under this stayne.
Even as we, even so was he on earth an levand man;
Even as he, even so moun we, for all ye craft we can."

The murdered Thane's patronymic does not seem to have lived on locally, but it is from Gilles that Gilsland is derived and Bueth which commemorates Bewcastle. Sir Walter Scott mentions Gilsland in "Guy Mannering" and the "Bridal of Triermayne." The famous novelist is popularly supposed to have wooed his "fair ladye" at the "Poppingstone" just over the Cumberland Border.

"*March 11th, 1843.*—Gunnerton. One fox run to earth at Hallington Mill, and another fox killed in Gunnerton Dungeon after an excellent chase. *September 29th, 1842, to April 5th, 1843.*—Hunted 59 days. Hares killed, 78; foxes killed, 15; foxes lost and earthed, 10. So good luck to the Haydon Hounds!"

Here, for some unaccountable reason, the diaries end, and there is a gap of over eleven years. Why it is so, no reason can be found; probably a secretary

was not forthcoming, and tradition only guides us in the doings of the Hunt. Robert Bruce remained as huntsman, and Mr. George Lee as Master.

In the foregoing pages it will be noted that gradually the hounds were being entered solely to fox, though they still hunted here occasionally. They were trencher-fed, and probably the whole pack when “drawn” did not exceed ten couple. Bruce collected them the night before hunting, the kennel being at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge.

Nevertheless, they had good sport, as the foregoing pages have shown, and many a time did the cleughs, crags and moors of Hexhamshire, the banks of Allen, or the deep woodlands of Dipton resound with the “sweet sound of the horn and the hound,” terminating in the most glorious of all sounds the fox-hunter can hear—the soul-stirring “Who-whoop.”

Let us now continue the diaries which open again in 1854. They are not kept with the same precision as heretofore, nor written in the “right clerky hand” which their predecessors were.

They open with an account of the expenses of the Hunt during season 1854-55.

	£	s.	d.
Huntsman . . .	30	0	0
Kennel rent . . .	0	10	0
For stopping earths . . .	1	8	0
For stopping earths . . .	0	3	6
Stationery . . .	0	7	6
Postage . . .	0	5	0
Mr. Walton, saddler . . .	0	12	7
Mr. M. Cowing . . .	0	7	0
Incidental expenses . . .	0	18	0
Dinner . . .	4	10	8
	<hr/>		
	£39	2	3
	<hr/>		

At a meeting of the members of the Haydon Hunt held at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, on Tuesday, the 10th day of October, 1855, Mr. George Lee in the chair, it was resolved:

“That the hounds be hunted the coming season by a horse huntsman. That Robert Bruce, the late huntsman, have the first offer for the same.”

Probably the mare given to the Hunt by Mr. Ebege had given out and Bruce was hunting hounds on foot when he could not get mounts. In the Haydon country one can see a deal of fun on “shanks’ mare,” and in modern times many regular followers hunted season after season in this way.

There are no records of any runs or doings of the Hunt, so we pass on to season 1855-56, when the following were members:

Mr. George Lee, who was still Master.

Mr. Joseph Lee.

Mr. William Langhorne.

Mr. William Lambert.

Mr. Joseph Dinning.

Mr. Geo. Cowing.

Mr. John Harle.

Mr. Matthew Hetherington.

Mr. William Eshton.

Mr. Nicholas Lowes.

Mr. J. J. Watson.

Mr. John Lowes.

Mr. George Ridley.

Mr. George Ridley.

Mr. Joseph Henderson.

Mr. John Bell.

Mr. John Woodman.

Mr. Charles Magnay.

Mr. J. Wilkinson.

who all gave a guinea apiece, making £18 18s.

Among the subscribers appears the name of

Mr. Nicholas Maughan, who gave a man £3, so that the total income of the Hunt was about £35 with other subscriptions. Mr. Maughan had given up the Tynedale the previous year, having been in office for nine seasons. The old Tynedale pack, of which he was Master, formed the nucleus of the present "Braes o' Derwent." They hunted the present Derwent country, whilst the Haydon were hunting some of the now Tynedale country in conjunction with the Slaley, of which Mr. Jonathan Richardson was Master.

Let us now continue.

Robert Bruce was still hunting hounds, his remuneration being £30 per annum, but for this sum he fed and "did" (as we say in the North) his own horse.

The following is an account of the expenses during season 1855-56:

	£	s.	d.
Bruce—huntsman	30	0	0
Kennel rent	0	10	0
Stopping earths	2	17	0
Paid a man going to Hesleyside	0	5	0
Stationery, postage and incidentals	1	11	6
	<hr/>		
	£35	3	6

Showing hunting was carried on very cheaply in those days, but it must be borne in mind that the hounds were still trencher-fed and hunting was more popular among the farming fraternity, who unloosed their purse strings right willingly "for t' good o' t' hunt." There was none of the starchy ceremonial of to-day, no motor-cars to carry one to the meeting-place, or other incidental luxuries of this somewhat easy age. Our forbears were in the saddle at daybreak and had killed their fox before

the majority of folk to-day have assembled for the purpose of doing so.

The history of the Haydon Hunt is continued as follows:

The diary does not speak again till season 1859-60, but from what may be gleaned from other sources, Bruce continued as huntsman, though Mr. George Lee resigned the mastership, and at the time of the entry in question a committee was in office. The diary reads :

“ At a meeting of the Haydon Hunt, held at the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, on the 19th April, 1860, it was proposed by Mr. George Langhorne and seconded by Mr. Matthew Fairlamb:

‘ That Mr. William Lambert, of Elrington Hall, be Secretary to the above Hunt. Carried unanimously.’ ”

The change appears to have been for the better, since the diaries are now written and set out in a very business-like manner, though hardly as replete in information as one would wish. Therefore, a mass of mere names and figures being tedious reading for most, I will leave out the “Credit” side, and quote the “Debit” column, which shows the expenses of the Hunt:

	£	s.	d.
Bruce—huntsman . . .	31	10	0
Kennel rent . . .	0	10	0
Earth-stopping . . .	1	0	0
Hound tax, 1859-60 . . .	7	4	0
Incidentals . . .	0	10	6
Balance in hand . . .	2	17	6
	<hr/>		
	£43	12	0
	<hr/>		

The huntsman's wages have been raised probably because he was feeding his own horse. The older residents of the present day can remember frequently seeing Bruce returning from hunting with a truss of hay, or, maybe, a sack of oats perched in front of him, having been given by farmers as a help to him. The foxhound tax is interesting since this tax was imposed by Sir Robert Peel, the “farmer's friend” as he was known as, though most farmers of that day followed the principle of “Mr. John Scott,” of “Hawbuck Grange,” who drained and damned him.

At the next meeting of the Hunt held at the same time-honoured trysting place, the Anchor Inn, Mr. William Lambert, of Elrington Hall, was reconfirmed in his secretaryship, and a committee of management was appointed. To quote the diary once more:

“Also at the same meeting it was resolved:

‘That there be a committee composed of the following gentlemen to receive the annual and general subscriptions, and conduct the business generally.’”

The gentlemen were:

Mr. Nicholas Lowes.
Mr. John Lowes.
Mr. George Cowing.
Mr. Josh. Henderson.
Mr. John Barr.
Mr. Geo. Langhorne.
Mr. Wm. Langhorne.
Mr. Wm. Lambert (Secretary).

It was also proposed and carried:

“That Mr. Dickenson, Staward, be offered some compensation for damage attained.”

This is an interesting note and the first record of any damage attained upon the Hunt, though probably there have been others before not recorded. To-day, the damage bill, comprising money items, is a very serious liability in any hunt's expenditure, in some cases being more than the total subscription list, a special fund being collected and set aside for it.

The Haydon at this time were hunting fox solely, and consequently the expenses became larger, though they were still trencher-fed, as witness the following:

“Also proposed and carried unanimously:

‘That Robert Bruce be huntsman to the said Hunt, and that he is to hunt the hounds two days in each week, and gather the same for the same sum as the previous year, £31 10s.’”

It seems to have been Bruce's practice to dismiss his hounds one by one on the road home, only taking back to Haydon Bridge those whose “walks” were adjacent to the town. When at a convenient point fairly near any hound's residence, he would pull up and name the hound he wanted, which, upon the order “Gan away heam, lad,” would trot off with his stern up across the fields or over the fell to his “walk” and his food. Probably Bruce had the great gift of obedience from his pack without roughness or severity. Old hunters record that his custom was, when a hound first spoke in West Dipton or some other large fastness, to caution him. If the hound spoke again he would cheer him to the echo with his fine high voice. On hearing a challenge it would be: “Noo, Lovelace, mind what thou's deein, be canny,” and on the second note, “Hark to, Lovelace. Ha-a-a-rk.” If a hound had spoken to riot the first time, the caution from the huntsman was enough to prevent a further mistake.

During the season 1862 they had a very good day, the following entry appearing in the diary:

“*March 26th, 1862.*—Two bag foxes were set off to-day, one by the river side near to the Anchor Inn, the other in Lane Hall acres. The first fox crossed the river, made his way through Mrs. Routledge’s garden and the churchyard. Reynard made a capital run of two and a half hours and was killed at Ridley Hall.”

The other was killed at Grindon Mill after a splendid run. There were eighteen horsemen present.

Both “baggies” had given good sport before they were pulled down, though it is not recorded as far as we can trace that bagged foxes ever did show very good sport. Bagging has long been out of date, hunts preferring to draw their fox instead; huntsmen say that hounds never beak up a bagged ‘un the same way as one which they have unkennelled themselves.

No records of any runs or other particulars, save the bare account of the subscribers’ names, amongst which we find the name of Major A. J. Blackett-Ord (afterwards Master), who tops the list with a donation of three guineas. To copy verbatim a list of subscribers’ names would provide wearisome reading, so let us cast forward to season 1863-64, when the following appears:

“*October 21st, 1863.*—First time out. Found at Glendue, run to Dipton, back and killed at Elrington. Brush, George Cowing. A magnificent dog fox.”

This line is still a favourite one for foxes to take, the name Cowing being derived from the Scotch Cholquhon, their ancestors having come over the

Border with "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and settled in these parts.

This must have been a good day, and also the entry is interesting from other points of view.

Elrington was the home of Mr. William Lambert, a famous breeder and judge of shorthorn cattle, who was really Master, probably a sort of field master, whilst there is undeniable proof that the Haydon were now hunting fox exclusively, as witness George Cowing, of Moralees, getting the brush. It was the custom then that the "first up" shall have the brush, the proud trophy of a good run.

George Cowing and his brother Antony were great supporters of the Hunt, and many a race did they have, when hounds killed, to secure the coveted trophy. George used to fling himself off his horse into the middle of the rowling, towling pack, seize the fox with such a "who-whoop" impossible to reproduce in print. . . .

George was one of the hardest riders in the old-time Haydon. One night, coming back from Haydon Bridge, he endeavoured to cross the Tyne just below Bardon Mill, where there is a ford, to return to his farm at High Moralees. A "fresh" came on. George's horse became restive and frightened, lost its foothold, and poor George was drowned. Not many people can swim the Tyne. Bob Bruce used to swim the river occasionally, but he never cared for it. "Thee's apt to get ower mich watter i' yor baets," was his observation on the subject. As did Mr. Nicholas Maughan, but the majority of the Haydon masters and field cared very little for this aquatic form of amusement. It is a dangerous one besides, for "freshes" are very frequent, a shallow, stony place soon becoming a veritable torrent, as many an otter hunter and angler has found to his cost. Though I have frequently heard Mr. Maling say that he only once remembers a fox

crossing the Tyne, none of the field following him, but going round by bridges. This fox was killed at Bardon Mill, having taken refuge on the roof of the blacksmith's shop there.

In fact, so quick are these “freshes” on the River Tyne that “The Druid,” in “Saddle and Sirloin” tells us: “It once flooded the Bywell village to such an extent that the Fenwick hunters had to be stabled in ‘The Black Church,’ and it not only drowned a huntsman who tried to cross it, but it carried him (so the villagers vow) by the force of its current right across the German Ocean and cast him up, with his horn still slung over his shoulder, on the beach at Ostend.”

The Fenwicks of Bywell were, *en passant*, among the pioneers of the early Turf. In 1748 was foaled at Bywell the peerless Match'em, who was by Cade (by the Godolphin Arabian), out of a sister to Miss Partner (by Partner), and who is one of the tap-roots in our great blood stock families. “The Druid” says in “Silk and Scarlet”: “It used to be a boast among the touts that they could tell a Match'em in the dark, from the way he laid his legs to the ground, and ‘Snap for speed, and Match'em for truth and daylight’ was quite a paddock axiom.” Match'em could, in his twenty-seventh year, command a fee of fifty guineas (his sire, Cade, stood at ten), and that was considerable in those days.

Another flood in the Fenwick stables was the occasion, years ago, of a singular piece of racehorse nomenclature. One night, after heavy rains, Mr. Fenwick was suddenly alarmed by the information that his stables were under water to a considerable depth. He succeeded in removing the whole stud but two to higher ground. These two were being conveyed when their grooms had to fly for safety. Having, however, in their retreat, to pass the church, by way of giving the horses a chance, they put them

in. When the brown, foam-streaked flood water fell a little, they were found safe and uninjured, having supported themselves for four-and-twenty hours by resting their forelegs on a reading desk. From this adventure Mr. Fenwick called them after the hero and heroine of the deluge, described in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, namely, Deucalion and Pyhria. This must surely be a unique case of naming racehorses.

To continue :

"November 21st, 1863.—Glendue. Killed at High-side. Brush, G. Cowing. Same day found at Dipton, run to and killed at Dilston Park. Brush, G. Cowing."

Dilston Park was the seat of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater, mentioned previously. The house of the Radcliffes was burnt down in 1768, and the tower now seen in the grounds is part of an ancient castle erected by the Dyvelstons in the fourteenth century, the family name being D'Eivil, an effigy of a knight of the family lying in Hexham Abbey. Dilston and Devil's Water are, of course, derived therefrom. Beside the wall side approaching Langley Castle there is a stone cross erected by the late Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates, the well-known antiquarian and intense Stuart loyalist, "To the memory of James and Charles, Viscounts Langley, Earls of Derwentwater, beheaded for loyalty to their lawful sovereign." In those days there was a strong Jacobite feeling in the district and many a glass was emptied to the "king over the water."

"January 23rd, 1864.—Slaley. Killed at Spring House. Brush, G. Cowing."

January 30th, 1864.—Wood Hall Moss. Run to

earth, found at Dipton, killed at the Craggs. Brush, A. Cowing.

March 23rd, 1864.—Capons Cleugh. Found and ran to Chesters Park, where he was killed near the house. Brush, T. Henderson, given to Mr. Ord.”

Chesters Park, the seat of the late Mr. John Clayton, a great antiquarian, and to whom great credit is due for the way which he and his collaborator, Dr. Collingwood Bruce, excavated the Roman remains at Cilurnum, the Chesters, we call it now, which in Roman days was garrisoned by a troop of Gaulish cavalry. It is also now the locale of a thoroughbred stud.

“April 6th, 1864.—Wood Hall Moss. Good run, killed at West Dipton. Brush, John Dickenson.
April 6th, 1864.—Caught a leveret, had alive.”

This is a curious entry, evidently they had chopped a young hare and broken it up. It is the only record remaining of the Haydon making the hare their quarry. In the olden time when George Lee was Master, doubtless they toasted “Puss” at the Hunt dinners with “There’s nothing can compare to the hunting of the hare,” which now seems changed to the toast upon the drinking of which no heel-taps are ever allowed. “Fox-hunting, long may it flourish.”

These are the only entries in the diaries of any runs, and other than the mere entry of the subscriptions and expenses, chief amongst which being Bruce’s salary, namely, £31 10s. It would prove dry-as-dust reading to recount and set down these bare accounts, so I shall only give the most interesting items. From what I have been able to gather, Mr. William Lambert, of Elrington Hall, was really at the head of affairs, and supported by the Committee

before mentioned with Bruce as huntsman, associated by Mr. Lambert's son, Thomas, who took charge occasionally.

In 1865, the following account appears in the diary; it is the only entry of any note, and I give it verbatim:

"*Wednesday, 8th March, 1865.*—A run with the Haydon Hounds. This fine old pack met at the kennels. They drew the Outlet Hall, Dinnetly, Elrington and Wood Hall, Hill Woods, but reynard was from home. They then trotted down on to and drew the Hutchinson Win (*sic* Whin), and Moss Covers, Bush Fell Plantation, Hinney Heugh Wood and Craigs, with the like result. The physogs. of many of the eager fraternity would have been a master study for an artist; gloominess and disappointment was depicted in every countenance at this unforeseen state of things. They next drew Glendue Plantation, the scene of their late triumph, when their gloomy looks were dispelled by Miner's deep and prolonged bay, foretelling to the now cheerful-looking and smiling company that reynard was at home. Reynard was soon seen by Scott (i.e., the whipper-in), skulking stealthily out from the skirt of the coppice and making off up the hedge at a dashing pace with Miner—good dog—in close pursuit. The hounds were called away, and laid down to their work with a will in double quick time; the well-known and sweet high-toned 'Tally-ho! Tally-ho!' of 'Bob' the huntsman (i.e., Bruce) echoed through the dell far and near, and away through Coastley Dene they went at a terrific pace, when an unseen customer in the shape of a hedge and brook was presented to the horsemen. No time to lose; over was the order again, and over they all cheerfully went, and landed safely; and so onward the hounds and horsemen sped. It now became apparent to all that neither fox nor horses could live

with the hounds, so tremendous was the pace. The hounds, now in close proximity to the coveted brush, were seen to skirt Bagraw Farm, Hackworth, the old school, across the Cushett Lonning by the Snape, Nubbock and East Elrington farms, where bold reynard doubled back through Nubbock Wood during a heavy shower of rain. He then struck for the impregnable holds of Dipton, but was pulled down after an hour's gallant run without a horseman in at the finish."

I will let this good day—for a run worthy to be recorded among the best it must have been—speak for itself, only adding a couplet of an old hunting song which seems applicable:

"Whoop! his requiem floats upward to the sky,
A hundred horsemen saw him found; how many saw him
die?"

Before proceeding with the diary, we give the following account of a great run with the Slaley hounds which were a trencher-fed contemporary pack with the old-time Haydon; and which is a fine tribute to the sporting prowess of the working men of Hexhamshire. It is written by Mr. Ridley Rewcastle, of Hexham, whose name and forbears' names have appeared as members of the Haydon in the past. The little book is dedicated to Jonathan Blackburn, of Well House, Slaley, who was the pedestrian huntsman of this old-time pack. In his introduction the author says:

"During the lapse of many years, dear Jonathan, I have often thought of writing to you, but never until now set about the task chiefly owing, I think, to many touching incidents that would have to be broached in my communication touching former events . . . stirred up the remembrance of our old comrades in the chase."

“ First poor Uncle Billy (i.e., Mr. W. Rewcastle), John Close, poor Mr. Parkin, William Dinning, Robert Dinning, and others whose voices were well known, and who joined in the hunting circle. However, by way of keeping up such remembrance, I have sometimes of late amused myself by narrating events connected with the late Slaley Hunt, of which I make you a prominent figure, so I have set it out with a title, ‘The Slaley Huntsman’s Last Call upon the Rye Hill.’ I was the only one with Dancer when he raised the fox. Those who joined Dancer in the chase were such as I have described them: Will—the curly-haired Sunnyside woodman, the dark-haired Joe and Kirsopp, the Duke’s woodman. The latter surprised the fox greatly on Swallowship Hill (where he was mending gaps) with something like a raven’s voice approaching to a hoarse croak as he sung out, ‘Tally-ho! Tally-ho!’ for his life, as with billhook in hand and with leather leggings up to his knees, he straddled and ran after the fox with as much between his ‘posts’ that a fat wether might have bounded through with his coat unruffled. Uncle Billy, with the rest of the old sportsmen, must, of necessity, play a conspicuous part.”

CHAPTER III

“THE CHASE OF DANCER.”

The Slaley Huntsman's Last Call

EARLY one morning, a mild winter's morning, a soft sighing breeze, more than usually warm, gently fanning the traveller's face, producing a healthy glow upon the cheek and cheering the spirits, for it was no less than nature's proclamation that hoary winter was about folding up his cold and frosty garment to lay it in store until another, when it came.

Nature's mighty curtain was scarcely drawn aside to admit the morning's coming light; calmness and serenity seemed everywhere to reign under the great canopy. Some time before the break of day a flickering light here and there in the distance foretold that early risers were astir, preparing for the start, when necessity calls all creation into active life in the performance of the various duties imposed on all mankind.

Chanticleer began to send forth his shrill warnings, which from the great stillness of the morning seemed to extend over more than usual space, and to awaken all to the fact that another day was at hand.

Jonathan, tall, straight, muscular and elegant in form, with face rather long for the oval shape, his cheeks tufted with light hair, his head crowned with a tartan cap, of black, white and red, his square-cut coat of green, crossed with couples, which jingled at his sides—he thus wended his way alone, save the

trusty hounds following at his heels, towards the old accustomed place, to sound his last call for the remainder of the pack to the Rye Hill.

Jonathan had collected all the hounds in his district the night before, and had them with him; those which lay scattered in the Shire, kept chiefly by the honest-hearted miners, was the object of his summons to the Rye Hill—an eminence he had selected as commanding the vale of the Devil's Water, which extends through the full length of the Shire, and presents to the eye one of nature's fine panoramas on this round and highly elevated eminence. Jonathan had played the huntsman for more than twenty years, but now he wended his way thither for the last time, with feelings of deep emotion, for the pack, of which he had so long been huntsman, were shortly to be transferred to other hands, and taken out of the neighbourhood. True sorrow pervaded the real sportsman's breast, not a little heightened by Costly, a lemon-spotted favourite little hound, often forward in the chase, and which was, on this occasion, more than usually animated, and frequently on their passage to the Rye Hill cheered her master with her soft, melodious song.

Alas! It was the cheer of joy to unconscious sorrow, which the favourite little animal had contributed to produce. "Poor little Costly," said the huntsman to appease the hound, who continued to hold her lovely musical little head up to him. "Poor little Costly," said he with a sigh.

Jonathan now reached the Rye Hill, from whence he made the valley to ring and echo with his voice and horn, every call ending with a chorus by his faithful coupled hounds at his side.

Whether from long usage or otherwise, Jonathan's call failed not to touch some hidden sympathetic chords which conveyed an irresistible charm in every direction from the Rye Hill.

The boy, who had in the morning twilight listened in mute stillness, now in his manhood listened still. Even those who did not patronize the hunt, nor could be incited to join in the chase, stopped to give ear to the voice and horn before the break of day, and would say feelingly, "Jonathan, poor fellow, is at his work early this morning." Whether from the still serenity of the atmosphere, or occasioned by the huntsman's full heart, there was a touching melancholy cadence in his call perhaps on this last occasion; his voice and the breath which gave sound to his horn was full of stifled emotion.

William, of the Steel, who was getting ready to join the meet, and who was ever ready to moralize on passing events, remarked that Jonathan's call that morning made his heart quite "wae" (sad).

"The crows," he said, "would for ever continue to wing their easy noiseless evening flight to their roosts, but Jonathan's voice would cease to be heard on the Rye Hill."

William's hound, Towler, sometimes termed as the Steel dog (the name of the village in which he was kept), seldom failed to anticipate the hunting day; and before he got liberated from his night-watch, in the kitchen showed great restlessness; he disdained to partake of a goodly breakfast prepared for him by the mother of his kind master, in order to sustain him in his forward position in the chase throughout the day. Towler could not be prevailed upon to do more than lick round the edges of the plate, and he was no sooner liberated than he pitched himself upon his old post. He sat erect upon the garden wall, pricking his ears towards the eminence, from whence the call had been often given. With intense watchfulness, and ever so anon prompted by impatience and despair of hearing the command, "Hark to him, hark to him," poor Towler lifted his head to the sky as if there was another world even for a dog, to

send up a piteous howl. On the first blast of the huntsman's horn, Towler bounded from the wall with fearful energy, and at such a speed that nothing could arrest save the contents from a fowler's piece.

Mountain, Towler's twin brother, a hound of grave temperament, probably inherited from the Lambton blood, whose home lay at a more remote distance, sniffed loudly and impatiently, and pawed at the door which confined him, and finding himself thus baffled, for none of the household were astir to release him, he retired back to the fireside and threw himself heavily down upon the floor, with a winking, painful-like uneasiness. The poor sagacious brute found himself shut up and unheeded; his master had not returned from his night-shift at the smelt mill. But, hark! A rap, someone at the door. A kind neighbour, in passing, inquires if Mountain had gone, for Jonathan is heard on the Rye Hill. The door was opened by a lovely, fine-complexioned, light flowing-haired little girl, who held a lighted candle in her hand. Mountain darted over the threshold like a greyhound, as if determined to gain the eminence in the shortest possible time; for the tones of the huntsman, though faint on account of the distance, and although he was shut up, had not failed to reach Mountain's ears.

Tom's Tipler, a white, young spanking hound, less reflective than the last, reared against the window, threatening to become the glazier's friend, was quickly liberated, in order to shun all danger from breakage, while other hounds made their exit from straw in open sheds to meet the summons on the Rye Hill. One by one arrived and sometimes two together, spanking and yowling round their sportsman with characteristic animation.

One hound only remained behind, and that was Dancer, the famous outlying Dotland Park dog, whose colour was black and white, the white prevail-

ing. His tail, by some accident, had got twisted or twirled like that of a cur, which obtained for him the appellation of the "wry-tailed dog." Dancer, determined of purpose, swift of foot, often leading in the chase, to press bold Reynard to the death.

Jonathan's prolonged call on the Rye Hill proclaimed that some of his pets were missing. He sounded again and again, his loudest, most touching and exciting notes that they might reach his favourite. Hark, the sharp-eared huntsman hears a sharp yelping "cheep" in the far distance; it is the well-known Dancer's tongue, yelping at intervals as he ran. The huntsman, who could so well interpret the canine language, knew it meant to say, "Wait, wait a little longer, I'm coming." A loud response the sportsman sends to cheer him on: "Hark! Dancer; hark! Dancer; hark to him! to him! Dancer; hark to him! to him! to him! away"; and the noble hound arrived, with a short length of soft cord fastened to his neck which he had chewed asunder that morning to regain his liberty. Dancer heeded not the clouds as he sped across the fields bent only on the woodland banks to reach, in search of reynard's foil, to lead him to the midnight wanderer's lair.

Dancer, or the "wry-tailed dog," as he was often called by the followers of the pack, the object of the huntsman's prolonged stay on the Rye Hill, possessed powers of endurance seldom equalled by any of his tribe, and the eagerness with which he sought for his game was not to be surpassed. The favourable position of his home, which was situated almost immediately interposing reynard's track, in proceeding between the great fox covers in the neighbourhood, offered Dancer every facility for indulging the bent of his nature; and experience had taught the hound where to stray to find a foil to lead him to the sly one snugly coiled upon a dry cushioned lair, fringed with his own brush.

Early one morning, when the New Year was but still a stranger, Dancer spanked across the fields into a thick young plantation on the steep or sloping bank-side near Golightly's old windmill. In this wood Dancer proclaimed he found the sly one's footsteps, which he resolved to follow, tracking him down to the glen, to the water meetings, which terminate the valley, or ravine, of West Dipton, by the junction of its stream, as a tributary emptying itself into the Devil's Water. Flowing from the Shire valley, two separate wild and rocky ravines we find now merging into one, and continuing a winding varied valley for some distance, to the great Glen of Swallowship, to which place Dancer dragged his fox.

The stream of the mad running water (which from its velocity and lashing fury, in a freshet, has acquired a title, or a name, familiar to the civilized world) on its entry into Swallowship is boldly arrested in its course by a high rocky promontory, which perhaps might be not unaptly construed to say, "Mad Devil, I will for ever stay thy impetuosity and change thy course; flow thou, therefore, from me more quietly. My base thou mayest for ever wash, as keeping my foot clean; but for ever will I remain an immovable barrier to thee." From this, one of the great nature's imposing and formidable rocks, the "Devil" turns submissively in a course at right angles to its base; but soon begins to flow again madly round a rough rocky quadrant, with regaining fury, and foaming, and lashing the bold, protruding rocks in its course; and seems in its turn to say, "Hitherto my way hath been stopped, but the course through this deep chasm is mine, and thy protuberances shall be lashed and worn down by the rolling pebbles, for it is decreed that I must onward flow, and a long and silvery track to mingle with the mighty deep." Romantic Swallowship! how oft has thy rugged rocks

and banks, thickly clothed with light and dark green woody foliage, been gazed upon by sighing lovers, sauntering and breathing the tender tale in thy deep solitude? How oft hath the raven, with angry croak as she sped away from her disturbed nest, been watched by the visitors? And how oft have the jackdaws been sent wheeling into the air by school-boys, daring and adventurous, climbing to obtain a peep into their nest crevices? The hawk fans the air afar off; the owl sits moping in her deep, dark recess, occasionally lifting the blinds from her large, round, black eyeballs, only to let them fall again to ease her glimmering orbs, fit only for her murderous midnight deeds, but which delight not to face the open day.

The angler plods his way down the silvery brook—winding and hissing like a great serpent in summer's balmy breeze—plying his rod, in wily attitude, to avoid a threatening bough ready for entanglement to test his patience; or to throw his treacherous, deceiving bait more lightly over the finny tribe. Oh, Swallowship! Swallowship! how indelibly is the hand of great nature imprinted upon thee. Who hath commanded the rocks to stand apart to give space and passage to thy gushing waters sent down from the clouds of heaven. Romantic Swallowship! to thy rough and rugged bosom wild nature clings. The fox, the owl, the raven, the hawk, and the jackdaw claim thee for their own! For a thousand years the base of thy great precipice hath nobly stood the lashing fury of the current sent foaming down by dark, angry clouds! For a thousand years thou wilt remain without the application of the levelling spade, or thy great bow receive a scratch from a ploughshare. Generations of fresh and lovely faces will come to behold thy rugged grandeur, and pass away like summer butterflies, or fade like the pretty lilac's lovely blossom;

but thy rough and rugged surface will continue a thousand years, and give shelter and seclusion to the owls and foxes still.

But we must cease moralizing and proceed with our tale. The fox, on reaching the ravine of Swallowship, had taken a stroll round the most level, thick, and solitary part of the wood, its still solitude not a little heightened by the dark and almost gloomy shade of magnificent spruce firs, thickly clustered, whose full outstretched and spreading branches deny a pile of herbage to rear its head beneath the circuit of their shady influence, a little assisted, perhaps, by the gambolling tread of summer picnic parties, tripping the dance beneath the boughs of nature's great sheltering evergreens, near to which is the well, often doing duty for spa water. Here Dancer laid down the fox's chart, and continued to track him out of the hollow, or cove part of the wood, on the great brow of Swallowship Hill, clothed with wood, filled in with broom, heather and fern; often a resting-place of the sly one after a prowling in the neighbourhood. Dancer pushed on and left this fox-inviting ambush to encounter great difficulties; the wry-tailed dog tracked bold reynard from the great brow, facing westward down into another part of the glen or ravine, pointing eastward, and taking a tour amongst the Owl Craggs, shaded to the taste of the bird of ill omen. Dancer crossed the wild rushing stream a little above the cavern of the Thief's Hole, and gradually ascended the great precipitous rocks on the north side of the glen, facing the sun; and here Dancer had to scramble his way and perform difficult leaps and bounds, and the perseverance of the hound became remarkable and even fearful, bounding from rock to rock, unable sometimes to follow the scent of the wild animal through a chink of the great sandstone, which his thin accommodating sides had enabled him to crawl through. Dancer, with

outstretched head, reaching as far as he was able, yelped out as if to say, "He's gone that way, but I cannot follow him"; and with sagacious instinct the noble hound sought some other circuitous route to regain bold reynard's footsteps.

The fox, for reasons best known to himself, disdained to take up his lodgings in the crags, but quitted the precincts of the great rocks and travelled northward, passing through the Major's Wood, crossing the bushy lane westward of the Five Gates, and entered the great Cock Wood, whither Dancer followed him. Reynard proceeded not far into the Cock Wood before he commenced to make his journey long, within a small circuit, that he might have timely warning of his enemy's approach; Dancer having entered into his crafty labyrinth, which led him on to the bank-side of the great cover, thickly set with young oaks, springing from old stools, rustling with dried summer foliage on which patches of heather filled up spaces not otherwise occupied. Here reynard selected a lodging to his taste, beneath a ground-spreading, thick-set, leafy bough from an old stool, partly decayed and caverned out like an oven. Reynard lay warmly coiled up, with his feet covered with his fringed brush, intending to repose there for the day. Alas! poor fox, safety and repose are not even dealt out to thee! Oft when nature thinks herself secure, danger is lurking near. Thy short and broken slumber and ever watchfulness are not given to thee in vain; but the race which thou art liable every day to run is life or death to thee. Dancer's animation increased as he tracked out the sly one's labyrinth, and his yelp became more sharp and frequent, with his mane standing erect down to his shoulder like that of a hog engaged in bitter combat, and he began to tilt up his heels like a buck as he bounded over the thick and short scrubby oak bushes, with a stifled yelp which proclaimed that

his game was near. He kept a look out on all sides, and seemed ready to dart off at the least rustling of a bush within his sight or hearing.

The wild feathered tribe live not in friendship with the hawk. Even the domestic fowls scratching in the litter at the barn door set up, as one voice, a hideous warning screech at his approach.

Reynard anticipated no friendly greeting from Dancer's early visit, for the sun had not very long before dissolved the golden, purple edging from the clouds, which had surrounded his rising, and the sly one thought it more safe to leave his dry and caverned ambush by launching off with long and quiet strides from Dancer's coming presence, as fast as he could.

The wry-tailed hound soon discovered reynard's flight, and now commenced the contest single-handed with terrible and earnest severity.

The fox took a speedy turn round the bottom part of the Cock Wood, but soon again reclinbed, and reaching the bank top, took along a narrow path to the westward, seldom trod but by the woodman. Along this path Dancer pursued the game at such speed that the dried and withered leaves rose at his heels, as if he had been closely followed by a whirlwind; and his sharp yelp faded away in the distance like the shrill note of a passing curlew.

When Dancer first dashed off after the fox the curly-haired Sunnyside woodman was in the adjoining plantation thinning young larch trees for rail wood. In true sportsman style he slid his axe under the skirts of the nearest whin bush, hastened out of the wood and up the bushy lane, to reach the open ground with all the speed he could muster. On reaching the top of the lane, he saw his neighbour, the dark-haired Joe, who had been actuated by the same kind of feeling, standing on the Duke's Hill top, and hastened to him. For a moment or two they were

undecided which was the most favourable direction to take; but when Dancer regained the top of the path of the Cock Wood, the direction which he was taking was no longer doubtful. The two eager sportsmen set off like a pair in harness towards the west end of the Cock Wood, where there is an open road between the Cock Wood and Half-Mile Plantation, in the hope of either heading the fox off or getting a sight of him crossing it; but “Shanker’s Nag” failed in speed to gain such a desirable object. Dancer was only seen gallantly topping the two near-together stone walls, which drew a cheer from the two sportsmen, as they ran towards the top of the embossed road lying between the two covers. The cheer of the sportsmen was the first which Dancer received in the chase, but the fleetness of the hound gave them no encouragement to follow immediately farther in his direction.

The fox, determined to keep his head westward, passed through the Half-Mile Wood, crossed the turnpike road, veered a little to the right, to gain the Brick Kiln Plantation, through which he traversed in a straight direction, passing on and crossing Hunter’s fell or moor, well stocked with whin bushes. The fox kept skirting the bank-side until he gained the ridge, when he kept plying still to the westward, passing Yarridge, the Watch Currock, Nubbock, and reaching the rough pastures of Greenridge, where the sly one changed his course and wheeled to the left, entering it at the head of the long glen, or ravine, of West Dipton. The fox on entering this cover was seen, and observed by a drainer to be labouring in his gait, and apparently had lost his clean and sharp activity. Dancer was at no great distance behind his brush, pushing on with resolute determination.

The fox and his pursuer proceeded down the long glen of West Dipton, crossing and recrossing the stony, troubled stream deeply sunk between rocks

and trees, finely reflected in its chance pools of easy water, a little beyond the centre or middle of the ravine. To the westward is a high wall-faced rock, standing near to the water's edge, beneath which is the cavern called the Queen's Cave, having, it is said, sheltered Queen Margaret from her foes in former times. Following down this glen, sometimes climbing its steep, woody bank-sides and again descending into the ravine, the fox tried every scheme to baffle his pursuer, disdaining to accept of shelter, which many an open crevice of the rocks afforded.

Dancer's master, the Park yeoman, who was in the high pastures which lay contiguous to the cover, performing the shepherd's duty amongst his flock, was surprised and became not a little excited on hearing the well-known yelp of his hound, coming in full chase down the hill and nearing him very fast. The direction from which Dancer was proceeding was unexpected, inasmuch as his master had not been inattentive to his setting off eastward in the morning, and had given him up as a lost hound for the day. The sharp yelps of Dancer, as he proceeded down the glen, was the signal for the tall, broad-shouldered yeoman to make haste to the bank-side at the foot of the glen, opposite to the Oxenrods Pass, to obtain a full view of reynard as he skirted across the thickly-wooded space which intervened from one great thicket to another. The shepherd and sportsman knotted his plaid across his square shoulders like a scarf to disentangle his arms, and with rapid strides, to the gazing wonderment of the sheep, as he was flying away from them, gained the bank-side only in time to fulfil his anticipation. The sly one emerged from the cover and skirted the pass, evidently the worse for having been forced to traverse so much ground so speedily over. The sportsman keenly eyed the fox as he stole his way across the pass; he

seemed a tall, long fox, his brush had not quite fallen and descended to dragging; it was partially bent and bobbed informally with his strides, darkened in colour, with his head towards the ground, he thus glided from the yeoman's view into a large thicket of broom and bramble. The experienced sportsman gazed upon the fox with bated breath and in mute silence, but when Dancer showed himself at the pass, being only some three hundred yards behind his game, the yeoman then gave, as he could so well, a repeated loud, shrill, and enlivening note which failed not to be wafted with telegraphic speed to other ears than those of Dancer. The noble hound, on receiving his master's cheer, tilted his heels a little higher and bounded away on his course like a mettled race-horse which required neither whip nor spur, and was soon lost to view, like the fox, among the broom. The cheering which had, for the moment, fastened the sportsman to the spot, ceased; and he now felt himself liberated and sped home to the Park stable for his Brownie.

The fowler sometimes discharges his piece before the sight is rightly brought to bear upon the bird, lest by further delay its whirring wings should out-distance the gun.

The yeoman, knowing the pushing determination and fleetness of his hound, slipped the bridle on to Brownie, but cared not for the saddle; he mounted and rode, scarfed as he was, after Dancer and the fox in such a style of horsemanship as the romantic Arab riders of old would, in their time, have been proud to emulate.

The keen sportsman, now mounted, fell into Dancer's rear, after he had left the cover on the bank-side, at the Old Wind Mill, where the wry-tailed first challenged the sly one in the morning. The route of the fox now lay across by the hill, making for Ordley Banks, whither the yeoman rode, cheering

his hound, as if the whole pack had been in full cry between the scent and view before him.

Martin, the flaxen-haired blacksmith of the hill, was sitting at the smithy window pointing horse-shoe nails; he wore a hat too much inclined to the broad-brim for his round, fat, good-natured looking face, his feet were encased in a pair of neat clogs, rather too heavily ironed. Martin's mind, to compare it to a map, had a goodly space charted out upon it, tinted for the chase, as he sat beating out nail-points to a finish on a small bright anvil. His ears were suddenly arrested by the shrill notes of the Park yeoman, mingled with the sharp yelps of Dancer, both of which were familiar to him. Martin caught the fever of excitement, and hastily pitched his leather apron across the bellows handle and bounded over the threshold of the smithy with the agility of a cur, flying from the unexpected shower of bright sparks off his own red-hot fizzing iron. He wended his way towards Ordley Banks as fast as his feet could carry him.

The Devil's Water, which flows from the vale of Hexhamshire, washes the rocks deeply sunk in the ravine at Ordley Banks, the ravine encircling a field or plot of ground nearly isolated, and depressed below the level of the mainland adjoining. Round this field and Nunsbrough, the Devil twines like a great serpent, its head reaching nearly to its tail, resembling the shape of a horseshoe; the stream appearing at first sight to be returning back to its source, and leaving the deeply hemmed-in ravine.

Martin pulled up at the bank top, overlooking the beautiful winding ravine which lay before him, to reconnoitre the route which Dancer and the fox had taken. He saw the Park yeomen emerging from the Linnold's Wood, having crossed the ravine farther down, and making towards Light Water, and approaching the great cover of East Dipton. Martin

boldly descended into the great hollow to cross the stream at the neck of the peninsula, a place which he had glanced at from the bank top as the most favourable point for crossing the stream dry-shod. The part was inviting, having numerous different-sized stones, embedded by nature, peeping above the stream, and more or less rounded by the action of the water; but also rendered more treacherously slippery by a deposit of greasy mud left by a recent freshet. Martin commenced fording by a steady leap or two, but pitching upon a sharp pinnaced stone almost destroyed his balance and sent him rapidly forward, and he wildly leaped and clattered from stone to stone, swinging his arms in all directions, like a two-handed swordsman on a flagstaff in a gale of wind, and every moment threatened to personate the whale among the speckled trouts; but he marvellously escaped the cold plunge, and reached the opposite side in safety. Martin pushed on, and encountered the steep bank-side with sportsmanlike and manly determination; but, having climbed the better half of the distance, he suddenly came to a dead halt; Martin's own encased natural bellows had been too heavily drawn upon—some other agent had been at work than the hand which touched the lever tip'd with horn—a sudden stitch assailed Martin's side, and stopped progress. He sat down upon a cluster of dry fern, pulled off his hat to ventilate his flaxen crop; he stretched out his feet, and with an unmistakable shake of his head, he looked down upon his clogs, but was unable to utter a single word against the cause of his breakdown.

Dancer followed reynard's trail with all the tenacity of nature's hound within him; his unerring nose and untiring energy proclaimed that the famed Leader's blood circulated in his veins.

When Dancer topped the high stone wall on his entry into the Half-Mile Plantation, it was for some

time the last sight of the hound by the curly-haired Sunnyside woodman and the dark-haired Joe. They turned and followed by the east side of the wood, to the lane which stretched westward between two plantations, passing Todd's quarry, ending near the same, by its junction with the main turnpike, at right angles, to which place the two sportsmen quickly arrived, and waited a while without hearing or gaining any intelligence of Dancer. They, however, to a certain extent, surmised rightly that the fox had taken and continued a westerly direction along the ridge, arriving at either the West Banks strongholds to baffle his pursuer, or to gain the head of West Dipton cover. The dark-haired Joe thought it not improbable, on the fox being hard pressed, he might turn in by the Pattern Field, as the nearest point for wood shelter, and slant across the deep wooded valleys towards East Dipton, or follow the ravine of Devil's Water to Swallowship.

The two sportsmen, who had reached the lane end at the top of their speed, were, nevertheless, lost and baffled; their sporting propensities had got excited, which made them unwilling to retrace their steps, and they agreed to saunter through the plantation, from the lane end southward, to reach the commanding position of the Milking Hill, a clump of old Scotch Firs, towering boldly above the surrounding recently-planted larch. On the sunny side of this dark crested hill, they found a situation which commanded an extensive, most varied, interesting landscape, embracing the winding ravine of the Devil's Water, beyond the romantic Nunsbrough, at Ordley Banks, the west end or terminus of the great East Dipton's sombre-looking firs, and farther south of which Slaley's dark fell, or moor, fading into horizon in the distance.

When the two wily hunters arrived at their well selected spot, with such a view stretched out before them, each bent down a broom, on which they severally

seated themselves, warmly embossed in the wood, clinging to the hope that their wishes that day might be realized and gratified with Dancer's return with his fox.

The ploughman eyes his brother rustic at a long distance turning over the lea; the sound of the barnman's flail he listens to with time-keeping strokes; the neighing of the distant steed and the lowing of the unsettled ox fail not to attract his sympathetic ears; even the varied tones of the proud crested fowls within his own farm homestead is music to him as he paces along at the plough's tail.

The two devoted sportsmen, as they sat upon the broom, chattered on various matters, their ears at the same time under aerial influences, like those who delight to hear the sweet and soothing hum of bees, as they swiftly wing their way to and fro, unseen in the soft, clear, balmy summer sky, rendered still more sweet and soothing by the deeper tone of the humble bee, wheeling or circling in the melodious throng. “Oh, lovely Nature!” that power is given even unto these little insects to furnish sweets, and, still further, to contribute to soothe the human heart with their melodious strains; sweet, doubly sweet, to the weary rustic, lulled to reposing sleep (like a child) at his dinner-hour by the humming noise of these little ones, flitting from flower to flower around his low-daised couch.

The first cheer given to Dancer by the Park yeoman, as the hound crossed the Oxenrods, reached the sportsmen's ears, by nature's telegraph; the dark-haired Joe sprang to his feet with such haste and seeming concern, as if he had been warned by the hiss of an adder from under the broom; with motion as rapid he touched his lips with his left finger-ends, and held his hand up to enjoin silence on the loquacious woodman. Instantly another shrill exciting cheer arrived by the same invisible thread. It is

George, of the Park, exclaimed the dark-haired Joe, cheering Dancer, near Dipton old windmill, which crowns the east end of the ridge of West Dipton valley. Excited joy fluttered the two sportsmen's breasts; the cheer of the plaided yeoman entered their souls; they stood listening as if breathless, and, like a hawk when steadily balanced in the air, ready to dart off in any favourable direction. The two hunters quickly resolved to proceed to the well-known commanding position of the Holly Bush, growing at the lane end close by the north-west corner of East Dipton's great plantation, a situation more favourable to command the chase, more especially as Dancer's head was evidently pointing to that direction, from the westward. The two eager sportsmen instantly quitted their sylvan abode to cross the Devil's Water, by the Linnel Bridge, to reach the Holly Bush as quickly as they could—a spot

“Where Jonathan has often plied his horn
To call the sons of Nimrod to the chase;
Where oft the hounds at early dawn
Have scared the linnet from her place.”

During the dark and frizzily haired sportsmen's passage to the evergreen, Dancer had left the Wind Mill, passed across and through the deep ravine below Ordley Banks, cleared the Linnel Wood, and entered the cover of East Dipton, by Light Water, closely followed by his tall, broad-shouldered master on Brownie. The two footmen were, therefore, too late to have their anticipations gratified by reaching the favoured station, to witness Dancer and the fox cross the open space from the Linnel Wood to the great cover.

Dancer and the fox had not proceeded far amongst the dark firs eastward, when the fox suddenly turned his head northward, crossing the plantation lane, and taking over the Thortree Hill, a direction pointing towards Swallowship.

The yeoman followed the solitary road which leads through the great plantation, from Light Water, a road roughly disputed by the opposing heather. On his reaching the corner of the isolated field in the wood he pulled Brownie up for a moment to listen for Dancer. A sharp yelp told him that the hound had crossed the rough heathery road before him, making northward. The experienced yeoman partly retraced his steps and followed a path which led in a slanting direction through the wood, terminating at a gateway close by the Holly Bush. Here the horseman saw, at a short distance down the road, leading from the Linnel Bridge, the two pedestrians steaming towards him. The thick-built, curly-haired woodman had unbuttoned his waistcoat for ventilation; the dark-haired Joe, with hat in hand, showed a top shining like the raven's plume. When the yeoman perceived his brother sportsmen, his hat was soon raised high in the air, as if to infuse more speed and power into their cylinders. The motions of the yeoman's hat was accompanied by the words, "Forward, lads! Dancer," said George of the Park, "has gone over the Thortree Hill, pointing towards Swallowship." The road from the Linnel Bridge to the Holly Bush, being uphill, had reddened the woodman's face and caused the drops to flow copiously from his curly locks. On their arrival at the lane end where the yeoman had halted momentarily for them, their breathing organs, as a matter of convenience, if not actual necessity, waived all discussion touching Dancer's previous route after the fox. Brownie showed the way down the broken deeply-rutted, ill-conditioned road from the Holly Bush, which forms the northern boundary of the great wood, which was here studded with beautiful towering spruce firs, fit to grace any carriage road to a lordly mansion. The hunters continued their course, helter-skelter, splashing through the cross watery ruts, and

soft, miry holes, to the Four Lane Ends, where they halted to listen for the hound. Dancer's sharp yelp had become more reserved as he chased the sly one. The deep glens and woody banks which he had traversed had reduced the wind in his filibeg, but the more silent determination of the wry tail would doubtless contribute to increase the terror of bold reynard. The long intervals of Dancer's yelp at this stage of the chase was compensated for by a loud, rough, roaring noise proceeding from the edge of Swallowship Hill, and a man was heard and soon perceived standing waving his hat in a most excited and frantic-like manner. Dancer was also seen making fast up to him.

Kirsopp, the Duke's woodman, was repairing the fences which hem in the cover of Swallowship Hill on the south side when he heard Dancer's yelp, for Dancer was no stranger to him, coming over the Thorntree Hill in a direction towards him. The woodman was a fair specimen of his calling; he was attired in a drab, square-cut coat, with waistcoat to match. He wore corduroy unmentionables, with his legs encased in leather, buckled up to his knees, and each hand and arm were protected by strong-seamed leather diking mittens, which reached up to his elbows. His top was crowned with an oval-shaped, woolly broad-brimmed hat, favouring the slouch fashion. He carried his hedging bill in his left hand, resting backwards on his arm, as he advanced from a gap which he had just finished; and thus equipped he strode along by the side of the boundary fence which divided two great estates and stretching southward through the great cover of East Dipton, in order to obtain a more clear look out on all sides. The woodman had not advanced much over one hundred yards from the wood edge when he spied the fox descending from the great plantation, making towards him. Being unwilling to turn or "head" the sly one, and

also to obtain a nearer view of the wild animal, the leather-mailed Kirsopp hastily backed himself into a thicket of bramble, which happened to be growing close by, overtopping the hedge. The deep indentation of the ditch also favoured the woodman's ambush, and thus veiled, he crouched in the thicket ready to surprise the poor fox. The jaded animal had scarcely reached opposite to him when the impulse of the moment spurred the woodman to make the grand rush out; but he was instantly caught by a strong loose-ended briar, with thick-set teeth, sharp as fish hooks, which laid hold of his well-formed nose and held him fast. In the struggle the woodman shook the whole bramble bush and involuntarily growled out like a tiger in a net. On getting extricated from the fangs of the vegetable viper, the leather-legged Kirsopp straddled and ran towards the wood after the fox, as if he intended to dock his brush before Dancer had prepared him for such a triumphant ceremony.

On the fox disappearing in the wood, Kirsopp halted, took off his broad brim, and swung it round and round in true centrifugal fashion, shouting at the bent of his voice, “Tally-ho! Tally-ho!” in such a tone as if he had borrowed it from the rusty old tup or the raven. Dancer passed the woodman during his excited rusty croak, which failed not to reach the ears of his followers, halting at the four lane ends.

The Park yeoman took the nearest route through the fields towards the spot from whence the unmusical “Tally-ho!” proceeded, and also where Dancer was seen slanting the corner of the last field from the boundary fence into the wood. The sportsman felt high in the hope that the fox was near resigning his life up to his determined pursuer, and dashing Brownie forward with redoubled speed, soon arrived at the wood edge, and clearing a neat made gap

of wicker-work fresh from the woodman's hands, the yeoman pushed forward amongst the trees on the great brow of Swallowship Hill, where he found Kirsopp standing by the side of a lofty, gorgeous clump of spruce firs, intently watching Dancer's movements, and wiping the red dots from his nose, where the warmth and excitement had caused the blood to flow from the briar wound as if they had been leech-bites.

The stand taken by the woodman turned out to be his most favoured haunt. The magnificent evergreen stood on the brow of the hill embossed amongst the other trees, giving shelter to them from wind blasts; the thick, close evergreen branches seemed to be slated round and round the stem, each layer hanging over and outspreading its neighbours, from the tree-top to the ground, as if they had some especial object to keep dry and sheltered. The prospect from the woodman's stand was beautifully wild and solitary. Several oblique views, both underneath and through amongst the branches of the woody bank, showed parts of the great winding glen, but the sound of the deep sunken, troubled murmuring stream only communicated with the ears; but denied the sight from the woodman's quiet and stately harbour, opposite to which the great perpendicular, rugged, sunlit crags displayed themselves majestically. They were thence seen to rise above their base, forming an abrupt termination of the great ravine of the Devil's Water. On the north side of Swallowship, the crags are seen to rise to an extensive height, with here and there a fantastic oak, overhanging, clinging to the crevices of nature's rude, piled-up wall-face.

On the yeoman reaching Kirsopp, he hastily inquired which way Dancer had gone. The woodman replied the last bark he heard from the dog was down in the hollow; but the noise of the stream

interfered greatly with the conveyance of Dancer's notes. However, he suspected that the fox would be crossing over the water to the north side, and he had watched well in all directions for him. The rugged nature of the woody ground, and the deep ravine, put a stop to Brownie's footsteps in a forward direction, and the yeoman being familiar with the barriers with which the locality abounded, at once alighted, throwing his plaid over the reeking loins of the mare, and took his stand by the side of the woodman close by the great evergreens.

Kirsopp smiled as he began to relate his adventure at the bramble bush, and was about to describe the great long greyhound fox, when Dancer showed himself on the opposite side of the stream and began to ascend the crags—the artful dodger having slipped up, unperceived by the woodman; and now the two watchers' eyes were intently fixed on the hound. The sly one had managed to wind up a more precarious stairway than the one he had selected at his own leisure unpursued in the morning. The ascent of the hound now became perilous in the extreme; he was at sundry times observed to hang dreadfully in the balance, as he climbed from rock to rock, which, had he not clung with desperate tenacity and life-saving effort, the chase of Dancer most probably would have ended with the loss of his life within his Master's sight; but the hound managed to climb and leap from one precipitous rock to another, until he finally mastered his perilous route, and reached the great rock top in safety. The noble performance of the hound touched the yeoman's shrill key-note, which was immediately accompanied by the woodman's chord, which seemed to be wrapped with a rusty wire, like the bass string of an old violoncello, and thus turned, the yeoman and woodman sent forth a loud excited cheer to Dancer from the spruce firs, which brought the Sunnyside wood-

man and the dark-haired Joe to their presence. They also had been watching Dancer from a point higher up, on the brow of Swallowship Hill, and witnessed his departure from the crag top, northward.

The now assembled sportsmen were at a loss, on account of the direction Dancer and the fox had taken, what steps to take further in the chase; which to every appearance seemed likely to be much further prolonged. The gallant fox had disdained to take shelter in the various caverned rocks which he had passed, and he was then pointing to where there was nothing but extensive wood and "brush" to protect him.

The Park yeoman and his three companions waited long and impatiently for the return of Dancer—with or without his game, but they waited in vain. In vain did they stretch their ears and expand their auditory nerves with the object of catching the slightest chirrup of Dancer's sharp, shrill pipe, or the rustle of the sly one's footsteps among the dry leaves, but not a sound that should indicate the presence or whereabouts of either struck their strained tympanums or gladdened their hearts. Both had passed beyond either ocular or auricular ken. This remarkable single hound chase had commenced at early morn, and was pursued with but little check or interruption throughout nearly the entire day, and now the shades of evening were closing in on the scene. At length Dancer's master mounted his Brownie, and reluctantly turned her head towards the Park, remarking that his sagacious hound would find his way home in his own good time. The curly-haired woodman, the croaking leather-mailed hedger and the raven-locked Joe took each their several routes homeward, and one and all agreed that it was a truly wonderful chase by a wonderful dog after an equally wonderful fox; but "could it be a real live fox?" croaked the hedger, or "was it not a devil or

a fairy, a wizard or a witch?” Joe was less superstitious, while the woodman declared there could be no mistake about the identity of reynard as he had a good and clear view of the animal. Of the fate of the gallant fox nothing is known; but it is very doubtful whether he could survive such a lengthened and so trying an ordeal, or outlive his own severe triumph. Of the game hound, it is known that after losing his voice he dropped down, still on reynard’s foil, exhausted on Corbridge Fell, where he lay stretched and panting for a considerable time. Having somewhat revived, he took his way homeward, where he arrived at a late hour, chopfallen, weary and exhausted. Dancer, after his gallant feat, was received with a most cordial welcome by the entire household, and after being duly caressed, nourished and refreshed, was consigned to a bed arranged with more than usual solicitude to dream of a victory he had scarcely achieved.

I have thus given you, in this incident in Dancer’s history, a faithful account of a single-handed chase which lasted nearly a whole day; in the morning picking up his drag near the old windmill in West Dipton, raising his fox in the Cock Wood, and ending as before stated in East Dipton; and, I think, dear Jonathan, you will still remember something about that wonderful chase of Dancer’s.

In writing the tale, I have sometimes felt myself not a little touched. In speaking of the curly-haired woodman and the dark-whiskered Joe, I know you will easily understand who I mean, and whatever freedom I may have used towards them in the course of the story, I beg to assure you and them that I always think of them, and of all others connected with the Slaley Hunt, whether herein referred to or not, with the greatest respect and esteem.

In any moment I can place myself (in imagina-

tion) in front of the old Duke's house, look up the Linnels Road, and have the whole country distinctly pictured before me; sometimes listening for a sound of the horn sent to me from the Holly Bush, and fancy I hear the huntsman's warning note:

“ At the Lane Ends fine old Holly Bush,
Where oft the rustic maiden's crimson blush
Reddens her cheeks, when meeting with her lover;
Oft the tryst of the hunting morn.
When the hounds yowl'd to the huntsman's horn,
When dear Jonathan harked them into cover.”

CHAPTER IV

“FORWARD ON”

AFTER this marvellous run let us turn once more to the old diaries and see what sort of sport the Haydon were having at the time. The diary reads for 1866:

“By brown mare from Mr. Charlton, £15.”

Robert Bruce's celebrated grey horse gave out the previous season, tradition relating that it was nearly as old as the huntsman, himself getting on in years even at this time. On this game animal Bruce had been enabled to hold his own and get to the end of many a fine run, and he had become almost as great a figure in the Hunt as his rider.

Once again, returning to the diary—no entry of any note appears till 1868, when they had a good run, the following account appearing:

“*January 9th*, 1868.—This excellent pack met at Hexham, and proceeded to Swallowship, where they succeeded, in a very short space of time, in unearthing a fine fox. The ‘varmint,’ after leading his pursuers two or three times round Swallowship, made for Dilston paper mill, but, changing his mind, turned off for Snook's Plantations. Finding no refuge there, he turned his attention to Corbridge Fell, evidently with the intention of making for Farnley Whin.”

During the period when this excellent day's sport took place, the Haydon were under the mastership of Mr. William Lambert, who previously acted as field-

master with his son, Thomas, as huntsman, assisting Bruce, now in his last season. The following were a committee of management:

Mr. Awburn.
 Mr. John Dickenson, of Staward.
 Mr. Wm. Cook.
 Mr. A. Coulson.
 Mr. G. G. Lee.
 Mr. Robert Cowing.
 Mr. Anthony Cowing.
 Mr. W. G. Benson, Secretary.

Though, unfortunately, they left no records other than the cold and bare accounts behind them, I have deduced that Robert Bruce received the same salary, and that consequent upon them changing from hare to fox the expenses increased, the total subscriptions being now £84.

MAJOR A. J. BLACKETT-ORD'S MASTERSHIP

The season 1873-74 marked the first year of the mastership of Major Andrew J. Blackett-Ord, the first Master to kennel the hounds at Haydon Bridge, with Robert Bruce as huntsman for one season, followed by Tom Cowing, who also was "mine host" of the "Fox and Hounds" at Bardon Mill.

Very little documentary evidence of his tenure of office is forthcoming; in fact, I wrote to his son, Mr. Reginald J. Blackett-Ord, inquiring if he held any such records. He replied: "I have no documentary records of the time my father had the hounds, and as it was some time before I was born, I am afraid I cannot help you. I have been told that the hounds were first kennelled when my father was Master."

Notwithstanding the appointment of a master who hunted on the same days, Wednesdays and Saturdays,



VON BERING, 600 YEARS HUNTERMAN TO THE HUNTERS.

as the Haydon always have done, and one hopes always will do, the sport was carried on very cheaply compared with the expenses of these high-priced days. The total subscriptions amounted to over £113 during season 1874-75, of which the huntsman was paid a salary or retaining fee of £80, Mr. Ord, of course, mounting his servants. The expenses for the next season may be of interest:

	£	s.	d.
Earth stopping	0	7	6
Dog couples	0	15	8
Hound tax	5	0	0
Huntsman's clothes	4	16	6
Huntsman's salary	25	0	0
Stamps, etc.	0	14	6
Paid for counters	0	10	0
Huntsman	35	0	0
Paid Mrs. Green for sheep worrying by hounds	3	0	0
Huntsman	10	0	0
Huntsman	10	0	0
Balance in hand	4	13	11
	<hr/>		
	£99	18	1

Two of the items are of interest, that of the huntsman's clothes; with the exception of a solitary entry near the commencement of this work, it is the first inference that we have of any clothes having been bought for the huntsman at all. In the previous one Edward Dodd had to equip himself at his own expense "satisfactory to the Secretary." On the 29th March, 1873, however, there is a record in the local press that at a meet in Hexham Market Place, "Mr. Bruce, the venerable and gallant huntsman of the Haydon Foxhounds was presented with a valuable hunting

suit." It is said that this replaced his old scarlet coat, which had become claret-coloured from age and weather-staining.

Though John Jorrocks declared "there was no colour like red and no sport like hunting," yet not all hunt uniforms are "the dear old red rag" beloved of the quaint M.F.H. of fiction. The Haydon at the beginning wore green, which was the Hunt livery. The Hunt servants and members at the present time wear a scarlet coat with a blue collar, the buttons being gilt with the letters "H.H." entwined thereon, the evening dress being scarlet also with the blue collar, Hunt buttons and white waistcoat. Regarding the blue collar, a very interesting article appeared in *Baily's Magazine* for September, 1924, in which the writer says: "When the Tarporley Hunt Club was established in 1762, for hare-hunting it was enacted that every member must have a blue frock with plain yellow metal buttons, scarlet velvet cape and double-breasted scarlet flannel waistcoat, the coat sleeve to be cut and turned up." When hounds were entered to fox in 1770 a new uniform was adopted, to wit "a red coat unbound with a small frock sleeve, a green velvet cape and green waistcoat." The green collar of the Cheshire Hunt and Tarporley Club is what may be called the sartorial remainder of that velvet. The sheep-worrying case is an unusual one in the Haydon country, for hounds have to be (and are) very steady through constantly running through large flocks by themselves on the moors and hills.

CHAPTER V

THE HAYDON OF TO-DAY

“Hist, let not your attention lag.”—*Tynedale Hunt Song*.

IN the previous chapter Major A. J. Blackett-Ord remained in command. And it was after his marriage in 1880 that the following account of a presentation made to him by the Hunt, and a tremendous run took place, which was written by Miss Dorothy Blackett-Ord (now Mrs. Scott), his youngest daughter, who was a very keen supporter of the Hunt whilst living in the district. It is by the courtesy and kindness of Mr. C. T. Maling, who has been a pillar of strength during the compilation of this history, that I reproduce it:

“On Saturday, 3rd January, 1880, the meet was at Whitfield Hall, where a large field was assembled, as the members of the Hunt intended to present the Master, A. J. Blackett-Ord, Esq., with a silver horn, sandwich case, flask and cigar case on the occasion of his marriage, which took place on December 11th. The hounds having arrived at the Hall, Isaac Baty and John Dickenson, jnr., Esqs., secretaries to the Hunt, presented the Master with the silver horn, etc., subscribed for by the Hunt, and Mr. Baty, in a few very kind and well-chosen remarks, expressed the congratulations and good wishes of the members of the Hunt, and their thanks for Mr. Blackett-Ord's past services to the sport. The Master briefly returned thanks for the very handsome present he had just received, assuring the gentlemen present that as

long as he was in that part of the country he would do all in his power for the Hunt. He hoped they would have good sport that day, and that the horn they had just given him would prove as useful as it was ornamental. The cheering which followed evidently inspired the hounds with the idea that a fox had jumped up in the immediate vicinity, but order was quickly restored, and we trotted off to the Monk Wood as usual. Here a fine fox was soon on foot, and breaking at the top of the covert went away to the east. The hounds got away on good terms with him, and raced him so hard, with an excellent scent, that after a sharp burst past Harlow Bank he went to ground in a drain near West Side. It seemed impossible to dislodge him from this stronghold, so we proceeded to draw Ashley Bank, which was close at hand, little thinking what was in store for us. Hardly were the hounds out of covert, having drawn it blank, when a distant scream proclaimed that our fox had left his resting-place and gone on eastwards past Hunter Oak. Cowing quickly got his hounds on to the line, and they went away at once at a tremendous pace past Chapel House and Burn Tongues, and westwards for Kawksteel, then turning north, again they ran as fast as ever back to the Monk, and on without a turn to Ninebanks. Turning to the left, he climbed the hill past Dear Law as if for Acton Reed, but on crossing the turnpike at the top instead of going down wind to covert, he kept straight on to the south. By this time the tremendous pace and the softness of the ground had found out the weak spot in more than one steed; but a few resolute sportsmen still resolved to stick to the hounds, and stick to them they did, in spite of the marvellous line they took. They ran straight on along the fell, nearly to Allenheads, still as fast as ever; then they turned west, over the top of Kilihope Law, when for a short time they were in the county

of Durham. Still they held on without check over the moor, with Coal Cleugh on their right, till, on nearing Nenthead, they turned for Clarghyll and Ayle Fell, in Cumberland. Now, at last, the pace and the mosses fairly beat the select few who had followed so far, and they reluctantly abandoned the vain attempt to follow the pack over ground which refused to bear their horses. They reached Whitfield after dark, and not long afterwards two pedestrians arrived from Clarghyll (where the fox had finally been killed on the road near the burn) with the hounds and the fox. Cowing had not gone home, so the funeral of this gallant fox was celebrated with all the customary honours!

“So extraordinary a run has not been known in the Haydon country for many years. A less powerful fox certainly could not have lived for so long with such a scent; his weight was 17 lbs., and the run he afforded ought to be remembered as long as the Haydon Hunt exists, and no praise is too high for the hounds. They stuck to their fox with a perseverance only equalled by that of the gentlemen who followed them round the fell. The latter, though they did not see the kill, can congratulate themselves on having performed a most remarkable feat; their names are Mr. John Johnson, Kingswood; Mr. John Dickenson, jnr., Chesterwood; Mr. Jonathan Routledge, Haydon Bridge; Mr. Wm. Walton, Embley; Mr. Anthony Cowing, High Moralee; and Mr. Wm. Summers, Milescoth. All who came to the meet hoped and intended that this should be a red-letter day in the annals of the Hunt, and our hopes have most certainly not been disappointed.

“The time was about five hours from find to kill, and the distance thirty-five miles at least.”

They had another really great day on March 1st, 1876, evidently with a travelling, love-making fox

fresh from his romantic wooing. The meet was at Summerods, and the pack was first trotted to the dene there, which was drawn blank. High Wood was visited with a like result, and then Coastley Wood was tried, where Tom Cowing, mounted on his favourite, the redoubtable Hercules, was soon busy. Reynard broke to the south, but he was headed back by a squad of foot people. After a few circuits round the plantation, it became evident by the squandering of the hounds that there were too many "varmint" afoot to afford any chance of a good run. The pack was got together, and a move made to Bush Fell, thence to Woodhall, neither place producing game. Elrington Wood was next tried, and while several of the horsemen were partaking of a "nip" at the expense of that staunch and veteran sportsman, Mr. Lambert, they were greeted with the welcome chorus which proclaimed a fox to be moving. After endeavouring in vain to elude his pursuers in the covert, he took the open to the east, where he was espied by a yokel with his team, who treated him to a boisterous "Tally-ho!" This made Reynard take to the west. Here the field was joined by a bevy of females of all ages, whose length of skirt seemed expressly curtailed to be no hindrance to their pedestrian proclivities. Mr. Fox made his way past Dinnetly, then to Langley Hill Top, where he turned abruptly again to the north, eventually turning to the east by Dinnetly, where he was viewed by the riders. Having gone through a flock of turniping sheep, the hounds were brought to a slight check. Here Tom made a judicious cast, and hounds were quickly dispatched after him by a member of a neighbouring hunt, who, attired in white buckskins, had deputed to himself the duties of whipper-in, which he discharged with credit. Reynard was quickly hit off going past Elrington, to the south-east, over Nubbock Fell, on past Stublick. The pace was terrific, as the beauties

with heads up and sterns down streamed right into the heart of Allendale where, finding himself in his relentless foes, reynard took refuge in Scattercove Craigs, thus saving his brush by a near squeak, having run for over two hours thirty minutes.

After this terrific run Major Blackett-Ord kept on with Tom Cowing as huntsman and one of the Dickenson family as whipper-in till 1881, when he retired after a popular mastership of eight years.

The hounds during this period were pretty much of the type of the old Haydon strain. They were of rather light build, some inclined to be a little throaty, but they had beautiful tongues and ran well together whilst their conformation was suitable for travelling fast over a rough country—a necessity, at all events, for some part of a run if the great strong moorland foxes are to be brought to book.

In colour they varied extremely; some being very dark, others a badger-pie, whilst there were several couples of a complete, sandy tan, and a few were of the real old-fashioned blue ticked type of colouring, in appearance approaching the now seldom seen Dalmatian carriage dog.

MR. NICHOLAS MAUGHAN'S MASTERSHIP

A Master whose name and family have been connected with virile northern sport for generation after generation, Mr. Nicholas Maughan, of Newbrough Lodge, whose father was one of the pioneers of the modern Tynedale, having been Master for nine years, then took the hounds. During the time when he remained in command a great change took place; the traditional connection of his house with all matters sporting, especially that of the "sport of kings," inclined the new Master to do great things for the Hunt. He commenced the building of new kennels for forty couples of hounds at Newbrough

Lodge, together with boiler houses, yards and stables.

Mr. Maughan set himself to reorganize the pack, getting many drafts of hounds from other northern packs, such as the Morpeth, the Percy, the Tynedale, at this time under the mastership of Mr. George Fenwick, and the Hurworth, controlled at this period by Mr. James Cookson, a great sportsman who owned the famous Kettledrum, which won the Derby for him in 1861, after one of the most memorable finishes ever known in the history of the race.

Mr. Nicholas Maughan carried the horn himself, and he had the assistance of Joseph Outhwaite as kennel huntsman and first whipper-in, and Richard Bibb as second. Right good sport did he show for two days a week, which were the historic Wednesday and Saturday of the old Hunt. It was during the last season of his mastership that a point-to-point meeting was held, for naturally wherever sportsmen congregate, and especially so in hunting country, steeple-chasing takes place; indeed trials of speed and endurance between horses and horsemen are of very great antiquity. To-day it holds pride of place in many sportsmen's affections; though Jorrocks, from whose lips generally dropped pearls of wisdom, was not of the same opinion. "Racin's only fit for rogues; I never thinks whenever I looks into Tatt's subscription room but there is a nice lot of larceny lads," was the utterance of our greatest M.F.H.—and for once one disagrees with him. However, in the old days, the Eshtons, Cowings, Lamberts, Lees, Harles, Waltons, and all the other old names which appeared in the earlier part of this work, held race meetings above Chesterwood, at the Four Cross Roads, where many horses were tried, though the arrangements must have been crude in the extreme. These "red coat races" went on spasmodically for years, but in



HAYDON HUNT STEEPLECHASES

SATURDAY, JUNE 21st, 1884.

(UNDER GRAND NATIONAL RULES.)

STEWARDS.

N. Maughan, Esq.
Thos. Lambert, Esq.
W. Langhorn, Esq.
C. Blayney, Esq.
Thos. Parker, Esq.

W. Parker, Esq.
Mr. Wm. Cowie.
Mr. Thos. Errington.
Mr. Geo. Frederick Stewart.

Judge—T. RAMSAY, Esq.
Clerk of the Course—Mr. J. DICKINSON.
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer—Mr. GEORGE WEATHERALL.

Starter—Mr. N. CORNISH.
Clerk of Scales—Mr. JAMES DAVIDSON.

2'30.

THE HAYDON HUNT OPEN STEEEPLECHASE

Of 25 sovs. for bona-fide Hunters: 4 years old, 10st. 8lbs.; 5 years old, 11st. 8lbs.; 6 years old, 12st. 8lbs. A winner of 2 races carry 6lbs.; three, 10lbs.; four, 14lbs.; or 50 sovs. The 1st or twice of 50 sovs., or once of 100 sovs., 21lbs. extra. First horse to receive 24 sovs., second horse, 3 sovs. Entrance, 2 sovs. each, to go to the Race Funds. \$1 Forfeit. About three miles over the Steeplechase Course.

1. Mr John Riddle's bay m., "Miss Finest," aged. Black and Red Cross.
2. Mr John Dickinson's bay g., "Plenasm," 4 years. Blue.
3. Mr Adam Hart's b. g., "Bayonet," 5 years. Blue and Silver Braid.
4. Mr J. G. Houghton's g., "Master Ronald," aged. Cardinal, Bronze Sleeves.
5. Mr George Brown's br. g., "Highflier," aged. White, Black Hoops, White Cap.
6. Mr Robert Hedley's m., "Blue Bella," Black Body, Cardinal Sleeves & Cap.

3'30.

THE FARMERS' AND TRADESMEN'S STAKES

Of 25 sovs. for Hunters the bona-fide property, since January 1st, 1884, of Farmers and Tradesmen residing within 20 miles of Haydon Bridge; second 10 sovs. to the stake. Entrance, 1 sov. each, to go to the Race Funds. Weights and Penalties same as Haydon Open Hunt Steeplechase. Three Horses to start or no race.

1. Mr John Dickinson's b. g., "Plenasm," 4 years. Blue.
2. Mr John Dickinson's br. g., "Speculation," aged. Blue.
3. Mr Joseph Storey's br. m., "Lady Lucy," 4 years. Scarlet and Black Cap.
4. Mr Joseph Walton's br. m., "Mistilla," aged. Blue and Straw Sash.
5. Mr Wm. White's b. m., "Zetta," 4 years. Blue and Black Cap.
6. Mr Matthew Parker's ch. m., "Vanquisher Lass," 4 years. Scarlet and Gold Braid.
7. Mr Geo. Reed's or. g., "Eriarlet," 4 years. Blue and White Sash.
8. Mr Adam Hart's b. g., "Bayonet," 5 years. Blue and Silver Braid.
9. Mr John Dickinson's gr. m., "Lady Armstrong," aged. Blue.

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A HAYDON STEEEPLECHASE CARD

1884, the last year of Mr. Nicholas Maughan's mastership, a new meeting was inaugurated under Grand National Rules which was held on Deanraw Fell, near the hamlet of that name which lies near historic Langley Castle rich in tradition. The banks of the River Allen are very beautiful, and as the crumbling walls and broken gateway of Staward-le-Pele are neared, the mind reverts to the olden days when the reverend Friars of the Order of Eremites held high mass there, and the erection now used as a farm-house was one of their chief possessions. One of the original cards is reproduced, and another hangs in the weighing room at Hexham. Many familiar names will be observed on it, amongst others that of Mr. John Dickenson, who was then farming the whole of the Chesterwood Estate, who owned the famous grey mare, Lady Armstrong, who won at practically every show jumping exhibition in the North, and of her a local paper said at the time:

"At the United East Lothian Agricultural Society's Show at Haddington last week, Mr. J. Dickenson's (Haydon Bridge) grey mare, Lady Armstrong, which is sometimes known as 'The little wonder,' carried off the two first prizes in the leaping, in which she competed against some of the best hunters in the country. She successfully negotiated 5 ft. 3 in., carrying 12 st. 2 lbs. She was cleverly ridden by Mr. J. Dickenson, Junr. The mare has now won 46 prizes."

The first race was won by Mr. John Dickenson's Plesnam, ridden by his son, and the second was secured by Master Ronald, ridden by that great horseman, Captain "Wenty" Hope-Johnstone. Unfortunately the meeting was only held for one year; the committee differed; and Mr. Nicholas Maughan gave up the hounds, and matters got into a very poor state. Mr. Maughan kept open house at Newbrough.

Every sportsman was always sure of a cheery welcome and a hearty handshake from his host. Many times did Mr. Maughan entertain the whole hunt to dinner after a run; whilst on one particular occasion he even turned his cows out on a cold frosty night to make room for his guests' horses. On another occasion he quite outshone Jack Mytton in the unbagging a fox in his dining-room. After it went he and his guests with piercing "view holloa's" and they had a hunt by moonlight.

There was, incidentally, a meeting at Wark up till quite recent times; an old sportsman remembers an aged grey horse called Carabinier, who succeeded every time that he ran there.

Mr. Maughan retired, and the pack which he had gathered together with so much patience and expense—the young entry in 1882-83 was twenty-two couple—was sent up to London to be sold, though they are said to have been a useful working pack, but through the sale being unadvertised they only realized the paltry sum of £15.

Thanks to the good offices of his friend, Mr. George Blayney, Mr. Maughan's stud did not suffer the same invidious fate. The horses were taken up to London and advertised for sale. On the sale day the intending buyers found on their arrival a sumptuous luncheon prepared for them, with champagne *ad libitum*. After this repast, at which many a bottle was cracked, the horses were tried in a field containing all manner of jumps by their intending purchasers. They were then all sold, making record prices.

THE ROMAN WALL HOUNDS

The Haydon were now in very low water; no master could be found to take the hounds which only constituted some three couple, which were out at

walk, being the remnant of Blakett-Ord's pack, and which were mostly hounds tracing back to the old Haydon strain of Bruce's day. Accordingly, with this short pack some farmers, with Mr. Thomas Little, of Wealside, carrying the horn, hunted part of the north side of the country, re-christening them the "Roman Wall Hounds."

The following is an account of one of their days:

"A fox-hunt with a pack of 'out-bye' hounds, which has not yet received any special name, but which might fitly receive the appellation of the Roman Wall Hounds, took place on New Year's Day. The meet was at Unthank Hall. Amongst those present, mounted and on foot, were the Messrs. Dixon Brown, Unthank Hall; Mr. Armstrong, East Bog; Mr. Teasdale, High Town; Mr. Elliott, High Town; Mr. Hogg, Gibb's Hill; Messrs. Liddell, Melkridge; Mr. Liddell, Haltwistle; Mr. Little, Wealside; Mr. Armstrong, Braidley Hall; Mr. Holliday, Haltwhistle; the Unthank keepers and others from Haltwhistle and elsewhere. A fox raised on Ramshaw Fell provided a good run before getting to ground at Lurkley Crag. Mr. Thos. Little, of Wealside, acted as huntsman and handled his hounds in first-class style."

Whilst the Roman Wall section of the county was being served, the sporting spirits, bred from the stock of the old Slaley hunters on the other side of the county, could not remain idle. The farmers bought hounds and organized a hunt known as the Hexhamshire and Derwent Foxhounds, which hunted the country and the adjacent fells on the eastern side—Allendale, Allenheads, Rookhope, and occasionally going into the higher reaches of the Weardale. The hounds were trencher-fed, and their huntsman was William Robson, who carried out his duties on foot,

after the manner of the Jonathan Blackburn of a generation before. The Robsons were, and still are, well known as skilful shepherds of black-faced sheep stock in the Shire head and other moorland ranges above the source of the Derwent.

Great difficulties were encountered to keep the hunt going, but better times were in store, sport and sporting tradition, in which the country is steeped, being very hard to extinguish.

The old Roman Wall Hounds and the sister pack of Hexhamshire ceased operations when Mr. D. L. Dixon Brown, of Unthank Hall, Haltwhistle, and Colonel Edward Joicey, of Blenkinsopp Hall, started a new pack in 1886. During this epoch, Mr. Dixon Brown carried the horn himself, hunting the whole Haydon country with William Henley as kennel huntsman and Harry Sinclair as whipper-in. Hounds were now kennelled near Plenmellor—Plainmellor, as the old records have it—near to Unthank Hall, where at this time there still existed a heronry, which is a rare thing in the North. Unthank is supposed by some to have been the birthplace of the martyr, Bishop Ridley, in fact, it was one of the Ridley's chief possessions in the olden days. "Ha ye heard how the Ridley's," says the old ballad. The old peel tower, which existed at that time, is now incorporated in the present edifice erected by the late Mr. E. A. Webster, whose son, Captain R. B. Webster, of coursing fame, still resides there.

A JOINT MEET

An interesting event took place on 28th April, 1888, when the Haydon and Braes of Derwent arranged for a joint meet at Travellers' Rest. The object was to give a good "routing out" to the great cover at Dukesfield with its impenetrable mazes of

deep heather and closely planted Scots pines. Foxes were in such number here that when it was being drawn they could be seen crossing the rides literally in groups. Henley averred that he once counted eleven go across the long ride at the top side when he was in pursuit of a twelfth. Another reliable observer ticked off as many as nine in as many minutes in the ride running up from Herds House Plantation. A very appropriate thing it was to put in a spring day at the end of the season to rattle up the foxes and to show some friendly rivalry between the two hunts. An enormous field was present, every available member of the two packs making a point of being there, whilst there was a strong contingent from the Tynedale. The Border, too, were represented by Mr. Tom Robson, of Bridgeford, then in his riding prime. The veteran of the "Braes," Siddle Dixon, as game-looking and hard-bitten a huntsman as ever cheered a hound, was asked by Mr. Dixon Brown to act as chief huntsman for the day, and later on charmed the strangers with his glorious voice drawing the big woodland; nor were the musical honours of his hounds forgotten, for, at that period Colonel Cowen had a good many half-bred bloodhounds in his pack, which helped in no small measure to make the welkin ring. Great sport was not expected, but the aim of fully shifting the foxes in Dukesfield was thoroughly carried out. On being thrown into the big wood, hounds were soon running in more packs than can be described, and the waving hillside of pine trees seemed to fairly shake with their music. All day long, back and forward, round and round went the ever-changing chorus of hound voices, but no fox succeeded in getting away with the large field at all points to turn him back. One enthusiastic sportsman from a distance declared, "I would not have missed this for a thousand pounds." More than one fox must have

met his end in cover—a thing that not infrequently happens in the Haydon without anyone being aware of it—with the number of hounds busy everywhere. Towards evening things got quieter, and the two huntsmen took the opportunity of getting hounds settled to one fox which they managed to force into Sandyford Plantation. William Henley was in the right place quietly waiting, and soon viewed him away at the bottom end. His holloa was the signal for a torrent of horsemen to fairly let themselves go in keen rivalry as the fox bore away over Ryde Hill. Mr. Tom Robson led the way and jumped an enormous place by the Palms, leaving a hole in the briars that a coach could have been driven through. Over the dusty plough-land hounds ran well, and turned in short of Slaley towards Reestons Gill, and then made right-handed below Trygill, where hounds gained upon him and finally killed him in the low ground amidst the delighted whoops of the thoroughly satisfied hunters.

MR. DIXON BROWN

As a huntsman Mr. Dixon Brown was very popular. He was keen, cheerful and a good horseman, and was patient and alert in his hunting and handling of hounds. The Hunt was substantially carried on with a limited stud of horses, amongst which was the wonderful little chestnut mare, Flash, who carried William Henley, first as whipper-in and afterwards as huntsman, for many seasons without ever putting a foot wrong in this rough country, until there came a day when she broke down and became permanently lame after trying to do an almost impossible blind place. She was pensioned off and lived many years in retirement at Blenkinsopp.

One of the finest of the Haydon runs happened during Mr. Dixon Brown's term of huntsmanship.

The meet was at East Deanraw, 24th December, 1888, and hounds touched the drag of a travelling fox outside Harsondale Cleugh. At a slow pace they carried it into the Langley Cover, where the fox had waited a while, and William Henley got a view of him, holloaing him away—a big moorland warrior with his home a long way off. Hounds were quickly on terms with him, led by that fine bitch Magic, who afterwards had the misfortune to break her neck racing a fox in view on the moors and putting her feet into a sheep drain. Scent was not very good, however, but sufficient to keep hounds going, and the first half of the run was done at a moderate pace, otherwise neither the fox nor the horses could have got to the end of this long chase. The line was by Threepwood, Wood Hall Cleugh, Bush Fell, and into Longhope Wood. Hunting steadily and well together, the pack followed their fox through the high corner of the wood and down Glendue to Windy Hurst—a notoriously poor scenting woodland. Here the first check occurred, but luckily a foot follower coming on behind viewed the run fox with his mask pointing southward going through the high end of Coastley Dene. A respite of some ten minutes had been gained by this check before hounds were again on the line which led straightway for the distant moorlands of Hexhamshire. Leaving Lowgate on the left and going by Firtrees and Watch Currock, hounds went right on without deviation, but with only a moderate scent, into West Dipton.

It might reasonably be expected that the run would end here, where many a beaten fox has escaped in the innumerable crags and scars of the long and deep ravine. Not so, however, for this veteran's home lay still farther afield. A change came over the scene as soon as the glen had been crossed and the pack had climbed out on to the wide-spreading pastures of East Greenridge; scent altered at once

and down went their sterns, whilst they simply raced for the next three miles—still due south—over the open fellsides and stone walls; carrying the ridge of Burnt House fell they pressed on, leaving Airdley and Dalton on their left, across the Ham Burn and Linn Burn valleys and away into the enclosed country by Hamburn Hall, through Lightside Whin, on—still straight—by Salmon Field and through Turf House Wood down to the Devil's Water at Apperley Dene Foot. Crossing the water here the fox skirted the plantation and climbed upwards, past Embley, for the open moorland once more, but still keeping his face due south. The broad expanse of Warlaw Pike was now in front, and this grand fox began to slant up its face with the same distant point apparently in view, but the pack were now overhauling him and showing their superiority in travelling over the heather. He now made the first deviation from his straight point and turned short back towards the south-west corner of Dukesfield, into which, had he been able to get, he would have been safe, for this big cover swarmed with foxes and a change would have been certain. He was destined never to reach it, however, for hounds were now running for blood. Turning as short as he did, they caught a view and the next fifty yards sealed the fate of one of the gamest and best that ever stood before a pack. He was a big dog fox, apparently about seven years old and with a good deal of grey about him. He had held on over twenty-one miles of country and kept hounds going for three and a half hours with only one check of about ten minutes.

Mr. Dixon Brown and William Henley were there at the end on the same horses as they started with, which speaks well for their skill in saving their mounts through such a run, even if the first half was at slow speed; three of the field managed to struggle to the finish. The wild who-whoop echoing above



(Upper) THE HAYDON AT BLENKINSOPP HALL
 (Lower) MR. EDWARD JOICEY, M.F.H.

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry)

the roar of the Devil's Water through the wide, heathery fells set the seal on one of the finest hunts that the Haydon has to its long credit.

COLONEL JOICEY'S MASTERSHIP

Good sport was shown by the two joint Masters during four seasons, and it was with great reluctance that Mr. Dixon Brown retired in 1890, leaving Colonel Joicey to carry on alone.

Colonel Joicey, now being solely at the head of affairs, moved the hounds from Plenmellor to his residence at Blenkinsopp Hall, where he erected new kennels for the Haydon, and writing to me relative to this, he said, "When Mr. Dixon Brown retired I kept on the hounds until 1895, when I gave them up; during that time William Henley was my huntsman and I kept the hounds at Blenkinsopp and hunted the whole Haydon country." George Holland, afterwards huntsman during Mr. C. T. Maling's mastership, carried the horn of Colonel Joicey's harriers for two seasons.

Colonel Joicey was an excellent Master in the field, possessing a good deal of the *suaviter in modo*, whilst the *fortiter in re* was by no means lacking when occasion arose.

Being a very good hound judge, he set himself to improve the pack, paying large sums for draft hounds from the pick of the kennels of the day. His servants, who were always in the front rank of their profession, were always well mounted, in fact, his huntsman was one of the hardest of the hard.

Amongst the hounds was one wonderful stud dog from the V.W.H., Castor by name. He shows up prominently in the photograph taken by Messrs. Elliott & Fry in 1892. Though perhaps not perfect in make and shape, he was exceedingly good

as a sire, getting fine stock, which were both handsome and inherited his fine working capacity. The writer has been told by one who saw it of the ecstasy of William Henley as hounds came down from Sandyford Plantation towards Ordley Scar one cubbing time, streaming along through the dew one good scenting morning on an old fox, and their huntsman, as usual, in close attendance. As he jumped the stone walls in and out of the road he pointed with delighted face to a couple of Castor's sons, rich of tongue and full of drive, leading the pack like old stagers, crying, "Look at those puppies, sir! Look at those puppies!"

Castor once was seen to stand to a fox like a pointer on the top of the Shot Crag at Black Burn Foot, in West Dipton, for a few moments before springing down and putting him off his shelf of rock when all other hounds had drawn past without finding. On another occasion—a hot, dry April day—he was the only hound who could speak to the fox for a good half-hour in Benson's Fell coverts, but he ultimately forced reynard to leave for the open. When hounds checked at any time during a run Castor seemed instinctively to know which way to try. The whole pack seemed to work on him as a pivot, watching him closely and swinging with him until his rather husky voice proclaimed, as it nearly always did, the correctness of his ideas as to where the fox had gone. When the old dog died, Henley had his head set up, and after relinquishing the horn of the Sinnington, took it with him to grace the entrance of his hotel at Rillington, Yorks., where it probably still hangs.

When the Haydon hunted the other side of the country, Colonel Joicey used to box his whole establishment—servants, hounds, horses and men—to Hexham, so as to save the necessarily long hacks. The Haydon still met on the same days, to wit,

Wednesdays and Saturdays, with an occasional bye-day. This, however, was not enough for the Master; he kept another establishment in the Tynedale country, with which he hunted two days a week; also, he frequently was seen in "The Shires" going just as well as in the hilly Haydon country. On one particular occasion a friend and himself sent their horses down to Cornwall to hunt there, because hunting was brought to a standstill in the North.

It was during this epoch that a song was written by Mr. Isaac Pattison, of Haltwhistle, commemorating an opening meet at Blenkinsopp, and the following is reproduced from a copy in my possession:

THE OPENING MEET AT BLENKINSOPP

Come, all you gallant hunters, and listen one and all,
To the opening meet at Blenkinsopp, that pretty little Hall;
The Haydon Hounds, that gallant pack, which stands in
such great fame,
They belong to a gentleman who is worthy of their name.

Chorus:

Tally-ho! hark away; Tally-ho! hark away;
One and all in chorus call, hark! hark away!

On the first day of November, eighteen and ninety-two,
There were over fifty riders, and footmen not a few;
The Huntsman and the Whippers-in received their Master's
call
To cast off at the Rookery, a wood close to the Hall.

Chorus: Tally-ho! etc.

Now the riders and footmen all moved towards that
place,
And cast the hounds into the wood and then began the
chase;
Now Reynard had no time to lose, as he nearly lost his
brush,
For the hounds were all around him near a rhododendron
bush.

Chorus: Tally-ho! etc.

Oh! the glorious sounds of horn and hounds when running
in full cry,
Moves the heart of all true hunters who shout Tally-ho!
with joy;
The music echoed through the woods, which echoed back
in turn,
Then Reynard, getting well ahead, made for Painsdale
Burn.

Chorus: Tally-ho! etc.

Now Reynard made straight up the burn, the hounds close
on his track,
When he saw the people standing around he slyly doubled
back;
The scent being bad, the hunt was slow, but the music was
a charm,
So they dragged him on, but lost him near to the Spital
Farm.

Chorus: Tally-ho! etc.

Now the Darlies Wood they next did try, which proved a
great success,
When the hounds brought Reynard sharply down towards
the Wilderness;
He dodged about from wood to wood, how long there is
no proof,
But lost his life, his mask and brush, at the top of College
Cleugh.

Chorus: Tally-ho! etc.

Now success to all the hunters that joined this Opening
Meet,
Both ladies and gentlemen, who so ably kept their seat;
Long may they live to enjoy the whip, spur and cap,
For they never seek the fences in search of any gap.

Chorus: Tally-ho! etc.

After five of the most successful seasons ever
known in the Haydon country, Colonel Joicey retired,
and the pack which he had got together with so much
trouble and expense, to say nothing of his untiring
and unselfish personal efforts, was sold, part going
away to form the nucleus of the Morpeth, then under
the control of Mr. Robert Clayton Swan (the first

Master to kennel hounds in the Sinnington country)—the remainder being drafted to the resurrected Vale of White Horse (V. W. H.), a country always to be remembered with a tinge of tragic regret owing to the death there by the stumbling of his horse whilst riding across a ploughed field, of the Poet Laureate of the hunting world, Major G. J. Whyte-Melville.

When Colonel Joicey retired, his efforts to promote the welfare of fox-hunting were marked by a presentation. The following is an account of it culled from the files of the *Hexham Courant*:

Haydon Hunt—Presentation to Mr. Ed. Joicey

“A large number of local followers of the chase assembled in the spacious hall at Blenkinsopp on Wednesday, for the purpose of presenting a handsome chiming hall clock and hunting horn to Mr. Edward Joicey, on the occasion of his resigning the mastership of the Haydon Hunt, an office he has very worthily filled for about five years. The presentation was made by Mr. A. J. Blackett-Ord. After the presentation the company were entertained to an excellent luncheon, and in the afternoon the company enjoyed some good sport with the harriers.”

During his mastership history repeated itself in that on Wednesday, 25th March, 1891, there was a similar run in Allendale to that which occurred one January day during the reign of Mr. Andrew Blackett-Ord. From Acton Reed a fox took away up the fells by Seven Springs, over ground that is unridable even for a fell-bred man on a hill pony. It was possible to keep within hearing at times, but no one really saw the run through, except a few shepherds. Hounds ran by Coal Cleugh, at the very source of West Allen Water, then over Kilihope Law and on

to the point where the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland and Durham join. Taking their fox some three miles into Cumberland they turned left-handed into County Durham, where they killed him in Wear Head.

General dismay was occasioned by Colonel Joicey's retirement; there seemed to be no likelihood of the Hunt being carried on. No Master came forward, but Mr. Tom Young, of Breckon Hill, Hexham, who had been a regular follower of the Haydon all his life, as well as hunting a small trencher-fed foot pack on the fells of Hexhamshire, and Mr. William Wear, of Colpitts Grange, Slaley, started a new pack to hunt part of the country, with kennels at White Hall. Mr. Young hunted hounds himself, Mr. Wear being Field Master, with William Archer as kennel huntsman and first whip. This pack was called the "Hexhamshire and Haydon Foxhounds," of which formation Colonel Joicey was president. And a local paper says of their opening meet:

Hexhamshire Foxhounds

"This newly-formed pack had their opening meet at Whitley School House on Wednesday, where a goodly gathering of both horsemen and foot people assembled. A fox found at Burntridge cover provided one of the best runs ever seen in Hexhamshire, and everyone was delighted with the way the hounds worked and their fine cry. At almost any part of the run a sheet might have covered the lot, and it is hoped that a successful season may result after such a good beginning."

Amongst others who did great service in getting the country together again were Dr. Leonard H. Armstrong and Matthew J. Thompson, the latter



(Upper) MR. W. ARCHER AND HOUNDS
(Lower) MR. T. J. YOUNG

being one of the keenest of the keen, who had hunted regularly on foot for many years and for whom no day or distance was too long.

Mr. Young was indebted to many masters for gifts of hounds—not drafts, but good, working, steady ones. Mr. George Grey, of Millfield, was just giving up the Glendale pack in North Northumberland, and his generous contribution was three and a half couple, as good as any man need wish for. In the “Reminiscences of Samuel Donkin” a note appears respecting George A. Grey, of Millfield (father of George Grey, of Millfield, M.F.H. of the Glendale, who made the Haydon a fine present of working hounds in 1895). He died January 20th, 1886, aged seventy. “He witched the field by his daring feats of horsemanship in the Shires, as well as in his native country.” Such a good man to hounds was Mr. Grey, that it is a generally admitted fact that he was the original which inspired Whyte-Melville to compose his famous poem, “The Good Grey Mare.” You will remember that one of the stanzas ends as follows:

“ And the riders arriving as best as they can,
In panting plight declare,
That the ‘ First in the van was the old grey man,
Who stands by his old grey mare.’ ”

Mr. J. W. Y. M. Paterson, of Terrona, Master of the Eskdale, was another. In a letter accompanying his gift this fine sportsman wrote: “I am delighted to think you are still going to keep the ‘tamboureen a-rolling’ in your most sporting country.”

Mr. L. C. Salkeld, of Holm Hill, Dalston, gave two couple of beautiful hounds, good in looks and work, whilst of other sporting gifts were those from Mr. J. Burdon Sanderson, Mr. John Benson, of the Mellbreak, the Duke of Buccleuch (two couples), Mr. Forbes, of the Hurworth and the Cumberland

Foxhounds. A start was made in November, 1895, for an unadvertised day to see how the pack would shape. The meet was at Crabtree Ford in Hexhamshire. A fox was found below Westburnhope after a short draw, and hounds got off on good terms with him. After the first twenty minutes it was plain to see that there was not merely a collection of hounds, but a working pack. There was a good serving scent as they drove their fox down the water, through Lightside and Springwell House Wood to Raw Green. A short check here was soon made good by Vengeance, from Mr. Grey's hitting off the line across the river into Steel Hall Woods, and ushering in a fine chorus as they hunted steadily through these towards Dukesfield. Without entering the big cover they swung round left-handed by Halleywell Plantations and up the Staples Haughs, Moss House, Aydon Shields, to Burntrigg Fell Edge, where they marked him to ground in the big badgers' earth. The morning's work was most satisfactory and raised hopes that a good season was in store.

Mr. Young had returned to the old style of meeting at eight o'clock, such as is practised by the Border and other hill-packs. Not only are foxes easier to find by means of the morning drag, but they are more easily handled than when they start towards midday. This is especially so of the strong, moorland foxes lying out on the heather, which may be passed by easily when drawing in the ordinary way, without the aid of the drag to locate their kennel. Just at first the hounds unaccustomed to hunt the drag will not take to it very keenly, but in a week or two they speak to it eagerly. It was interesting to see how the others quickly copied the example of the Mellbreak couple, who had been accustomed always to work up to their fox on the morning drag.

The opening day of the season, after this preliminary trial, was at Colpitts Grange at eight

o'clock. It proved that the opinion formed of the little pack was correct, a fine day's sport being brought off. The first place tried was the little snug cover at Boghall. A fox was away at once with hounds hard at his brush, screaming away towards West Minsteracres and through the big plantation at Kellas, in the Braes of Derwent country. Bending right-handed here they ran, still well together and going hard on an excellent scent, by Espersields plantings and on to Colpitts Fell. The pace became steadier as they hunted through the rough ground between Cocklake and Spring House into Dukesfield. Without changing in this stronghold they drove their fox right through it to beyond Viewley, where they had their first check. Hitting it off again without assistance, the pack took up running strongly again and turned downhill for the Devil's Water, after crossing which the fox soon came to hand, for hounds raced on to the Shire Head road, and giving their fox a tremendous rally through Turf House Wood and out into the fields beyond, they rolled him over in the open in grand style—a rather small but hard, wiry fox who had kept the pack going hard for nearly two hours.

After such a successful beginning a move was made to Whitley Chapel, where a bowl of punch was brewed in honour of the occasion, into which the mask of the pack's first fox was dipped and each man drank a health to the new venture, before setting out for Sandyford cover, where another fox was immediately on foot, and filled in the day with a rather circling hunt round the big woods before he was marked to ground in Dyehouse Bank.

This season was an open one. Good days began to be the regular thing and excellent sport was the rule. One of these days is worthy of special mention on account of the pace and straightness of the line. This was on 20th November, 1895, when hounds took

up a good drag in Beldon Cleugh and carried it uphill into the snug but tiny fir thicket of Beldon Edge; here they unkennelled their fox, who tried his original point immediately, but was headed by a horseman on the crest of the hill. Turning sharp back, he made a short turn downhill nearly to the Derwent, and returned unseen by the same route as the morning drag had taken back into the little cover once more. In unravelling this short loop, Singswell, from Mr. George Grey's pack, greatly distinguished himself, and but for him the fox might never have been refound. Going away at the same spot he had tried before, hounds almost viewing him and with wonderful scent, there began a racing seven-mile point, during which the fox hardly departed from his absolutely direct line by more than a couple of hundred yards. Over the top and down Hope Fell lay the line, all open country and nothing to stop the flying pack, which were a good mile ahead of the field, whilst the fastest hounds were establishing a lead over the others—so good was the scent. As the fox started so he kept on by White Hall Chapel, Rowley Head, Burntrigg, Whaupweasel Glen and, keeping west of Spital Shields Plantation, he got to ground in an old working on Stublick Fell. When the field could get up hounds had marked him down into a strong place, where he was left to enjoy his rest so gallantly earned.

Some of the items in the old books of accounts are of more than passing interest. That the new formation suffered from lack of adequate financial support is very evident. What did Mr. Jorrocks say concerning this evil: "Now I think that no one should be allowed to whoop and holloa or set up his jaw wot hasn't paid his subscriptions. It is clearly the duty of every man to subscribe to a pack of 'ounds, even if he has to borrow the money."

But let the accounts speak for themselves. In

1895 the subscriptions totalled only £70 odd, out of which was paid:

	£	s.	d.
Carriage (Harpy and Barbara), and tip to kennelman	1	4	0
Chestnut, Gelding (Jubilee Boy)	8	8	0
Carriage of hounds from Buccleuch	0	3	0
Hunting cap (W. Archer)	0	4	0
Carriage, Gay Lass (Wooler)	0	2	6
W. R. Trotter, Black Horse (Wentworth)	10	0	0
Hunting coat	1	5	0

Although the horses cost little money and had certain difficulties of temper, they were well able to do their work. Wentworth was a wonderful fencer and carried Archer for some years. He had an enlarged hock which, though a bad blemish, did not make him go unsound. After Wentworth's day was over Archer had another good horse, a brown, which was given to him as a four-year-old, considered unmanageable, but which soon became quiet and a fine performer in his hands.

At the end of 1896, Mr. Young left Northumberland to take a business appointment in Kent, where he found time to whip-in to the East Kent on a Saturday bye-day, which Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes put on each week especially to work up the big woodlands.

It was the same good sportsman who composed the famous "Fox-hunters' Faith," which is now quoted all over England. The following represented the "commandments," of which there are ten clauses:

THE HAYDON CREED OF FOX-HUNTERS' FAITH, 1895

Article I.—Every man shall present himself at the place of meeting quietly, suitably clothed, and in good time. He who rides his hunter steadily thereto

is better than he who uses a hack. He who drives tandem for display or who uses any manner of engine or machine, except as a necessity, is an abomination.

Article II.—Every man shall first salute and speak words of comfort to the huntsman and whippers-in, knowing full well that they have hard work to perform. He shall then count the hounds and examine them with great joy, but in a quiet manner. He shall then likewise cheerfully salute his friends. He that shall say that the day will be a bad-scenting one, or in any manner endeavour to prophesy evil is an abomination.

Article III.—It is acceptable that those of experience shall, at all times, give explanation and encouragement by word and deed to all young persons, so that fox-hunting may continue in the land from generation to generation. He who thinks he knows, when he knows not, is an abomination.

Article IV.—Every man shall remember that the ground he passes over is not his own property. Whosoever uses not due care and consideration is an abomination.

Article V.—He who talks loudly or who leaps unnecessarily is an abomination. He who wears an apron or mackintosh on wet days or who uses any other device for making a mountebank of himself, or who in any way causes inconvenience to any hound or hunt servant is an abomination.

Article VI.—If it be possible, let every true believer abstain from all meat and drink, save only such as is necessary to sustain life. Let the whole day be kept as a special fasting and strengthening of the mind for the Chase. In the evening he shall partake of suitable meat and drink, and on the evening after a good day he shall have a special allowance.

Article VII.—He who, of his own free will, goes

home before the hounds do, or who is displeased with the day, or who is not fully uplifted, joyful and thankful because of the day, is an abomination.

Article VIII.—Whosoever kills or takes a fox by any other means save by hunting is an abomination; may his dwelling become desolate and his possessions a desert; may his mind be filled with bitterness and his body with pain.

Article IX.—Whosoever lives a cheerful, good neighbour, striving to help and encourage his friends at all times, and who hunts on foot if he has not a horse, and by whose behaviour the Scarlet is never brought into dishonour; may he live long and be happy and may his possessions be as the sand by the seashore for multitude.

Article X.—And may all men, rich and poor, have equal rights and pleasures in the Chase if they devoutly agree to these articles.

In season 1896-97, the total subscriptions numbered £112, so they were better off financially, though hard put to it to keep things going. Though, at the self and same time, it is most surprising how cheaply hunting can be carried on. As we have seen, our forbears in the old Haydon country kept things going from season to season on very little, showing good sport withal. Old Bob Bruce only received £31 10s., and out of that he kept his horse, bought his clothes and lived.

To continue, after two seasons' mastership, in which Mr. Wear and a committee continued to show good sport, with Archer as huntsman, the Haydon were perilously near extinction, and had not a new Master come forward, there might not have been hunting there to-day. An account appeared in a local paper regarding this event:

“The opening meet of the Haydon Hounds took

place this morning (i.e., 1st November, 1897), when Mr. Harvey Scott made his official debut as Master. At a meeting of the Hunt held on 11th July last, Mr. W. Wear resigned the mastership. He proposed as his successor Mr. Harvey Scott, with Mr. Harry Robb as seconder; the meeting unanimously approving of this selection. Since his appointment the new Master has devoted a great deal of time and effort in increasing the size and efficiency of the pack, with the gratifying result of some excellent cub-hunting. A bold rider, Mr. Scott has already given evidence of possessing the many requisite qualities that go to make a master of hounds. The season opens to-day at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Joseph Fisher, of Lough Brow, Hexham."

Major Harvey Scott lived at Benwell Cottage, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and during his mastership William Archer remained as huntsman, hounds being now kennelled at Whitley Chapel.

Unfortunately the South African War broke out during his mastership, so Major Scott went out with the Elswick Battery, which he commanded, to his country's call. The Elswick Battery was composed of powerful long range guns, which were of the utmost use in South Africa, where Major Scott rendered yeoman service to his King and country, gaining the coveted distinction of the D.S.O. During his absence his brother, the late Mr. John O. Scott, who was one of the stalwarts of the Newcastle Coaching Club, deputized for him. Mr. John Scott owned two of the best hunter mares of that day, namely, Lady Emily and Partridge II (by Young Marden—Poll), regarding the latter Mr. Wm. Scarth Dixon, one of our best hunter judges, says :

"She is a short-legged level chestnut mare, with short muscular back well turned out with excellent

action; she is well bred on her dam's side, for though not a clean bred one herself, her dam's sire is a grandson of the famous Stockwell."

These two good mares won all over the Kingdom, frequently tying with each other, it being only a matter of conjecture which was really the better of the two.

Eventually Partridge II passed into the hands of Mr. Ernest W. Robinson, of Liscombe, Yorks, at whose stud her progeny have been a great success both in the show ring and in the field.

At the end of the war Major Harvey Scott returned from his military duties with great honour. A reception awaited him in the Haydon country, a dinner was given in his honour by the members of the Hunt at the Royal Hotel, Hexham, at which he was presented with the stuffed fox, noted in an earlier chapter, and now regarding which a few words seems necessary.

This interesting relic, one of the first tangible records of the Hunt, was placed in honour of the great run of 1809 in the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, at that time owned by the Receivers of Greenwich Hospital, acting for the Lord High Admiral, whose ancient office is performed by four commissioners.

When the ill-fated late Earl of Derwentwater was beheaded, all his broad acres escheated to Greenwich Hospital, which institution was founded by Charles II for disabled sailors of the Royal Navy. For many years these estates were administered by John Grey, of Dilston, an intimate friend of "The Druid." The inn remained in the Receiver's possession for a considerable space of time, and at length when it was sold, the fox and case came into the hands of Mr. Nicholas Maughan, but was finally repurchased and presented to Major Scott at the dinner in his honour by the committee and members

of the Haydon Hunt. When Major Scott died the fox and case was presented to Mr. C. T. Maling, then Master, in whose possession it still remains. Major Scott showed good sport with Archer, still carrying the horn, during season 1900-1, then he retired owing to failing health, selling his pack to Mr. C. T. Maling.

Mr. Maling moved the hounds from Whitley Chapel to his residence at Chesterwood Grange, where he erected new up-to-date kennels. With the help and advice of George Holland (now huntsman to the Rockwood Harriers), and by careful selection and breeding, he got together a pack of hounds which would hold their own with any hill-pack in the North. Mr. Maling, who was another of the stalwarts of the Newcastle Coaching Club and an excellent "whip," spared neither expense nor time during his seven years of mastership. Right good sport did he and his huntsman show, and it may well be said that the Haydon were very near the pinnacle of their fame. One of the first runs which Mr. Maling had when he was Master resulted in a kill near Hexham, and many sportsmen who rode the run claimed that it was the first fox killed in the twentieth century.



(Upper) THE HAYDON AT CHESTERWOOD GRANGE

(Lower) MR. C. T. MAILING

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry)

CHAPTER VI

HAYDON DAYS

DURING this eventful mastership a poem was written by "Stirrup Cup" (Mr. Frederic Palmer), which gives a line index of those days, when sport was the first and last objective in the Haydon country. It is reproduced *in toto* as showing not only what a sporting country the Haydon is, but also what sportsmen and women it breeds.

Chesterwood Kennels is our meet,
And none so happy as am I
On Peter, that old pony grey.
My heart beats fast, my hopes run high;
The air feels moist, and dull the sky,
There's bound to be a scent to-day.
I reach the meet, and there I see
Tom Maling standing by the door,
Kindly and smiling, as of yore,
Making all welcome equally.
'There's Edward Joicey on a grey,
Charles Ridley, Lowe and Conings, three;
Squire Allgood on a raking bay—
True sportsman albeit sound divine,
Close upon eighty he must be,
Yet he can show the way as well
As his own sons across the fell,
And that is no small boast, I ween;
There's black Sid Watson from the mine,
With Thompson up from Greyside Dene,

And Arthur Spraggon over there,
George Gibson on a chestnut mare,
Collingwood Jackson on a brown,
Scanning the field in swift review
To see whose "sub" is overdue;
The lane is getting in a squash.
Here comes the Squire of Hexham Town,
Ben Baker, too, from Allerwash
(He's got plum-pudding in his pockets):
That cob will pull his arms from sockets
Before the day is half-way thro'.

"Hounds, gentlemen!" Here comes the pack,
All keen from sterns to killing teeth;
The Master climbs on Actor's back
And gives the word for Plunder Heath.
Wild Plunder Heath whose name betrays
Dark deeds done there in bygone days,
Where robbers lurked while night was still
To rob the coaches on the hill.
But Plunder Heath is blank to-day
And so's the next draw too, alas;
The prospect doesn't look so gay:
Then Holland and his beauties pass
Down a long field of rough fell grass,
And then "Yooi in! Yooi push him over."
He caps them into Capons Cleugh,
Where Rutherford of Brockenheugh
Has seen a fox slip into covert.
A whirr of wings across the sky,
This way and that the pheasants fly,
All fearful lest to-day's a shoot;
Then Soldier speaks—there's fox afoot:
"Go, hark to Soldier!" Holland's cry
Rings echoing down the long ravine.
A puppy whimpers, nervous keen,
Then Viking's deep unerring throat
Gives tongue and Drifty's certain note

Brings the whole pack to own the scent.

" Hark for'ad! Hark to Drifty there! "

Cries Holland, " That's the way he went! "

A crash of music rends the air,

And from the road far down below

A whip's voice screams out, " Tally-ho! "

" Oh, hold hard there! Where's hurry's need?

Tighten your girt and cram your hat,

You smokers, drop the fragrant weed

And keep your eyes and ears awake.

Ah, gently now—more haste, less speed,

Hold hard, boy! Where you gettin' at?

You don't know yet which way he'll break,

You don't know yet which way he'll take,

Or Haydon Bridge or Newbrough way.

Hold hard, give hounds a chance, I say! "

Over the road, across the line,

The fox holds on for the banks o' Tyne;

But Tyne's too flooded now to swim,

So he turns east by Allerwash,

While loud behind him comes the crash

Of foxhounds screaming after him.

Back up the railway, up the lane,

He tries to make the Cleugh again,

But circumstances alter courses:

The road above is full of horses,

So he must cross much farther on,

And even now all will be well

If he can skirt Nine Acres Wood,

And reach the earth in Haydon Fell,

Where he so oft to ground has gone.

Faster he goes, the scent is good,

And when hounds stoop and scream and drive

It takes a good fox to keep alive.

Scarce half-way up the hill he's got

Before out of a shepherd's cot

A barking sheep-dog makes him turn

A frightened mask for Newbrough burn;

Down thro' the churchyard then he hurries,
 Past Newbrough Lodge, across the park;
 He knows the earth in Fourstones' quarries,
 And brighter glows hope's flickering spark;
 Then in and out of Murder Lane,
 Across some fields of stubble where
 The black-game come for winter fare,
 Thro' the low end of Meggie's Dene,
 Where once a witch had her abode.
 They say her ghost is sometimes seen,
 In her old cottage up the road,
 Behind a broken window pane.

Towards the quarries strains the fox;
 Five minutes more and safety then:
 There's sanctuary in those steep rocks
 Set like a fortress on the hill;
 The pack screams close—home's closer still.
 But, oh, a crowd of quarrymen
 Is standing by the main earth's ledge;
 "Hi, Tally-ho, the fox!" they shout,
 And throw big stones to keep him out.
 Unbeaten still, he turns and flies
 Downhill again, along the hedge.
 "I hope the earth's stopt in Carr Edge,"
 Says Holland, "or he'll beat us yet;
 If stopt his brush is mine, I bet."
 But Reynard's still too fresh and game
 To make the Carr Edge earth his aim—
 He knows it's artificial made
 And far too handy for a spade
 To prove a harbour safe and sound
 For hunted fox to go to ground.
 Instead he turns his mask north-west
 Where, rising from the rough fell fields,
 The distant Crag of Sewing Shields
 Uprears to heaven its rocky crest,
 And casts a shadow still as death,
 Into the lovely tarn beneath.

Tho' Sewing Shields be full five mile,
A stout fell fox is full of guile;
He sees the farm below the quarries,
Into the yard he springs unbidden
And rolls him over in the midden.
The stink is strong, for quite a minute
He rolls and twists and wallows in it,
Then leaps the wall and onward hurries.

Over the rocks the foxhounds swarm
Thinking the earth is his design,
Then, "Hark to Dritty! That's the line!
Down by the hedgerow to the farm!"
Into the yard full cry they spring,
The scent is good enough to kill,
But midden stink is stronger still.
The chorus stops, their heads they fling,
Then Holland cries, "Damn that manure!
I thought I had him certain, sure!
To kill a fox is hard enough
Without manure—the bloody stuff!
It's bloody near as bad as wire!
This place is nigh hock deep in mire."
Then round the yard he casts his eye,
Into each cattle-shed and byre,
In case his fox is lying sly.

Most sportsmen do not mind confessing
A check can be a real blessing
To hunting folk of every kind;
Some at the start were left behind
Having just one more at the Swan,
A whip's been bringing stragglers on.
One fellow may have cast a shoe,
The thruster's had a toss or two.
Others don't care to risk their necks
In jumping (these rely on checks);
The fat cob cannot jump the place
The hunter can, or go the pace,

His rider, then, must be content
 To follow on the way hounds went;
 Scent fails and then, from every lane,
 All these come spurring up again.
 Now Holland takes the pack along
 The bridle track beside the hedge,
 The fox is sure to try Carr Edge.
 But no response, the cast is wrong;
 Then suddenly, his eyesight keen,
 Far on ahead beyond the Dene,
 Sees frightened sheep all scattering fast.
 He lifts his horn and gives a blast,
 He lets his spurs in Snowflake's sides,
 And "hell-for-leather" off he rides,
 To where the timid flock still wheels,
 The pack all racing at his heels,
 A good mile on he takes them hard,
 What scent there was the sheep have marred;
 A good mile on and then stops dead,
 Over the fell the good hounds spread.
 Then comes a whimper, then a note,
 And then once more from every throat,
 Bursts music like a peal of bells,
 Then off full cry across the fells.

So the whole motley cavalcade
 To action now once more is stirred,
 They cross the road the Romans made,
 Where once the Tungrian cohorts spurred,
 In front the fox, with fur all mud,
 Hard pressed by hounds and keen for blood;
 Next Holland, urging Snowflake on,
 Then some in groups, some one by one.
 Over the fell the field migrates,
 Some jumping walls, some finding gates,
 Some turning back, some trying still
 To live with hounds across the hill.
 Tho' nearly last, most manfully,
 Brave Peter does his best for me.

He's never beat, although he's small,
And twice to-day he's had a fall.
His stride don't cover too much ground,
His poor old legs are none too sound,
But courage he has never lost,
He'll see the end at any cost.

The scent improves, on strives the fox,
A certain refuge now in view
In that deep earth below the rocks:
Though well-nigh spent his heart is true!
His brush drags heavier, every yard
Hounds pressing closer, racing hard,
Above him three old crows are flying:
"Dying," he hears them croak, "he's dying."
Almost he feels upon his back
The sharp teeth close with sickening crack;
If he can last but two more fields
And climb the rocks at Sewing Shields,
He's made his point and gained the fight,
And earned a hard-won rest to-night.
But Holland keeps him too hard pressed,
His lungs are bursting in his breast,
His pads are cut, his muscles stiff,
His blood-filled eyes scarce see the cliff;
He wins the rocks and starts to climb,
His pads slip on the wet stone slime,
He struggles to the main earth's lip,
Then Drifty strikes—he feels her grip,
He wriggles, twists with all his might;
She loses hold, he's out of sight,
The red fur's sticking to her jaws;
Around the earth the mad pack roars
And screams with baffled rage: The fox
Drags his spent body 'neath the rocks;
Loud from without the sharp horn twangs.
He gains the innermost recess,
Then falls with utter weariness
And lies at bay with gleaming fangs.

" To ground! " 's the cry, " He's gone to ground!
 And not a terrier to be found! "
 The terrier man is miles away,
 No hope of seeing him to-day—
 The earth is far too deep and big
 And rocky for a man to dig;
 'Twould break a spade at once to try;
 So we must let the red fox lie.
 Another day we're sure to find him,
 And have as good a hunt behind him;
 If sport like this he always gives,
 It matters not how long he lives
 To show the hounds the way about
 The fells.

Another good day was on February 29th, 1908, when hounds met at Marley Cote Walls, and a very select company of ladies and gentlemen turned up to partake of the hospitality of Miss Forster. Punctually to time, Holland and his whips turned up with a mixed pack, looking the pink of condition. The home covers were drawn blank, as were also several of the others. We then trotted on to Bog Hall, where we had a cold drag, the day being very wild, and a fox had been seen often on the adjoining moors. A move was made for Acton Cleugh, where one of the right sort was at home. Reynard made for the west, and hounds pressed him hard; he made tracks for the home of the fox—Dukesfield Wood. The hounds, keeping close to their quarry, forced him through on to the west side, on past Viewley, and turning left-handed by Gingleshaugh, crossing Devil's Water by Raw Green and Aydon Shields, and on to Salmonfield, where the sly one went through the farmyard straight on for Rowley Head. Here a slight check occurred, but Holland soon had the beauties right, racing on like demons, past Gareshield, and skirting King's Lawn. Our

gallant fox changed course down-wind, away past Burntrigg. Turning left, reynard made past Heathery Haugh, Lightside, and on through Dalton covers, past Whittle Cottage, through Pegs Bank and Black Hall Scaur, crossing the water into Dye House Wood. Here the hounds, running in view, pulled this game fox down in the open, after a splendid run of one hour and forty minutes, the mask going to Master Weir and the brush to Mr. Johnson Dotland Park.

RETIREMENT OF MR. C. T. MALING

At the end of this season, Mr. Maling, owing to ill-health, was forced to relinquish the mastership. But his popularity and services to hunting and the Haydon country were not allowed to pass unnoticed, and the following is the verbatim account of the presentation that was made to him by the landowners, sportsmen, farmers and members of the Haydon Hunt, whose interests Mr. Maling had (and still has) deeply at heart.

“ At the opening meet of the Haydon on Saturday, Mr. C. T. Maling, the retiring Master, was made the recipient of a handsome presentation to mark his six years' mastership of the Hunt. The presentation took place at Newbrough Lodge, Fourstones, the residence of Mr. A. M. Palmer. It was a beautiful day, and huntsmen, hounds and pedestrians all assembled in front of the lodge, amid the autumnal-tinted trees, which presented a very pretty picture. There the presentation took place in front of the main entrance, where, on a table, were displayed the silver model of a huntsman on horseback in the act of blowing his horn, and a huntsman's album, accompanied by an illuminated scroll describing the

gifts, and giving the names of subscribers. The workmanship is of a most artistic nature, the pose is splendid and the modelling perfect. The figure of the hunter rests on a bronze base, representing a bit of moorland, and the whole on an ebony plinth. On the face of this is an inscription. 'Presented to C. T. Maling, Esq., M.F.H., by his many friends on his retirement from the Mastership of the Haydon Foxhounds, 1902-8.' On the reverse side is a secret drawer, silver mounted and containing the names of the subscribers on the vellum. The sculptor was Mr. C. Curry, and the model has been supplied by Messrs. C. S. Proctor & Son, jewellers and silversmiths, Newcastle. A portrait in oils of Mr. Maling, a work of Mr. T. Eyre Macklin, was on view in the lodge, and was greatly admired.

"Among those present were Mr. A. M. Palmer, Mrs. Palmer and Miss Palmer, Sir George Palmer, Bart., Mr. Fred Maling and Mrs. F. Maling, Mrs. Coning, Mr. G. Blayney, Mr. J. J. Kirsopp, Mr. Edward Joicey and Miss Joicey, Blenkinsopp Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Dove, Mr. J. Oliver, Mr. M. Thompson, Mr. Siddle Watson, Mr. J. O. Scott, Mr. and the Misses Gallagher, Captain Allgood, Mr. John E. Cowan, Captain Phillips, Mr. J. Proctor, Mr. Tom Robson (M.F.H., North Tyne), Mr. Grattan Doyle, Mr. T. Eyre Macklin, Mr. J. Johnson, Mr. T. Holmes, Mr. J. Brannen, Mr. R. Swinburn and the joint Secretaries, Mr. J. B. Lowes, Bardon Mill, and Mr. C. F. Jackson, Riding Mill. The new Master, Mr. A. M. Allgood, was prevented from being present at the opening of the proceedings, but arrived in time to lead the way to the first cover.

"Mr. Lowes called upon Mr. Palmer to make the presentation, and said that it had given Mr. Collingwood Jackson and himself a delightful task in getting up the presentation.

"Mr. Palmer then made the presentation. He

extended a welcome to everyone, and hoped they would have a good day's sport. They were met there that day with mixed feelings—feelings of pleasure that they saw Mr. Maling restored to fairly good health again, and feelings of regret that he had felt compelled to give up the mastership of the Hunt, and he was sure he was voicing the sentiments of all when he wished Mr. Maling better health. Mr. Maling had been Master of the Haydon for five or six years, and they who had followed him in the Hunt would know what an excellent captain and first-class master he had been. To be a good master of hounds a man must have many qualifications: he must be a good judge of hounds and know how they should be bred and fed. He should also be a good master in the field—kind-hearted, conciliatory, extending a welcome to all who join in the chase, but at the same time firm and determined that those who joined the hunt should keep order in the field. Mr. Maling had all those qualifications in a marked degree, and he was sure it must be a source of great regret to Mr. Maling that his health had compelled him to relinquish the mastership of the Haydon Hunt. He had conducted the Hunt in an exemplary manner; he had been popular, not only with those who hunted, but with the landowners who had covers and fed their pheasants; he had turned out the Hunt and the pack in a way that might be equalled by other hunts, but never surpassed. While they regretted parting with Mr. Maling, they had feelings of hope and confidence for the future. They had been fortunate in getting Mr. A. M. Allgood as their new master; he bore an honoured name in the county—a name that had been known for centuries in the North of England—and he did not think that if they had searched the county they would have got one who was likely to be more popular and more successful a successor to Mr. Maling. He

asked Mr. Maling to accept those articles of presentation before him, and also the picture in the house, as a token of the high esteem in which he was held by the members of the Haydon Hunt.

“ Mr. Maling said it gave him great pleasure to see his old friends again. He thought it was exceedingly generous of the people to give him such expensive presents as those; he would always treasure them, and every time he looked at them he would be reminded of the many jolly days he had spent in Haydon country. He considered Mr. Allgood an ideal man for the mastership—he hunted hounds himself and he was a tremendously difficult master to follow; stone walls were nothing to him—he and his mare simply flew over them. He thanked Messrs. Lowes and Jackson for their work in connection with that presentation, and for the assistance they had given him in the Haydon Hunt. It was more due to their work that the Hunt was such a success. He also thanked Mr. Palmer for the kind way in which he had found out his virtues, for he did not know that he had them, and he was not sure then that he had them. Mr. Palmer was one of the covert holders, and it was only covert holders like him that would make the country a success. He wished to thank Mrs. Palmer for her charming hospitality. (Applause.)

“ Mr. J. J. Kirsopp proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Palmer for their hospitality, to which Mr. Palmer replied.

“ At the hunt which followed, Haydon Fell cover was drawn blank, as also was Hindley Shield and Colley Law covers, much to the disappointment of the large field. A move was then made to Capons Cleugh cover, where a fine fox was found in the top end. Owing to the fallen leaves, scent was not particularly good, and hounds followed their fox slowly to the riverside. Turning back at the east

side of the cover, they came to where he was found, and, breaking out, went southward through Thackey cover, and on towards Brokenheugh. Here he turned left-handed, and returned to Capons Cleugh, and, running down to the bottom and back, set his face straight west, going through the north part of Haydon Fell cover on to Hindley Shield, from there to Colley Law, and passing through Seldom Seen cover, turning left-handed to the Moss and away to the Pit Wood, with the evident intention of going to ground, but the earth was blocked. After being dusted about for a while, he took the hounds at a rattling pace past Prior House Farm, and, skirting the farm on the left, made down to Whitechapel Dene, out of the west part of it, on to Whitchells, leaving High Meadows on the right. Aiming for Barcombe, he was headed and made back for the Pit Wood, and, swinging to the west, made for Seldom Seen, and away from there to Lady Shield. Making for Sewing Shields, he was headed and turned for Beamwham, and, crossing back, made for Muckle Moss, where scent failed, owing to a sharp frost. The run was a splendid one, and lasted about three hours."

MR. A. M. ALLGOOD'S MASTERSHIP

The new Master, Mr. A. M. Allgood, bore a name that, in itself, was redolent of sporting memories, as long as there has been hunting in the North.

Back in 1811, one of his forbears kept hounds at Nunwick Grange, the ancestral seat of the Allgood family. Wherever hounds were taken out to hunt, a guinea hen accompanied them, following the whole day, sometimes to a distance of eight or ten miles. This happened for several years, though the bird's hunting proclivities had never been observed before it lost its mate.

Mr. Allgood decided to carry the horn himself, having Holland at first, and then Clark (who had been kennel huntsman to the Wheatland), who one particular day was nearly scalped through a rock falling on his head, having ventured into some deep crags, though luckily he lived to hunt another day. That Mr. Allgood was a very successful huntsman is not to be gainsaid, for he was one of those sportsmen to whom the love of woodlands and venery seem a second nature. Hounds worked for him like no other huntsman, and he seemed to own an almost uncanny manner of ascertaining the locale of a fox's whereabouts, especially so in big woodlands like East Dipton and Staward, where Mr. Allgood could take his hounds to the fox's kennel without a moment's hesitation. Mr. Allgood was a good and fearless horseman, always being with his hounds, who were always ready to work themselves and endeavour to do their very best for him, without any of the floggings, whip-crackings and "Get away on hark" of some huntsmen. Mr. Allgood attributed his sense of woodcraft to watching the wiles and gambols of a pet fox whilst a boy.

Good run after run followed each other during his mastership, and on April 10th, 1909, when the Haydon met at Marley Cote Walls, a strange occurrence took place. This is what happened on that eventful April morning:

Picking up a cold drag on Colpitt's Fell, they worked it slowly into Dukesfield, where scent rapidly improved, and at a rattling pace they pursued reynard twice or thrice around this extensive cover, past East Dukesfield on to Rye Hill, eventually killing him after a fast run in the Devil's Water. Another drag was picked up at Dukesfield, and hounds were soon on good terms with their quarry. Reynard circled round the cover, and raced away past Spring House to Colpitt's Fell. Finding the



MR. A. M. ALGOOD

pace too hot for him, he doubled into Dukesfield, where he eluded the whole pack except one, which found him lying in a drain dead-beat; the hound, too, was exhausted, and a combat between the twain, which was witnessed by three of the field, was a strange encounter, the combatants being practically powerless. The pack eventually arrived on the scene, and reynard was dispatched.

But one of the best runs was on November 20th of the same year, and here is what "Light Water" wrote concerning this good day, in the columns of the *Hexham Courant*.

"It was a favourite meet that Mr. A. M. Allgood, the hard-working Master, was invited to hold on Saturday, at the Heigh, Hexhamshire. Mr. Wm. Scott and his sister, the worthy host and hostess, are old standards, and their welcome was cordial. Worthy followers crowded to be received and feast their eyes on the old oak press, which has stood there for two hundred years, Mr. Scott relating his seventy years' memories of it, and his first one—that of two old geese setting their eggs beneath its cupboard and drawers. Enough for our appreciation of such kindly standards. 'The Hunt is the thing.' The Master drew the 'Wapwisel' covers and denes and fells towards Allendale with no signs of sport. Hounds spoke, he thought, and marked, but with no results. We travelled on to Rowley Dene, past Cobbler's Venture, across to Stotsfold covers, past its striking mansion, wearing down into Devil's Water Valley, by Turf House. Next, upwards past Embley and Apperley into the high side of the great Dukesfield cover, where we quickly found a game fox. It was a merry tune that played us out of the great wood and across the pastoral lands of Dukesfield, Rye Hill and Low House, continuing over the stiff fences and grey stone dykes below Slaley, on the

north-west side into the great East Dipton. Riders were forced to keep straight to follow hounds and keep with the Master. Hardly do we enter the great glen than reynard refuses the steep sides of the glen to the east, and, hounds close at him, he takes his first chance in a shallow cavity of the rocks, leaving his brush behind him. The pleasant babel of music, without a discord, peals forth as from a great organ through the great glen, and out amongst its great woods. It is the end of a day's work, and a great fox and a clean one, which is far better. The writer has followed these hounds for thirty years, and it must be some fifteen years ago since a former Master, Mr. Edward Joicey, ran his fox from Hexhamshire to his doom in Dipton, it being thought a record, so difficult is it to finish in such a place. Our fox came from a greater distance, and was undoubtedly a foreigner.

"The field was made up as follows: Mr. Allgood; Mr. C. T. Maling, whom everyone was glad to see, went the journey in his old style—long life to him; Mr. Siddle Watson and Miss Watson, Messrs. Coning and Miss Coning, Miss Robinson; Mr. John Johnson, Dotland Park; Mr. Oliver, Eshells; Mr. Jackson, Mr. J. N. Johnson, Linnold Wood; Mr. Lowes, Mr. Roy Charlton, Mr. Charlton, Embley; and Mr. William Fairless, Spital Shield."

After two seasons of excellent sport, Mr. Allgood was joined by Mr. Maling, who, restored to health, acted as Master of the field, whilst Mr. Allgood carried the horn. That the twain were well qualified to attach the magic triogloquy, "M.F.H.," to their names is evidenced by the following good run which took place on New Year's Day of 1910.

The sport associated with the meet of the Haydon at Dotland Park was of tip-top order, and a large field participated in it. Early in the morning,

Mr. Johnson, of Dotland Park, saw a fox making his way from Dotland Park whins into West Dipton, and hounds found him wandering in that extensive cover. Scent clung to the moist ground and the pack led him a merry dance. Thrice he attempted to break cover, and failing to do so, sought cover in some crags near Watch Currick. From this shelter he was soon ejected, and after running down the glen for about a mile he was rolled over.

Another fine fox, which provided a run which will rank as one of the best in the annals of the Hunt, was found in Paise Whins. Reynard broke away direct north, ran past Nubbock, on by Elrington Station, down to Wood Hall, close to Haydon Bridge; then turning right-handed raced over Lowe's Fell, through Longhope Wood into Darden Burn, over by the south of Bagraw into the High Wood, crossed Leazes Lane west of the Leazes, ran through Summerrods Park, through the dene, up the hill west of High House to Low Yarridge; turned eastward into Benson's Fell covers, southward across the Yarridge Race-course into West Dipton, crossed the ravine, sped over by Loadman, thence up the south side of Dipton cover, where a slight check occurred. Whilst the pack were busy unravelling the trail, reynard was observed stealing away towards Paise Whins, and hounds hitting his line again, they ran him over by Nubbock to Elrington and, just as darkness was falling, he was lost near Ellfoot.

Unfortunately, the pack was greatly reduced owing to war-time restrictions, though hunting went on merrily. Mr. Allgood retired in 1918, but Mr. Maling carried on with Mr. James Dodd, of Hexham, till the end of season 1918-19, both retiring on the advent of a new Master.

This was Captain Alexander Keith, a son-in-law of Mr. J. C. Straker, the veteran Master of the Tyne-dale. Captain Keith had had experience of hounds

and the cunning wiles of foxes in the Emerald Isle, being joint Master of the Queen's County Hunt during season 1914-15, hunting hounds himself. This he continued to do with the Haydon, Mr. Maling lending his hounds and kennels, but his first task—and it proved no easy one—was to get the pack back to their pre-war level.

In this he was ably assisted by his first kennel huntsman, George Walters, who came from the Duke of Beauforts and who in the only season he was with the Haydon improved the pack wonderfully. Captain Keith was then assisted by Will Webster, who still remains as kennel huntsman and first whip. For five seasons the twain showed useful sport, for Captain Keith was a good and fearless horseman, no place too high for him and no run too hard. It was from him that the idea sprang of a Haydon Hunt Ball, which was held at Hexham (which used to be the headquarters of the Hunt), being the first of its kind. He also inaugurated a point-to-point meeting which was held near Chesterwood, the fixture having been in abeyance since the "Squire of Newbrough's" day. Captain Keith retired in 1924.

For the present, the sporting little pack is masterless, Mrs. C. T. Maling acting as Field Master, whilst the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Arthur C. Spraggon, a name which has always been connected with agriculture or hunting, acts as gentleman huntsman, assisted by Will Webster. Mr. Maling once more lends his pack and kennels to the country.

Thus has the story of the Haydon descended to us, in both song and prose, and in conclusion of this chapter, perhaps a description of the modern Haydon country might not come amiss.

In *Baily's Hunting Directory* the description is as follows:

"The country, which extends twenty-five miles

east to west by fifteen miles north to south, lies in the south-west corner of Northumberland. On the north it adjoins the Border and Tynedale; on the south lies the North Durham; and on the east the Braes of Derwent; it is a wall country, about 60 per cent. is pasture and about 30 per cent. moorland, including a large amount of 'white' and 'fell' land; it is heavily wooded in some parts. The horse required is a well-bred one of about 15.2 h.h. of the sort that can go well up and down hill."

One would just like to add that in the words of the old Oxford toast that with

"Horses stout and hounds healthy,
Earth well stopped and foxes plenty,"

hunting will be long a-dying in Northumbria in general and the Haydon country in particular.

CHAPTER VIII

CONTEMPORARY AND NEIGHBOURING PACKS, THE KNARESDALE AND THE TYNEDALE

“ A history of foxhounds kept in Northumberland during the last century would be an acquisition to the sporting classes of the county.”—*Reminiscences of Samuel Donkin.*

WITHOUT attempting the herculean task of writing a history of every Northumberland pack, I feel that an account of some of the other hunts, whose histories have marched with that of the Haydon, is due and could by no means be omitted from a volume that deals with Northumbrian hunting.

At the same time as the Haydon many other packs were hunting in Western Northumbria. With a pack called “ The Northumberland ” Sir Matthew White Ridley was hunting all the country from the walls of Newcastle to the Haydon boundary. This pack was kennelled at Blagdon Burn, and in “ Hillingdon Hall ” James Pigg speaks of its prowess. “ The next yeon,” says he, speaking of his button collection, “ is Sir Matthew’s a fox and ‘ B ’ for Blagdon, grand Sir Matthew, grand kennel, grand stable.” His hounds were hunted by Mr. Boag, who was an excellent servant and good huntsman, and the hounds were bought by Sir Matthew from Lord Galway in 1837. After his death his son carried on the hounds, but did not keep them long, and in 1854 a committee of management took them over and hunted the now Morpeth country.

At the same time Lord Elcho was hunting most of the Border and what is now Percy and West Percy country. He showed good sport, and was followed by Lord Wemyss, who confined his attention to the two countries just mentioned. A good story (among others) is told of him. His lordship hated the music of wandering minstrels with an intensity only equalled by that of Mr. Jorrocks, who wished he had a pocketful of deaths to throw at them. One day hounds met at Ford Bridge. As the field began to cast up, one of the musical fraternity arrived on the scene armed with a barrel organ which he commenced to play, much to the unspeakable annoyance of the old Earl, which was in no whit softened by Captain Gooch, a brother of the Reverend Harcourt Gooch, then curate to the Reverend Thomas Knight, asking, "I say, Wemyss, do you *always* have music at your meets?" Tradition relates that the spot on which the M.F.H. was standing never grew grass, weed, or flower again!

The Reverend Thomas Knight was rector of Ford for many years and is worthy of mention. In his youth he was a keen devotee of the chase, but on becoming involved in the so-called "Oxford Movement" thought it best to give up all sport. However, when hounds were in the district the reverend gentleman used to ascend his church tower from which he could follow with eager, anxious eyes, the progress of the chase. Thus though he no longer rode to hounds he had his sport and salved his conscience.

That Lord Wemyss was an excellent sportsman admits of no dispute, for we find his record in "Field and Fern," "The Druid" remarking, "His lordship first hunted Berwickshire and East Lothian from '34 till '43, beginning from all kennels. Out of eighty couple of waifs and strays forty-five were drafted, so that his lordship and Joe Hogg, late of

the Four Burrows, and now of Calabria, had a hardish time of it. Unweaned from the chase by Philip's and Gondolier's turf success, his lordship took to the Berwickshire and Northumberland country in 1843, when Mr. Robertson gave it up, and Talishan's blood did best for him out of eighteen couple of that old Lambton pack which he decided on keeping. This gave him seventy couple, and he hunted six days a week, with three packs. The country is not picked up for the dog and bitch pack, but the latter go to outlying meets simply because they are lighter in the van. Channing came to his lordship in '39. His father hunted Mr. Yeatman's, and he himself had ten seasons with the Blackmore Vale under Mr. Hall, afterwards of the Heythorp, Lord Portman and Mr. Drax before he moved north. He then served for twelve seasons under Joe Hogg, and the last was his fourteenth as kennel huntsman."

Other packs of this date were the Chillingham Staghounds, the Galewood, mastered by Major St. Paul, who also hunted on the Scottish Marches, the Alnwick, the Tynemouth Harriers, and a private pack of Mr. Allgood's, of Nunwick. The *Sporting Magazines* are full of their doings, and a separate and distinct account could be written of them all. That would mean great labour of research, and is not at the present time to our purpose. Mr. Wade, of Hilton Castle, had also at this time a pack of harriers which he sold into Cumberland, where they were mysteriously lost in a snow storm. He hunted from Sunderland to Gateshead Fell, occasionally drawing for a fox in Bowden Fleets. There was a hound in his pack at Climbank that never was known to take shelter either in house or kennel, and in the most boisterous weather would be exposed to the full fury of the elements.

The following somewhat amusing reference to

another contemporary pack—the Wallsend Harriers—is found in this *New Sporting Magazine* for May, 1832. “There is,” says a writer, “a pack of harriers at Wallsend, which hunt three days; two above ground and one below. They are hunted by Mr. Potts, and the whipper-in is called Pans. They show great sport over the mahogany, for they meet in the morning, but the dinner is the *real* business of the day. The uniform is dark green with a black velvet collar, and whether they hunt in gigs or on horseback they must appear in white cords and top boots. The subscription is £1 per annum, and there are two dinners during the season at which the sportsmen are obliged to come dressed.” All these packs were hunting in a district now covered by half the number, but to be sure some of the accounts throw an interesting light on the sporting proclivities of our forefathers.

To check here for one brief moment. In “Reminiscences of Samuel Donkin” the following interesting quotation is found: “In April, 1817, I listened to the valedictory address of that popular Master of Foxhounds to Northumberland, Ralph Lambton. The day was stormy, showers of sleet throughout. Standing against a tree below the ford of Todburn Gill, the fox was broken up, and the venerable Master made his exit from a stage where the ‘well-graced actor’ had performed so well his part.” This was the last fox that Ralph Lambton saw broken up in Northumberland, for a painful illness debarred him from the saddle and chase till his death on July 19th, 1844.

The Donkins were at one time well known as a hunting family. James Armstrong wrote that “during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Mr. Edward Donkin, of Flotterton—still dear to the old sportsmen of Coquetside by the familiar sobriquet of ‘Hunting Ned’—hunted a pack of foxhounds well known in the Rothbury district. At that time he had

two very celebrated kennel terriers, Peachem and Pincher, which were the old and true breed of Bedlington's."

There is a story handed down that Donkin once ran a fox twice round Simonside Hill, and after a tremendous chase, in which he crossed the now Tynedale country, killed him on the edge of Allendale. It is said to have been a slow, steady hunt, and the Master nearly had to give up his fox in the Tyne valley, but tried on a little farther, saying, "If we cross the Tyne and 'Royal' speaks to him once again I shall kill him before nightfall!"

A notice of a general sketch of Northern hill-hunting would not be perhaps replete without the following interesting occurrence. In all hunting lore and legend, in all authorities on the venatic art, I have searched and not found either its equal, or further such a unique case. Perhaps some distant pack had a very long run, perhaps the gossips of Glendale possessed powerful and volatile imaginations, perhaps some supernatural agency was at work. Perhaps—but we had better leave it at that and simply record the fact that I do not gage my immortal soul on the veracity of its authenticity. The following is the matter referred to, and it is found within the columns of a sporting journal. This is its exordium: "On October 29th, 1874, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the inhabitants of the Vale of Glen were aroused by the unlooked for appearance of a pack of hounds running at full cry across the face of Yeavinger Bell Hill, when they came to fault for a short time. They again hit off the scent and ran well together into and over Newton Hill Tor, and were no more seen. What makes this a remarkable phenomenon is that Mr. Askew's hounds were not out of the kennels at Coldstream on that day, and Major Browne's met at Ellingham, twenty miles distant." This pack may be well

appellated "The Goblin Foxhounds," for from that day to this no light has been shone on the matter, and without doubt the occurrence remains unsolvable and lost among the archives of the past.

Of the nearest neighbours of the Haydon—past as well as present—some account is proposed to be given, each and severally in their proper sequence.

THE KNARESDALE HUNT

For generations hounds of some sort had been kept in Knaresdale, hunting both the red deer, fox and hare, the latter generally, the former whenever they could raise one. These hounds were hunted on foot for many years by quaint old "Acky" Holmes, the pack consisting of twenty-four inch harriers, mostly used as trail hounds and being trencher-fed, consequently they were very fast. "Acky" was huntsman and master for many years, and on his retirement the Hunt livery—a green coat—was donned by another old character, "Tom" Green. On his death Mr. George Stobart, of Ashholme, Featherstone, took them over, reinforcing the kennel with drafts from the Haydon, Border, and Mr. Gelderd's pack at Gilsland, till they became so fast that they "cud dee owt bud flee, nae one cud keep with 'em," as an old farmer sportsman told me once. The Hunt lapsed on Mr. Stobart's death, and though efforts have been made to revive them, they have all come to nothing.

One hopes there will be a pack in Knaresdale once more, for when there is the foxes are driven down to lower lying portions of the Haydon country. Mighty tough customers these hill foxes are too, giving hounds and horses many a merry dance before "they pay the supreme penalty." So much for the Knaresdale Hunt."

THE TYNEDALE

Though the Haydon in the old days hunted a considerable portion of the now Tynedale domain, the country was also being hunted by Sir Matthew White Ridley, with a pack called the Northumberland, which also hunted part of Durham as well. In 1845 this Hunt was dissolved, and Mr. Nicholas Maughan, the Master of the Slaley, resigned that pack and established what was at first known as the Teesdale Hunt. They hunted a large tract of country between the River Tyne and Derwent, the majority of it belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. Mr. Maughan's hounds were trencher-fed; but in a wild country showed excellent sport.

Regarding the establishment of the Tynedale, an interesting link is found in a letter in the *Sporting Gazette* for February, 1884, by Mr. N. Maughan, at that time Master of the Haydon. "The Tynedale country," says he, "was not first hunted by Major Bell. The Hunt was originally established and named by my late father in 1846, when the title of the hounds was altered from that of 'The Slaley' to that of 'The Teesdale,' the Hunt being known by its present title. I have before me at the moment one of the notices dated 31st March, 1846, signed by Sir Edward Blackett, of Matfen, Edward Riddell, of Cheeseburn Grange, and William Cuthbert, of Beaufront, acting as committee, announcing that my father had consented to undertake the new mastership. So far from Major Bell having in 1854, after my father's resignation, been induced to take the Western district, he really had to give up part of the country, as the Morpeth Hunt was established in 1854, and most of the hounds were purchased by Mr. Cookson from my father. Furthermore, Major Bell had not to commence his duties under difficulties

before the kennels were made habitable. The precise contrary is proved by an original circular in my possession dated 9th April, 1853, signed by Sir Edward Blackett and six other members of the Hunt, setting forth that excellent kennels in a central situation had been built the preceding year at considerable cost, and requesting the co-operation of those to whom the circular was addressed towards the preservation of foxes. The kennels alluded to are those of which Major Bell took possession, and the same are now occupied by the hounds under the mastership of Mr. J. C. Straker."

In 1854 Mr. Maughan retired in favour of Major Robert Bell. That the gallant Major was an excellent sportsman and bold horseman is very evident, for in "Recollections of Sportsmen and Sport" Colonel Van Stravbenzee says: "In the year 1854 that keen sportsman, Major, or, as he was generally named, 'Bob Bell,' of the 5th Dragoon Guards, agreed to take the hounds, and christened them the Tynedale. For thirteen seasons the gallant Major retained the mastership, and to see him negotiate a high bank with a rail on the top was indeed a treat. Besides being *À l'anglaise* across country he was equally good on the flat and his services were in great request." With such a sportsman, there is little doubt that the Tynedale had good sport, for the country (then as now) is adaptable for it. On his resigning, Mr. Hunter Allgood took the hounds and kennelled them at Nunwick Hall for a couple of seasons. His huntsman was W. Moss, who besides being a good man at his profession, was also a great character. When asked to have some refreshment (of the liquid variety) one day by a sportsman, he gravely replied, "Well, Mistor, can a duck swim?"

It was during Mr. Allgood's mastership that they had an extraordinary run, which must have

been what the Earl of Scamperdale termed a "stinger." The following is some account of it: "Reynard was started at noon in a wood near Haughton Castle and went in the direction of Simonside Hills, whither he was followed by the huntsman and others. But here they gave up the chase, being under the impression that the fox had been lost. The hounds, however, went on by themselves up the vale of the Coquet, and two or three farmers mounted their horses and went in pursuit. At dusk in the evening reynard was run to earth and killed at Biddlestone, twenty-three miles as the crow flies from where they started. It may be that the fox that was killed was not the one first started, but there is a breed in the county remarkable for its size, swiftness and powers of endurance, known as the greyhound fox, and whenever one is found it almost invariably outruns both hounds and huntsmen and escapes." Whether this was the same fox or not, must for ever remain a mystery; it certainly seems likely that hounds changed where

" Haughton Castle proudly stands
In a setting fair of sweet woodlands."

When Mr. Allgood retired the country was fortunate to obtain two well-known local sportsmen to take office, viz., Mr. Riddell, of Cheeseburn Grange, and Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell. Ill-health soon compelled the former to resign, much to the regret of his confederate and brother sportsmen. However, Mr. Fenwick carried on the sporting traditions of his family in a most painstaking manner, and a biographical sketch appeared in *Baily's Magazine* for April, 1874, and as it speaks well of his sporting powers and also gives some interesting particulars as to the Tynedale, its country and peoples, it may be as well to quote the same at length.

“Of the numerous scions of the widely-spread families of the Fenwick name in Northumberland and Durham, no better man with hounds has been known than the subject of our present memoir. George Fenwick, of Bywell Hall, on the northern banks of the River Tyne, was born in the year 1811; and though he did not take the degree of M.F.H. till within the last few years, he was early entered in the field, under the auspices of the well-known and, if not unrivalled, certainly unsurpassed, ‘Master’ of his day, Ralph Lambton, who, for so many years, hunted all the eastern side of the county of Durham. The eldest son of Robert Fenwick, who lived some years at Ford and afterwards at The Green, in the county of Durham (one of the oldest and most popular members of the Lambton Hunt), and nephew, on his mother’s side, of John Robinson, of Hendon Lodge and Easington, in the same county (also a distinguished man with hounds), George Fenwick, when home for Christmas holidays, was always in the field; and with his father, a light-weight, good horseman, usually mounted on a thoroughbred horse and in the van when hounds went the pace, and his uncle also on such occasions ‘cutting out the work,’ the young one naturally soon learnt that, to live with the Lambton pack, all the requisites of quickness of eye and action were indispensable. After completing his education in France, he soon had the good fortune, through the friendship of his father with Mr. Ralph Lambton, who was then the head of the firm (his uncle, also, Mr. Thomas Fenwick, having for many years been one of the partners), to be received into the banking house of Lambton & Co., in Newcastle.

“His excellent abilities for business and the unusual amount of general information he already possessed, combined with activity of mind and that same decision which he had found to be so necessary

in 'getting away' and holding a place with the Lambton foxhounds, speedily placed him in such a position, in reference to the business of the bank, as for many years necessarily prevented him bestowing so much of his time and thoughts upon foxhounds as he had been enabled to do since he became a senior partner; but, fortunately, however much engaged in other pursuits, he always found time to keep two or three good hunters in work, and with the hounds of Sir Matthew White Ridley and Major Bell he was a usual attendant.

"Mr. Allgood, of Nunwick, who succeeded Major Bell as Master of the Tynedale, having retired at the end of his second season, considerable difficulty was experienced in obtaining the services of a master, and the thanks of the county were eminently due to Mr. Fenwick and the late deeply and deservedly lamented Mr. Edward Riddell, of Cheeseburn Grange, who, neither of them being then in the prime of life nor anxious to undertake the duties of hunting a country in which at that time considerable difficulties had to be overcome, liberally consented to purchase the hounds and establish a joint mastership. The health of Mr. Riddell soon after this arrangement becoming seriously impaired, Mr. Fenwick released him from the engagement and became sole Master and owner of the hounds and hunting establishment.

"This is his fifth season in office, and to all who are interested in fox-hunting, it is most gratifying to observe the progress which has already been effected in the breeding of a very valuable pack of hounds. Being fully aware of the necessity of a constant infusion of new blood and having made himself acquainted with the distinctive merits of all the best strains of blood in the kingdom, he has availed himself of every opportunity of securing the best crosses from many of the oldest established and best kennels

His entries have consequently been excellent and are yearly improving, not only as 'summer dogs' (a well-known M.F.H. will excuse us for using *his* facetious term!) *on the flags*, but in the much more essential requisites of good conduct and performances in the field. Some of the most approved of the stud dogs of the Belvoir, Bramham Moor, Brocklesby and Milton kennels have contributed much to this success, Mr. Lane Fox's Fugleman, Fleecer and Striver conspicuously so. Lord Kestaven's Primate, Lord Wemyss' Talisman and Lord Poltimore's Rifler (by Mr. Lane Fox's Rifler) have also done good service. His own Viceroy, by Lord Yarborough's Vaultier, from Mr. George Fitzwilliam's Hebe, entered amongst a young draft from Milton by Major Bell, and still running up at the age of eight years, has also proved himself to be a most valuable dog, combining all the excellent qualities a foxhound should possess in the field with perfect symmetry of form, and as a sire transmitting his own merits to his progeny most remarkably.

"Mr. Fenwick is fortunate in possessing the services as huntsman of Nicholas Cornish, well known, when young, in Devonshire, though not *in service* there and for some time afterwards as first whip to the Cottesmore under Frank Goodall. His knowledge of hounds and constant attention to his duties are highly and deservedly appreciated.

"Mr. Fenwick married early in life the youngest sister of the late Robert Smith Surtees, Esq., of Hamsterley Hall, in the county of Durham, whose authorship of 'Jorrocks' Jaunts,' 'Handley Cross,' 'Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour,' and other similar productions have contributed so much amusement to many, both old and young, of the present generation.

"His sons, as might be expected of such a well-assorted marriage, have 'entered' in the right way;

they take a real interest in the hounds at home and get to them in the field in that fine scenting country (where hounds from the extent of the large grass enclosures and the formidable character of the fences have an immense advantage over horses) in a manner worthy of their lineage. His daughters, also, do more than ride to the meet, and do not seem to care to go home to luncheon or even afternoon tea, so long as there is a chance of a run. One of them, not only in Northumberland, but for some portion of each successive season in Gloucestershire, may frequently be seen in the blue and buff of Badminton, well forward in the front rank with her husband, and whether the obstacles are Northumberland 'five-quarter' walls and stone-faced embankments ('dykes' as they are called), or the stiff bullfinchers and brooks of the V.W.H., they have to be overcome!

"Mr. Fenwick's exertions and liberality have been responded to in an excellent spirit by the landowners and tenant farmers of the country—foxes being now well preserved and the best of walks for his puppies, almost to any extent in number, being the 'free-will offerings' of as fine a race of men as England can boast of, worthy of their ancestors of Chevy Chase and Otterburn! The pleasant annual gathering in the summer-time at the kennels on the occasion of the distribution of handsome prizes amongst those who have 'walked' the puppies of the year, and when all comers are so hospitably entertained by the Master, contributes no little, especially amongst the wives and daughters of the 'good men and true,' to whom we have referred, in rendering the Tynedale Foxhounds a truly popular establishment; and the name of 'Fenwick' is now, in reference to hounds, talked of in the country with the same admiration and local pride as the breeding of the famous Match'em and other celebrated horses of the day by the then 'Fenwick of Bywell,' doubtless



(Upper) THE NORTH TYNE

(Lower) THE TYNEDALE

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry)

produced in the minds of the Northern patrons of the Turf above one hundred years ago. May the blood of the Tynedale Foxhounds continue to be as renowned in after ages as that of old Match'em is and will be so long as the 'Stud Book' exists!"

MR. J. C. STRAKER

In "North Country Hunting, Half-a-Century Ago," the late Mr. Newton Wynne Apperley (a grandson of the famous Nimrod) tells us that on July 25th, 1877, he went to the puppy judging, and goes on to say: "I went to dine and sleep at George A. Fenwick's, of Moor Lodge, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and met his father, the Master of the Tynedale, William H. Williamson, commonly called Billy Williamson by the sporting community, and Lieutenant-Colonel Fairfax, Master of the York and Ainsty. After dinner, we had no end of a sporting crack into the small hours of the morning. Mr. Williamson amused us immensely by his sporting stories, pedigrees of hounds, and his well-known story of the prize fight between Gilby and The Game Chicken." The next day, Mr. Apperley says, they drove to the Tynedale kennels. "And were joined there by Hugh and Arthur Fenwick and Johnny Straker. The first business allotted to the judges, Mr. Williamson and Colonel Fairfax, was to pick out four dogs and four bitches to send to the great hound show at York, and for dogs they selected Duster, Dreadnought, Reveller and Fencer, and for bitches Venus, Dulcet, Fatima and Laudable. Handsomer four couples you could not wish to see, but still they were beat, all but Duster, who got the first prize for stallion hounds and was much admired." We may deduce from this long quotation that the state of the kennel was excellent,

and that a thoroughly workmanlike lot of hounds had been bred. After a long mastership, Mr. Fenwick retired, and the reins of office were taken up by Mr. J. C. Straker, who is still at the head of affairs, and well into his fortieth season. Mr. Straker's first huntsman was Nicholas Cornish, who was a very good hound man, and it was during the first season of Mr. Straker's mastership that the Tynedale had the following good run:

Finding at Bitchfield, about half-past three in the afternoon—after meeting at Capheaton—they put up a fine fox. Reynard took the pack due north and then due east, and afterwards went to Cambo, in the Morpeth country, at racing speed. It is generally supposed that hereabouts they killed the fox, but none of the field were there except the huntsman, who had got his second horse and followed gamely in the rear. From Cambo the pack went over the Simonside Hills, evidently following a fresh fox through Castron, having Thropton on the right, and on towards Hepple, four miles west of Rothbury, where it is believed they once more ran into the "varmint." The huntsman and whips were, of course, hopelessly tailed off, the pack having run from the Tynedale country into the Morpeth and then into the Percy domains. Darkness set in before the hunt was over. It is said, in fact local sporting tradition asserts, that hounds were heard running right merrily, at a quarter-past nine at night.

That Mr. Straker was a "rum one to follow and a bad one to beat" is not to be gainsaid, for Mr. Apperley tells us again he "went over to Newcastle to ride a match on Mr. Armstrong's brown mare, Bagatelle, against Mr. W. Scott's chestnut horse, Faust, ridden by John Straker, over the Northumberland Plate course (i.e., two miles), each carrying 12 st. 7 lbs. I made the running, according to orders, and led about two lengths all the way till

we got to the distance post, when my mare regularly shut up, and Straker won easily by three lengths. Straker rode in blue with white hoops, and I rode in blue with white band and blue cap." Incidentally, Mr. Apperley describes Cornish as "mistaking his profession; he ought to have been a Methodist parson, although he must be a first-rate kennel huntsman, from the appearance of the hounds."

In 1877 the Tynedale had another good run, and Mr. Apperley says it was one of the best that he could remember. Merely to state the fact that the distance from the cover where the fox was found was over thirteen miles, absolutely straight, is alone sufficient to mark it as one of the best. For five miles hounds went straight as the proverbial crow, and over the wonderful grass country they went at racing pace. Eventually the fox was killed beneath the same tree under which Major Bell killed a fox after a similar run. Mr. Apperley records the names of those who saw the end of this really great day. They are "Mr. and Mrs. Wylam, Major Sadler, Messrs. John Straker, C. Henderson, R. Cuthbert, M. Liddell, E. Forbes, Wallis Kirsopp, Newton and the huntsman and whips." Here, a description of the Tynedale country may not come amiss. It is a big country—easily three-days-a-week—and every description of fence is found. On the north side of the Tyne there is the wonderful grass country, thought by some to be the best in England, whilst on the southern banks of the Tyne, woodlands are encountered with big banks and walls of a height and build that defy even "a bold man on a bold horse," but the late Stephen Goodall junior, when huntsman to the Tynedale, managed to get over them in a style peculiarly his own, and not even the hardest man in the Hunt could beat him in this department.

It will have been noticed that in a period of a hundred and twenty years the country has only

had six Masters (if the two years of Mr. Riddell's joint mastership are eliminated), and this state augurs favourably for the future well-being of the country.

One hopes that the mastership of the "Belvoir of the North," as the Tynedale is generally known, will continue in the Straker family for a very long period of time, because the Master's son, Major Ian Straker, is every bit as keen as his father; in fact, he is now hunting the dog pack three days a week. He is also well known on the Turf, especially so in the steeple-chasing world, being a member of the National Hunt Committee, and is frequently seen over the sticks in his "red jacket, green sash, black cap." Whenever these colours are carried to victory (as is frequently the case) at Hexham and Carlisle, they are accorded a great ovation. Without undue boast, the Tynedale may claim to be the Hunt in the North, and the epithet, "The Belvoir of the North," is used without any purpose of laudation, for many eminent judges of hunting have dubbed the Tynedale so. Mr. Thomas Parrington, Master and huntsman of the Sinnington for many seasons, and a sportsman of wide hunting knowledge, used to declare that the Tynedale grass country was every bit as good as Leicestershire, a view shared and endorsed by my old friend the late George Jull, who was huntsman to the Tynedale, and whose life was saved by Captain S. C. Henderson when he was in danger of being drowned, owing to his horse getting into difficulties.

Thus to see anything of hounds at all, one needs a blood 'un of the right sort under one, one's heart in the right place, but with these very necessary qualifications fulfilled, and as every fence is thrown behind one, the heart warms to the glorious work, for clearly every field crossed is owned by a sportsman, who if he does not ride himself, is always glad to see hounds.

To conclude with a verse from the Tynedale Hunt Song, which speaks so eloquently of the famous country :

“ Yes, many come and few compete,
Ride over England, north, south, east and west.
The Tynedale country still remains the best.
Here is the largest space without the rail;
Here over grass for ever you may sail;
But even the natives hardly understand
The wondrous charm of big Northumberland.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE BRAES OF DERWENT, THE BORDER AND NORTH TYNE HUNTS

THIS Hunt claims a very long unblemished ancestry, dating back from the middle of the eighteenth century. At that period a trencher-fed pack was kept by those two fine, sporting families, the Humbles of Eltringham, and the Bells of Harlow Hill. In his "Northern Tour," Nimrod mentions Mr. Humble, and says: "Mr. Humble, of Prudhoe, on the Tyne, has also long kept a superior pack of harriers, with which he occasionally hunts foxes." From this we may take it that these hounds were of the same type as the old-time Haydon, and resembled them very closely, inasmuch as they hunted both hare and fox. On Mr. Humble's death, the hounds were given up, and the country remained unhunted till Mr. John Ramsay and his brother Thomas got together a new pack, and kennelled them at Winlaton. Also about this period R. S. Surtees started a pack of his own, naming them the Hamsterley Hunt, which were kennelled at Hamsterley Hall. This establishment was broken up after a couple of seasons, the creator of Jorrocks resigning his rights to the Slaley, of which Mr. John Stokoe was then Master. The Slaley—though no longer figuring in the hound list—were a very old pack, and contemporary with the old-time Haydon. But in the spring of 1841, possibly the result of the breaking up of the Hamsterley Hunt, a former hunt servant of Sir Matthew White Ridley started to canvass the country for subscriptions in support of a pack of foxhounds.

At first the idea was taken up with enthusiasm and so provided, in rather a unique manner, employment for the ex-huntsman. Some drafts of hounds were secured (from whence and what kennel history does not relate), and the pack was christened "The Prudhoe and Derwent." Hounds, huntsman and horses being secured, the only but very necessary requirement, seemed to be that of the acquisition of a country. The new establishment started their initial season with a very limited territory, and frequent were their trespasses into Slaley domains. Indeed, the whole hunt seemed to have been carried on in a very democratic manner, as witness Rule X of the Rules and Regulations:

"That the members of the Committee shall alone be entitled to give directions to the huntsman, whips, and earth stoppers relative to, or in hunting of the hounds, and have sole and entire control over the huntsman, whips, earth stoppers, horses and hounds whether in or out of the hunting field."

Soon after this Mr. Joseph Humble was appointed chairman of this committee, though the post of huntsman cannot surely have held many sweets, with so many masters, probably all of various ways of thinking. A parallel may be drawn with the initial day of the "Handley Cross," when the three masters differed in the choice of a cover, and had to draw lots to decide! Another case in point is the story of the two joint masters of a certain well-known pack, who were never known to agree on any one topic. Accordingly, every afternoon, about three of the clock, a council of war was held as to where hounds should draw next. This was always broken up by one of the masters riding away and exclaiming "Well, I'm going home, and you can go to ——!" (naming a place not mentioned in polite society).

To continue. In 1884, the Prudhoe and Derwent

made an offer to the Slaley to amalgamate, which, being rejected and public opinion being against this, the Hunt was dissolved. That they must have been a curious body is only too evident, when oral tradition says that before their dissolution, practically every farmer and landowner had warned them off their lands. Accordingly, the Slaley took over the Prudhoe and Derwent country, and continued to hunt the same till 1854. In that year, as we have seen, Mr. Nicholas Maughan formed the Tynedale, and the old Slaley Hunt came to an end. The next step towards hunting the present country was when Mr. William Cowen started a new pack, and called them the Derwent, which, in after years, was changed to the Hunt's present title. Mr. William Cowen resigned in favour of his brother, Colonel John A. Cowen, who had as his huntsman the famous "Siddle Dixon" (of whom mention will be found further on), and provided good sport, perhaps in rather a rough-and-ready manner, for forty seasons.

In his "Eighty Years' Reminiscences," Colonel Anstruther Thomson, who had been Master of the Fife, Pytchley, Atherstone and Bicester packs, writes of seeing, when on a hunting tour, 18th February, 1891: "Siddle Dixon, huntsman; sixteen couples of thoughtful-looking hounds sitting in a semi-circle watching him; the whipper-in, a youth in strange attire—an old red coat, a cap on the back of his neck, with the peak in the air, and a bright blue satin necktie and 'gills,' a pair of dogskin gloves with broad black embroidery on the backs, and a short whip that cracked like a pistol. They drew a tremendous wood. Dixon has a grand voice. Colonel Cowen, the Master. Very few people out; all sportsmen; not a dressy field."

We are indebted to Mr. N. W. Apperley and "North Country Hunting" for particulars of this mastership. Says he: "On September 8th, 1876—

Rode to Braes of Derwent foxhound kennels, which are a curiosity—a dirty, tumble-down old kennel, containing 13 couple of hounds. Amongst these were two couple of bloodhounds, which the huntsman, Siddle Dixon, informed me always ran with the pack, were very good hounds, and a great acquisition as affording sport. He said it was the Master's intention to cross all his hounds with them. They certainly had a most curious appearance in a foxhound kennel, but amongst the Braes of Derwent it did not matter, as the remainder were a most unsorty, ill-shapen lot, and all shapes and sizes. The huntsman was very pleased at my noticing, immediately on entering the flags (or cobble-stones), two hounds which had been given to him from the North Durham Kennels, viz., Romulus, who is an awful skirter, runs mute, and always gets away by himself if possible, or otherwise skirts; Remus, a puppy entered last year, was given to them unentered, and in a most awful state of mange. The character of the Braes of Derwent is that they show sport, but have a very long tail in running. They always meet at a public-house. I suppose old Siddle has a fellow-feeling for a publican, being one himself. He is a most curious old fellow to look at: you would take him for a butcher, at least, on this day, for he was dressed in butcher blue."

Though possibly the hounds did not conform to the Peterborough type, they were a good working pack, and upon the principle "that handsome is what handsome does," Colonel Cowen and his butcher cum publican cum huntsman had many a good day's sport.

Colonel John Cowen's son, Mr. John E. Cowen, of Minsteracres, the present honorary secretary, forms a living link with the history and tradition of the Hunt, for his uncle was first Master.

That both Colonel Cowen and his huntsman, Siddle, were "unkommon fond of huntin'" is not to

be disputed, for several times, in the days when Jack Frost had laid his white and icy fingers over the countryside, they took hounds out on foot to see if a hunt of some sort, at all events, could be raised. In 1888, after Christmas, this procedure was resorted to, and the following is an account of it by a contemporary writer :

“ Colonel Cowen and a few friends took the hounds to try their luck on foot, and see if they could find a fox. Siddle the huntsman did his best, but he seemed sadly out of place out of the saddle, wading away with his short legs among the snow, and with a jealous eye he watched his pack, fearing they might break away, when he was fully aware his pace would have no chance to catch them; and from what I saw I do not think the gallant Colonel could have gone the pace which he formerly did when he was well known to have run miles after the beagles that he kept in former days. The hounds were first taken to the Brockwell Wood, where they had not been long when a ‘Tally-ho!’ was given. Siddle made the best fist he could to get hounds away, and right merrily they hunted their fox under every difficulty. Away he went to the north, pointing to Greenside, and took a circuit of about three miles. The hounds being left to themselves, hunted every bit of the way, and making some fine casts, hitting their fox off in style, they brought him back to his favourite haunts in Greenside, where he got to ground.”

After a long mastership of forty seasons, he retired in favour of Mr. Lewis Priestman, the present Master, and now, in his eight-and-twentieth season as Master, Mr. Priestman removed the kennels from Blaydon Burn to their present situation at Tinkers Hill, and started to improve and level the pack, according to present-day standards. So well has his



(Upper) THE BORDER

(Lower) BRAES OF DERWENT HOUNDS AT SHOTLEY HALL



work been done that not only have the Braes of Derwent won at Peterborough, but also made a name for themselves as stout and resolute fox-catchers. Mr. Apperley tells us of the new hounds and pack. "The foxhound kennels," says he, "are about the best I have seen. They are well laid out, and are kept very clean and tidy, are well whitewashed, with a nice piece of lawn, enclosed with iron hurdles, for seeing hounds paraded. He had an entry of $11\frac{1}{2}$ couples, a very nice lot, mostly drafts purchased from the Tynedale, North Hereford, Shropshire and other packs, and costing not much less than £100 a couple. All the young hounds look in splendid condition, no doubt due to the present huntsman's (Ralph Milburn) management." At first, Mr. Priestman carried the horn himself, with George Coxon as kennel huntsman and first whipper-in, but after the war his nephew, Major J. L. Priestman, the only son of Mr. Francis Priestman, of Shotley Park, succeeded his uncle, and has shown very good sport.

The Braes of Derwent are at present hunting the North Durham country, which has been loaned to them on the inability of that Hunt to find a master after the resignation of Captain John E. Rogerson in 1924, after a long mastership of over thirty-six years, at the latter end of which he was joined by Captain Frederick Bell. The Braes of Derwent do not boast as fine a country as the Tynedale, as it is a bank and wall country for which a handy, short-legged horse is required.

Shotley Bridge, where the present Braes of Derwent kennels are situate, at which a levee of local sportsman always assembles on Sunday mornings to admire the pack and chat over the hunting news of the week, is supposed to have been the original of "Handley Cross," though speculation is rife on this point. When one reads the "Fox-hunters' Bible" there are passages which suggest that

Surtees had Leamington in his mind's eye. Says Cuming in his "Life of Robert Smith Surtees": "There is better reason to hold that Shotley Bridge was the original of Handley Cross. When the book was being written, strenuous endeavours were afoot to 'boom' Shotley Bridge and its waters, and in this connection we recall at once the efforts of Dr. Sebastian Mello to advertise the merits of the Handley spa spring. Also there is a family tradition that the rival doctors of Shotley Bridge were caricatured as Roger Swizzle and Sebastian Mello."

As to the country, there is reason to believe that the author used that portion of the old Raby country, which is now Hurworth territory, as his stage: but there can be no certainty as to this. An old map shows a tract called "Pinch Me Near," some seven or eight miles north-east of Alnwick in Lord Elcho's country, as it then was. But we must set against this conjectural identification the fact that the "Pinch Me Near" forest in Handley Cross is "not worse than any of its Royal brethren." In the eloquent words of James Pigg (of whom more hereafter), "the woods were just like bad nursery grounds—nothing but switches."

The creator of the "Immortal," speaking at the Derwent and Shotley Bridge Agricultural Society said: "Nobody grew oak nowadays except Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who had a thousand acres of oak walking sticks over in Chopwell." In all probability Surtees with literary licence translated the name of "Pinch Me Near" to Chopwell, which formed part of the estreated estates of James Radcliffe, last Earl of Derwentwater. Another Surtees character, that of Lord Scamperdale, the Master of the Flat Hat Hunt, is supposed to have been taken from Sir William Chaytor, of Witton Castle, whilst Mr. Jovey Jessop (one of the truest of Surtees characters) bears some resemblance to the

celebrated Ralph Lambton. Whilst, of course, his lordships mentor, Jack Spraggon, takes a name well known in the Haydon country.

As to who the immortal Jorrocks was, who can say? Surtees wrote that he took the character from a man he had seen out hunting with the Surrey, yet there is no very definite proof of this. His daughter, the late Viscountess Gort, always declared that such was the case. But there are points in the dear old sporting grocer's character that closely resemble those of the renowned "Matty" Wilkinson, Master of the Hurworth, whom Nimrod wrote so much of. Be that as it may, possibly the celebrated "Pomponius Ego" day was enacted in the Slaley (now Braes of Derwent) country, for James Pigg was huntsman there (or rather his original was) and Surtees was a good supporter of, and, also hunted with the Slaley. Many of the sketches of country around Slaley, Shotley Bridge, and Prudhoe resemble that of the "Spa Hunt." Though Nimrod was chaffed without mercy by Surtees in all his writings, the two were in reality excellent friends. And it was from Surtees that Nimrod received his invitation to tour the North Country. Nimrod's description of Surtees' father was: "A fine judge of a horse, a bottle of port, and an oak tree."

Here let us interpolate for a brief moment and consider what a boon to literature the books of Surtees have been. Not only are they read by hunting folk, but by many others who know not of, and care not for, the joys of the chase. It is said that a late Socialist leader always solaced his relaxation by reading the works of the creator of Jorrocks. Somewhat of a paradox methinks! The vagaries of James Pigg, the mistakes of Benjamin Brady, the love toils of the Earl of Ladythorne, and the career of gay Lucy Glitters, ever amuse and delight our hearts. But the Scattercashes are long

since sold up; Soapey Sponge will no more ride the hard-pulling Hercules; Facey Romford will no longer live out of his subscriptions, and no more does Richard Bragg "sceuse" himself at Tattersalls, and gone are the wine carrying expeditions of of Mr. Jovey Jessop's "Jug." One always feels that in reading Jorrocks, Sponge, or Facey Romford, there should be a roaring, red fire in the grate, the curtains lightly drawn, a fox's mask grinning down from above the mantelpiece and a beaker of brandy and water ready to hand. It is said that Thackeray envied Surtees his satirical gifts more than those of any other writer, and really in weighing the matter up, Surtees was the perfect master of what may be termed the rapier of clean-cut, polished satire, piercing and swift. . . . Another noteworthy point is that all Surtees characters are "bounders" with one exception, that of the fine old sportsman, Michael Hardy, who figures in the opening chapters of *Handley Cross*. Surtees never created a gentleman, nor yet a really lovable character; all of his puppets are either blatant, ostentatious, self-assuring, liars and cheats. There is some kink in all their natures, and that is why they amuse and interest us, partly because of their easy-going ways, which were flexed with double dealings, or else on account of the subtle manner in which the master hand uses them.

All this is rather a digression from the hunting history of the North, but the two subjects are so inseparably bound up together that mention of hunting always brings the picture of either Jorrocks on his "henterpriseless brute," or else Mr. Sponge receiving the compliments of Lord Scamperdale after scattering his lordship's hounds, to the eye and memory. In conclusion, let us take the following quotation anent Surtees, from Mr. Ralph Nevil's "*Echoes Old and New*": "If ever an English writer deserved a memorial, Surtees is that man. His services in having

given several generations healthy and amusing reading should be commemorated in some fitting manner—not by a monument, but in some beneficial fashion; say, by raising a special fund for old hunt servants or in some other similar way.”

THE BORDER

“ I’ve luved naething in my life,
I well dare say; but honesty
Save a fat horse and fair woman,
Twa bonny dogs to kill a deer,
But England shud have found me meat and mault
Gif I had hold this hundred year.”

So sang Johnnie Armstrong, the fierce, rieving moss trooper who burnt Haltwhistle and plundered many a fair homestead in the North with the same wild recklessness which is in some degree preserved in his hard-riding descendants of to-day.

The Border awakens many dormant chords in the memory and brings back the scene of midnight forays and unsung feats of arms, for in the olden days castles, castlewicks and pele towers dotted its surface, men slept clothed in steel, for at any moment the grim-faced Scot might come, leaving weeping and dolour in their wake, the moss reddened by good old English blood.

In the days of yore over the same heathery wastes which now know the thud ! thud ! of galloping horses and sweet cry of hound swept the raid and foray parties, and though the times of turbulence and violence are passed, the country remains unchanged : the hills and the cleughs are immutable as ever, here and there the heathery wastes are broken by small burns brown with peat, their surface stirred by the rise and ripple of trout, the grey, green colour of the spreading grass lands with markings as of plovers’ eggs, and when the sun breaks through the clouds it

dispels glances of light as of thin smoke which gradually fade away leaving the distant Scafell in Cumberland easily distinguished hills in all their indefinable glory, and Liddesdale where the plundering moss troopers had their lairs.

Though warfare with all its concomitants played a large part in the lives of the Borderers of old, yet the pastime and pursuit of the chase was boldly etched in the background.

Foremost among the Border names is that of Robson, for as Doctor Charlton says in his "North Tynedale," "the name of Robson always seems to be associated with either warfare or the chase." This old Northern family sprang from about Falstone, where, by the way, on the old cross the inscription reads: "Eomaer set this up for his Uncle Hoethbert. Pray for his soul." And as the learned doctor observes in dealing with the Four Graynes of Tynedale, the name originally was Robert or Robertson—the son of Robert—diverting into the name of Robson of our day. Members of the family of that name have held sway on the Border and about Falstone for over twelve hundred years. Certainly there has been hunting on the Scottish marches so long as there was a Robson or a Dodd (another of the Four Graynes), and a hound of any sort.

The Border country lies in Northumberland and Roxburghshire. On the south it adjoins the Tyne-dale, and on the east the West Percy (heretofore the Coquetdale), Percy and Morpeth.

The country is all moor and fell land with very few fences of any sort, and those few consisting of stone walls requiring a game, hardy little horse—a cross between a pony and a thoroughbred being the best—though some portions of the country are unridable, it being a not infrequent sight to see the whole field dismount and lead their horses round a morass or piece of "sappy" ground.

To cover all this vast country would be impossible if hounds and those in charge of them were not kindly put up by friends in different districts. When hunting the Bellingham side of the country hounds are kennelled at the Master's brother's place at Newton, he being generally designated as "John of Newton," at Mr. S. Dodd's (the joint Master) at Catcleugh when in head of Reed, at Hindhope or Chatto when in Kale Water, and Attonburn when in Bowmont.

As has been observed, the Border boast a very long lineage; for generations the country was hunted by a trencher-fed pack and mastered either by a Dodd or Robson.

The late Mr. John Robson kept hounds when he resided at East Kielder, and in 1857, on going to Byrness in Reedwater, he took his hounds with him; these hounds were known as "The Kielder," and were noticed by Nimrod in his "Northern Tour." There he and his neighbour, the late Mr. Dodd, of Catcleugh, who also kept hounds, joined forces on hunting days, the combined packs being known as the Reedwater Hounds. The present Master, Mr. Jacob Robson, has in his possession the painting of a foxhound, Wellington, which belonged to his father and was painted in Edinburgh. The hound was sent by the old Mail Coach thither, but escaped, a week later, being found at Selkirk. A letter written to the late Master by his brother on January 18th, 1863, makes reference to the incident :

"Robby Pott (an old shepherd and very keen fox hunter at Bakethin on East Kielder) has just arrived with all the hounds.

"You will be surprised to hear Wellington was the leading hound; he is pointed out as having been the foremost when passing different places, was first

up when the fox was killed. He has got a severe bite."

Following in his father's footsteps, Mr. John Robson (brother of the present Master) hunted the hounds till his marriage in 1879, when the present Master took over control with Mr. Dodd. At the present moment the veteran Master and huntsman is the oldest M.F.H. in the Kingdom.

During Mr. John Robson's mastership he was hunting near Woodburn, a fox was run very fast with hounds close on his brush near to a shepherd's house. Scent seems to have failed, for hounds could not own a yard, so Mr. Robson, evidently suspecting something, went to the door of the cottage and asked the man if he had seen the fox. After many assurances that he "was doon the burn," he eventually brought reynard out, having caught him against the field wall with his collie.

During Mr. Jacob Robson's first season as Master, a fox was found at Hesleyside and run to Capons Cleugh, near Haydon Bridge, where hounds were stopped in the dark, only five riders seeing the finish of this great day.

Hesleyside, where hounds found, is near Hesleyside Hall, the ancestral mansion of the Charlton family, where a relic of the wild feudal times is still preserved in the shape of a spur, which used to be placed under the cover of an empty platter, betokening to the menfolk of the house that the larder was empty and they had better ride and fill it. A pair of spurs and an empty dish used always to be synonymous with famine and ill fare in the North.

On another occasion in 1885, as hounds were returning to kennels at Newton after a long, hard day, a fox was suddenly set on foot; away went hounds very near his brush, running to Charlton and

Greenhaugh, bolted a fox out of a cundy wherein he had taken refuge, and finally pulled him down near Newton at 9.30 p.m., breaking their fox up by lamplight.

One of the longest runs the Border had was in 1883, when they found near Kielder Nick, ran from 8.30 to 4 p.m. to Carryburn, where the fox got to ground; a terrier was put in but both fox and terrier were dead when recovered the next day. The distance covered was over forty miles.

When the Border had a joint meet with the Liddesdale in season 1903, six foxes were killed above ground near College Water, four of them being dog foxes and two vixens, in fact for the last six seasons an average of fifty brace of foxes are killed by this sporting little pack; in season 1922-23 they killed 110 foxes.

The kennels used to be at Byrness till 1918; now they are at Cold Town, near Woodburn, the Master's residence.

The Bay Horse Inn at Woodburn, by the by, possesses a unique sign. This is a portrait of the famous North country race-horse, Dr. Syntax, who won more gold cups than any horse of his day; in fact they were never equalled. Had he won the gold cup at Preston in 1823 his record would have been enhanced by a set of four gold horseshoes. This sign was presented by Mr. Matthew Bell, at that time representing South Northumberland in the House of Commons, to the landlord.

In common with most hill-packs the hounds favoured are light coloured—some are almost white—and they must be lightly made, as heavy timbered hounds do not suit the hills, being far too slow.

Two of the best Mr. Robson says he ever knew for driving and killing foxes were Comely, during his brother's mastership, and Stormer, who did yeoman service for the Border pack.

A ten-season bitch Crafty, who was descendant of the famous Wyndham Comely, put a fox up in Raven Crag many years ago and killed him unassisted after a sixteen mile point at Whitehall in College.

No great kennel strength is kept, never more than twelve couple; at the present there are only eight, yet every hound is a worker; when they find a fox they literally course him down, giving him no rest, often casting themselves and very rarely going to "holloas."

Among other peculiarities the Border do not don the traditional scarlet to go a-hunting, but wear a steel-grey coat. Perhaps in no other hunting country do hounds beat a fox up with the rapacity that the Border do. Frequently, when the final rush and tumble comes, hounds rush at their fox as they would a rabbit, tearing him bit from bit and limb from limb, so keen are they. In the revised addition of Deline Ratcliffe's "Noble Science," Mr. C. A. Blew, the editor, says in a footnote: "It is curious how little some packs seem to care about breaking up a fox. I could mention several with which the worrying and tearing is usually accomplished by a few hounds only. Some, on the other hand, are very keen, and possibly the keenest I saw are the Border, which hunt a wild country in Northumberland. On one occasion when the writer was with them they had a good run, about eight miles straight. Hounds ran their fox in view for the last half-mile or so, finally pulling him down in a beck. Mr. Robson, the Master, who also hunted the hounds, jumped off his horse, made his way down the bank, rescued the fox and scrambled up again. Staying a moment to recover his breath, the pack made for the fox, upsetting the Master in their hot haste. With the same pack I witnessed a feat I never saw accomplished before. A hunted fox took refuge under a boulder on the moors. He was not

far in and was soon drawn out by the scruff of the neck by the Master's brother. He was a fine fox and must have weighed quite thirteen pounds. Still holding him by his neck, Mr. Robson mounted his horse and rode off, to drop the fox half a mile or so farther on."

En passant, let it be said the average weight of a dog fox is fifteen pounds, whilst that of his mate thirteen and a half pounds, though, of course, many foxes (those of the hand-reared, ignorant of locality, tally-ho back sort as a rule weigh much less). Frank Gillard, who hunted the Belvoir for so long, used to say the heaviest fox he ever handled turned the scale at seventeen and a half pounds, whilst old Joe Bowman, who hunted the Ullswater for nigh on half a century, handled many heavier foxes. Mr. F. Straker, of Morpeth, once had a tame fox that, when weighed, tipped the beam at twenty-one pounds, but, of course, this was an exception to the general rule.

Perhaps in no hunting country is a Master better supported; shepherds, farmers and landowners are such keen, enthusiastic sportsmen, that puppies are always well walked and they must be well reared before coming back to kennels, otherwise, as Beckford so truly says, "they are useless."

So deeply implanted in the Border is the love of good, clean, health-giving sport, till it is ingrained in the blood of the cheery, hospitable inhabitants, seeming to become an integral part of their system, that without hesitation at all the thought comes to one that the love of a good horse, joy at the full-throated cry of hound, and the indescribable thrill occasioned by the sweet music of the horn, coupled with all the other manifold pleasures found on the heather and woodlands, hunting will continue on the Border for generations yet unborn.

THE NORTH TYNE

Lying in North-West Northumberland, this country adjoins the Border on the north, the Liddesdale on the west, the Haydon on the east and the Tynedale on the south.

Hounds have always been hunted on the Border either by a Robson or Dodd from time immemorial; in fact tradition asserts that the moss troopers kept bloodhounds and were no whit less fond of hunting than plundering and rieving. Hounds were kept by the Dodd family on the Border and North Tyne till 1878, when they transferred them to the Border, Messrs. Hedley taking over after that and having a long reign of over fifteen years, Mr. M. A. Hedley being joined by Mr. Thomas Robson, or as he was more familiarly known "Tom o' Bridge Ford."

Mr. Hedley retired in 1901, leaving Mr. Robson to carry on alone for nine seasons. It is said on the Border that there never was a keener huntsman than the late Mr. Robson; he hunted the North Tyne country three days a week for ten seasons, getting together a wonderful little pack which was kennelled at his residence at Bridgeford. In the summer he hunted the Northern Counties Otter-hounds for Mr. Arthur Jones whenever that pack came to hunt the upper northern reaches of the Tyne. In the field he was assisted by his son, that fine sportsman and best of good fellows, Captain Thomas Robson, who still lives at Bridgeford, and who generally rides a winner at Rothbury or Kelso.

Of all the sportsmen in Northumberland few enjoyed a more deservedly wide-spread popularity than "Tom" Robson, of Bridgeford. He hunted that specially wild and remote open hill country lying west of the Border pack and extending into the

eastern fells of Cumberland, where at one time the old Irthing Vale Hunt carried on. Not only was he first-rate in this galloping land of wild heaths and trappy "soft" ground, but he was ever able to lead the way when he visited any of the low-country packs. In this respect he was unlike many fell hunters who, bold and reckless as they may be on their own ground, are not much use when it comes to following hounds over an ordinary enclosed country with frequent fences. He was also an accomplished handler of otter-hounds, hunting the Northern Counties for several seasons, and renowned for his breed of terriers. In addition to his sporting attainments he farmed largely in the way of sheep and Galloway cattle, and likewise did his share of public work on the County Council and other bodies. When his death occurred after a short illness at the early age of fifty, on the 2nd October, 1910, everyone, rich and poor alike, felt a sense of personal loss. The enormous attendance of all classes when he was laid to his last rest at Bellingham on a peerless autumn day—with the hills he had loved so well in the height of their beauty—was a sufficient gauge of the affectionate esteem in which he was held. Amongst that great gathering the hill-shepherds might have been counted by scores, who came from every end and side of his country, many having walked or ridden distances up to twenty miles to pay their last due to one whose voice and horn, mingled with the cry of his hounds on the morning drag, had for years sent their hunting blood tingling through their veins as daylight began to spread over the rolling hill and moorland. That same autumn a subscription list was opened to provide for the erection at Bellingham of a hospital as a permanent memorial to one of the finest sons of Tyne.

The *Newcastle Journal* for 3rd October, 1910, had the following obituary notice:

“ In the sudden death of Mr. Thomas Robson, of Bridgeford, Bellingham, from pneumonia, yesterday morning, one of the most notable and interesting sporting personalities of the North Tyne has passed away. A member of a famous agricultural family, Mr. ‘Tom’ Robson, as he was affectionately called, was a successful agriculturist himself, and from the period of his youth had been prominently associated with various branches of sport. A keen, vigorous athlete, he rendered conspicuous service in the ranks of Tynedale Rugby Football Club, and subsequently became one of the most fearless and accomplished fox-hunters of the Border country. A daring horseman with a thorough knowledge of the hill fox, he was for many years a capable Master of the North Tyne Foxhounds. The peculiar contour of the country required a sure-footed horse as well as a rider with a safe seat and good hands to negotiate it, and it was universally admitted that an unrivalled combination was to be found in the deceased and his mount. Mr. Robson visited Ireland in order to select his own horses, and personally and carefully supervised the breeding of his hounds. Only as recently as Monday last deceased was out hunting, showing all the freshness of feature and fine, robust-looking figure, and his unexpected death from the merciless scourge of pneumonia will be deeply mourned by the whole of the North Tyne community, who will ever cherish his memory. Endowed with a genial, lovable nature, he enjoyed the respect and esteem of everyone, and the death of such a generous, popular and active personality in the social and sporting life of the North Tyne is an irreparable loss.

“ A votary of all field sports that have so materially contributed to the splendid physique of the North Tyne yeoman, Mr. Robson for many years was an enthusiastic follower of the leash, being the leading spirit in the promotion of the Bellingham meeting,

where many long tail celebrities have first come into prominence. Under his regime a meeting was to have been held on Saturday next, and its success promised to surpass all its predecessors, but the venture will, of course, now have to be abandoned. Deceased, who was fifty years of age, was brother of Mr. Jacob Robson, the Master of the Border Hunt, and Mr. John Robson, of Newton, the famous sheep-breeder."

On Mr. Robson's death Mr. Murray, of Smale, took over control of this fine sporting little hill-pack, being followed by Mr. Bartholomew Charlton, who is still in office. During Mr. Murray's mastership it may be mentioned that the North Tyne went a few times, by invitation, into the Haydon country and showed more than one fine hunt on the fells round Riddlemhope and Nookton, appreciated to the full by the Haydon men.

To give some idea to those who know not the joys of hill-hunting with the Border or North Tyne, is indeed a hard task. Holding with the old adage of meeting early to get on the morning drag, the little field makes its way to the fixture between eight and eight-thirty o'clock. As a rule there is nothing of a "meet" as is usually understood in the low countries. The members of the field may, indeed, often be in position at different points of vantage on the hill before it is quite light, whilst it is quite a common procedure for the Master to "lay off" his hounds for the drag some little distance from the meeting spot if he thinks it desirable. The older hounds have, from experience, a good idea of where the hill fox usually makes his night journeys, and they retain strong memories of having taken it up at a particular spot before, so that quite often they will begin spreading out of their own accord at a point where they think "game" is likely to be found, and before

long the challenge will ring out from a trusty, seasoned old veteran who will have them all gathering to him in a twinkling and helping him in chiming chorus, now up a burn-side, crossing and recrossing; now through scroggy glens and patches of ling, over wet and rushy "flowers," and usually upward into some crag or glitters where the fox is unkenelled. This morning drag is the peculiar delight of hill-hunting and an admirable way of teaching a young hound steadiness and care in his work. One of the keenest hound-men of the North Tyne, of many years' knowledge and skill in all parts of the chase, once said: "A good hill run is grand, but to see hounds on the morning drag—one challenging it after the other—that's heavenly."

When reynard is raised from his kennel or "putten-off" as the shepherds say, the light-built hill foxhound displays a very different attitude to that shown by his steadiness and patience when on a drag. The determination and drive, which he must have bred in him if he is to be successful in his career, comes to the fore. Usually getting a good start with his fox, he keeps that advantage if there is anything like a scent to enable him to do so. With plenty of cry he forces his quarry along at a cracking pace for the first mile or two, and, as all hill fox-hunters know, this has a considerable effect in helping to bring a big, strong fox to hand, especially if he is roused in the early part of the day. Some critics, not entirely conversant with this type of hunting, would say this hound is sometimes even apt to be too full of drive and tongue, and to be wild in his casts when the scent is good. Sometimes he may be seen with his fellows, when having run up to a strong crag where the fox has slipped in, make a bold swing round the whole stronghold in full music. This might be mistaken for unsteadiness and wildness, but it is, instead, just keenness and a determination to "make it good,

forward," first. In such circumstances he will swing back amongst the rocks again without loss of time and be busy marking his fox to ground or driving him into the open once again.

Probably there has never been a more moving and, at the same time, more technically accurate account of hill-hunting ever written than that under the title of "With the Border Men" which Will H. Ogilvie contributed to *Baily's Magazine* in April, 1903. He says:

"Out in the heart of the Cheviots lies a little-heard-of territory, a *terra incognita* to most; a land of health and moss, of rock and tussock and stone, where the whaups cry in the daytime and the foxes call at night—a realm of its own from Yeavering Bell to the Carter, where Robson, of Byrness, is king, and Elliott, of Hindhope, prime minister; where the courtiers are Elliotts and Smiths and Douglasses and Dodds, all good men and true, breeders of sheep whose fame has crossed the Seven Seas, dispensers of a hospitality, the name of which has reached the ends of the earth. But it is as Nimrods, as mighty hunters of the hills, that I would write of the Border men. . . . In Jacob Robson, of Byrness, they have an ideal huntsman, keen-eyed as a mountain eagle, a bold and skilful horseman as ever rode over the scars, and his love is a morning meet when the mists are lifting on College Water, and his pride the six or seven couple of grizzle-white hill-hounds that drive along the hillsides at his horse's feet. . . . It is the sight of a lifetime to see them drawing the glitters as they call the rubbly, rocky patches on the face of the hill, over Grubbit or Wideopen, and beside them Robson and his henchmen cheering them to their work with the strange wild cries that belong exclusively to the Border men. Then, away in the lead, a grizzled-white hound owns

the line, and then the hills are full of melody as one by one they take it up, and over all you hear the cheer, 'For-rit! For-r-r-rit!' It is always 'For-rit' where the hillmen ride. You shake up your eager hunter who is clever enough over a Tweedside country and willing enough to go forward when he can, but half a mile of climbing on a steep brae and you hear him already beginning to sob, and humanely you catch hold of his head and walk him, and then the hill ponies lob past you at a peculiar hopping canter, climbing without effort. Note the little chestnut as he goes by, breathing regularly and slow, without the semblance of distress, with an ear forward to the music and a bright eye on his work, not a scramble or a slip nor half a hoof set wrong—a very master of his craft and glorying in it.

"See! Here is somebody with a red Border terrier under his arm and another running lightly at his horse's heels, for when the fox, hard pressed, goes to ground under some crags in Hen's Hole or above Kale Water, then comes the terrier's turn, and game with the gameness of everything well-bred, man and horse and fox and hound—the stout heart for the stey brae—will bolt the hunted rover from his refuge or bail him up till spades arrive. But away on the misty hill-top above you the last of the hill-bred little horses has disappeared and when at length, after many scrambles and sideslips and girth-deep plunges in a soft place, you reach the crown of the ridge, you see far off on the next range the white hounds streaking up the brown hillside like flies upon a window-pane, and on the wind comes back their merry clamour and the ceaseless 'For-rit!' 'For-r-r-rit!' Now the riders are dividing, some to the right, some to the left; riding hard, for if scent will hold, before they can skirt that mighty hill, the white pack and those four men who are climbing straight behind them will be over and into Bowmont Water, or maybe streaking,

tireless and keen, over the very top of Grubbit with their heads to Kale. Between you and them lies a great gulf fixed, not only that half-mile of tussocked valley, but twenty to forty years of apprenticeship to riding in the hills—a gulf no years nor yearning love of sport can bridge. And so you sit and watch while your horse catches his breath in big gulping sobs, with his ears forward to the far-off music. . . . You are not afraid of the fences in the low country, but not for all the gold of Klondyke are you going down over that precipice at a hand gallop. . . . So the visitors to the Border country must, for the most part, be content to be ‘hill-toppers,’ as they call those who keep along the high ridges and never, when they can help it, descend a hill which has to be climbed again. But even ‘hill-topping’ is an art, an art born of quiet eye and ear, knowledge of the country, and that queer natural intuition of where hounds are going that some men have.

“Sometimes they will finish a run at the edge of the hill country, then by general vote they will ‘draw’ some farmhouse, sweeping down on it twenty strong, damp with the hill mists and smelling of the heather; and then the good wife’s scones melt away like Cheviot snows in April, and the strong drink goes down by the gallon, and the good-man hears the tale of how they ran a grey fox twenty miles and killed him a mile away down the water. And then they lead their wiry horses out and ride away west again into their well-beloved hills well pleased. And if ever these good people find their way among the hill homestead they will learn how the hill-men can pay a debt—sevenfold again!

“Finally, if you want to hunt with respectability and style, to meet at eleven or twelve o’clock, to follow a well-appointed pack and hunt servants in spotless pink and white, are they not here at your bridle-hand in the low country? But if you want to

be stirred to the heart by a strange wild sport that is all its own ride out to Fleehope or Cliftoncote in the early morning and hear Jacob Robson calling to his favourites as he casts them forward through the rocks, for 'this' as a Border sportsman said to me, 'I call Life!'"

CHAPTER IX

THE ALLENDALE, THE GILSLAND, THE BRAMPTON AND THE CUMBERLAND HUNTS

“The farther Northmen go, the more they learn.”
—*Tynedale Hunt Song.*

MENTION has been made in a preceding chapter of how the “Allendale Blackguards stole poor reynard from his rightful owners” after the great run with the Haydon on December 14th, 1836, from Homilton Plantation to Cupuls Bank where the fox got to ground. Apparently the Allendale folk had stolen reynard for their own purposes, for there was at this time extant a Hunt in the vale of Allen which showed very good sport.

Thanks to the courtesy of my good friend, Mr. John G. Nevin, several interesting particulars have been given to me in connection with old-time sport and hunting in Allendale. Mr. Nevin forms a living link with the past, as his grandfather was Master during the period before referred to, namely from 1830 to probably (Mr. Nevin thinks) 1834. Regarding the establishment he writes to me: “The pack was partly a trencher-fed one and hunted both fox and hare, half kennelled at Allendale, half at Allenheads. My grandfather, John Nevin, of Ridinghouse, was Master about 1830-34, but Messrs. William and Isaac Crawhall, of Allenheads, and others bore a considerable share in the upkeep of the Hunt.” Crawhall is, of course, a well-known Northumbrian name, and in the old chapel of early

English origin at Allenheads there are several mural monuments of the family extending over a considerable period of time.

Allendale at this time, of course, was a market town, where the hill farmers came on their stout hill ponies or "galloways," with their buxom wives riding a-pillion behind them. Though the country round the little old-world spot is of wild, rugged nature, yet to the intrepid sportsman who loves to see hounds work and cares not for "pace" or "quick things" it is ideal. The joy of seeing the light-coloured hounds slowly and surely feather out the line on the dark moors and fells—first Clinker has it, now Rachel, old Arrogant makes the cleughs resound with her name, whilst the field follow warily and carefully on their sure-footed Dale's ponies (of which Northumberland is not unduly proud), each sportsman eulogizing the powers of his own particular favourite.

Such was the sport enjoyed in the olden days when the Nevins and Crawhalls hunted in Allendale. Regarding which on the 29th November, 1834, William Crawhall wrote to Mr. John Nevin telling him of a wonderful hunt he had had. Thanks to the kindness of Mr. Nevin, who has lent me the letter, it can speak for itself:

"Having little to do this wet morning I give my account of the extraordinary fox chase we had on Wednesday last. The distance he would run (i.e., the fox) would be 25 miles near as I can estimate with the assistance of the map of Northumberland.

"1st.—From where he was unkennelled crossing Harsondale Cleugh to the south then back to the top of the Sillywray Wood to the north and into cleugh to where he broke cover—1 mile.

"From ditto to Low Stublick Colliery passing west side of High Stublick to Low Stublick— $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Down to West Dipton to Newbiggen—6 miles. Newbiggen down to Devil's Water to Linnels, then past the Greenwich Hospital Plantation—Dilston Pele, crossing east end of Dipton by Todburn Steel to Healy Mill, through East Wood House farm—5½ miles. Healy Mill, Fairly Gill, Scales Cross to near Grey Mare Colliery then cast back to Healy Plantation where the fox was 5 to 6 minutes ahead of 13 hounds—6 miles. Back Healy Plantation to Fair House then to Walker Shanks Plantation, from thence north to Greenwich Hospital Plantation and back to Shotley Burn Plantation where he was earthed—3 miles. 25 miles in all. My opinion is the fox ran more than this.

“The hunt commenced 20th with 18 couple of hounds, 10 couple from Allenheads, 7 from Allendale Town, 1 couple of Haydon hounds which came unexpected, which I will endeavour to place in the chase.

ALLENDALE TOWN HOUNDS

1. Tiplar—To Dotland.
 2. Battler—With fox.
 3. Winder—With fox.
 4. Ruler—East Dipton Wood.
 5. Butler—With fox.
 6. Soptly—Greymare Hill.
 7. Costly—West end of East Dipton.
 8. Smoker—Todburnsteel.
 9. Stranger—East Dipton.
 10. Gingler—East Dipton.
 11. Music—Not placed.
 12. Grahams—Not placed.
 13. Countess—With fox.
 14. Ransom—With fox.
- 5 hounds.

ALLENHEADS HOUNDS

1. Grinder—Supposed East Dipton, started on a bag fox, not placed.
 2. Stranger¹—Supposed East Dipton, started on a bag fox, not placed.
 3. —With fox.
 4. Madam—With fox.
 5. Miner—With fox.
 6. Driver—With fox.
 7. Duchess—With fox.
 8. Darling—With fox.
 9. Ranger—West End of East Dipton.
 10. Lovely—With fox.
 11. Lucy—About Newbiggen.
 12. Wanton—Scale Cross.
 13. Crowner—East Dipton.
 14. Ploughboy—East Dipton.
 15. Trueman—With fox.
 16. Ruby—Newbiggen.
 17. Ruler—Greenridge.
 18. Ransom—Greymare Pit.
 19. Careless—East end of Dipton.
 20. Music—Dipton Plantation.
- 18 hounds.

HAYDON HOUNDS

1. West end of Dipton Wood.
2. East end of Dipton laid down among the whins.

“There were 13 hounds at the end, 8 Allenheads, 5 Allendale Town, you will observe I have marked: you and I found the thrown-out dogs except for those that were first picked out by the footmen.

“The 4 dogs wanting out of the 13 when the fox was earthed were running in Walkershanks where you

¹ Was at the bottom of the works about the Peel, and never got them.

and I tried to call them off when on our road to Shotley, but could not succeed.

"You speak of publishing the chase in the newspaper; I believe it will be sufficiently published over this country when it is at all interesting, and think it better not. I am not one to puff. The most surprising part of this wonderful chase as to dogs that the swiftest hounds in your pack as well as the great favourites in our pack were in the chase the first to give in. I do expect now you will not be such an advocate for large dogs, for in this case you clearly see the little dogs outdo them, except for a few miles at first. I was so thoroughly tired and anxious to be at home that night, I never thought of the earth-stoppers; if you will remunerate them I will join at the expense.

"Give my compliments to Holmes and tell him Butler will do and shall never again be put into prison at Park House, even if he worry 10 sheep—and tell him to swear Butler was first from beginning to end."

I have quoted Mr. Crawhall's letter *in extenso* since it shows the sport they enjoyed in the earlier part of the last century. It also shows what thorough, painstaking, hound-loving sportsmen they must have been, when the performance of every hound is clearly noted. Where he stopped and how he acquitted himself. The general hunting anathema of calling hounds "dogs" had not yet become general, though Mr. Jorrocks always insisted on "'ounds, man, 'ounds!"

Mr. Crawhall must have had a very good knowledge of hill-hunting, and the part of his letter dealing with large hounds is fraught with a wealth of sound common sense. Large, bulky, ungainly hounds of the Peterborough show type are entirely useless for hill-hunting, as they soon tire in travelling over the

rough ground, whilst the small, easier travelling hound, such as used with the Border, North Tyne, Haydon and other hill-packs of to-day, gets to the end of the hardest, longest run.

Regarding this somewhat moot point the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, and no better judge ever strapped horn to saddle-bow, says in his introduction to Mr. Richard Clapham's "Foxes, Foxhounds and Fox-hunting":

"If the Peterborough Show has created a false standard, hound breeders are not entirely to blame. The show rather than the breeders has created the type of foxhounds, as in many other animals. If any animal—horse, pig or dog—is exhibited in the show ring bulk as a general rule is sure to tell. Now bulk in a shire horse or a hog or an ox may be indispensable, but in a foxhound it is a useless encumbrance."

In common with most old-time sportsmen Mr. Crawhall seems to have had a horror of being written about; most of them had in his day; the presence of a Nimrod or other hunting writer in the field was always regarded as a very unnecessary evil, as witness Lord Scamperdale's uncivic treatment of Mr. Sponge when he was told that Soapey was "one of those nasty writin' men." To-day a hunting scribe would hardly be treated in the same manner, perhaps he would be rather overwhelmed by people wishing to be famous: in any event he would describe the run of which Mr. Crawhall wrote to Mr. Nevin in the condensed pithy brief style which constitutes one of the main essentials in successful sporting journalism of which the following is an example:

"Threw off at Harsondale Cleugh, a fox was set on foot which ran the length of the Cleugh to Sillywray Wood and back when he broke cover for the north. Ran to Stublick Colliery, passing the west side of

High Stublick, leaving Low Stublick on the left-hand and down to Newbiggen. Then the fox made down the Devil's Water to Linnels, running right-handed by the Greenwich Hospital Plantation; passing Dilston Pele he crossed the east end of Dipton where several hounds were lost, going on to Todburnsteel, making from Healy Mill near the East Wood House Farm. Reaching there Reynard made straight over to Scales Cross almost to Greymare Colliery, then doubled back to Healy Plantation. Hounds were close on their fox now, and rattled him along past Healy Plantation on to Fair House where the fox ran a ring back to Walkershanks. Then he made for the north by way of the Greenwich Hospital Plantation, turned short back for Shotley Burn Plantations, where he got to ground after a good hunt of over twenty-five miles with seven and a half couple of hounds in at the finish, a worthy tribute to their stamina and stoutness."

Among the old Allendale Hunt papers there is an earlier letter from Mr. William Crawhall to Mr. Nevin, in which the former reveals himself as a good hound judge and breeder, for the letter reads:

"Our black hound, Countess, has brought forth seven whelps to Gingler, two of which are dogs and five bitch puppies. You spoke for some the colour of the dog and also of the male kind. Am sorry to say the two dog whelps are all black without any white, same as the mother. Two of the bitch whelps the same, which I ordered to be drowned, and other two of the bitches are black with about as much white upon them as the father has, but I fear with no tan about the head or legs. The seventh is a bitch red tanned all over, except a white patch down the face. I have given you a description of them and wish you to have your choice."

Though the Allendale Hunt was conducted in a proper manner, some of its followers seemed to have trespassed and committed damage which Mr. Nevin and Mr. Crawhall had to bear the brunt, as witness the following letter dated the 19th October, 1834, prior to the great run already recorded. There is no doubt that there was a certain amount of jealousy between the Allendale and Haydon, in all probability no whit lessened by the former Hunt digging out the Haydon's hunted fox. However, be that as it may, both Hunts showed excellent sport, and even to-day Hunt jealousy is by no means unknown; but in the old days men more or less hunted with the same pack, the shires and provinces not being within a few hours of each other. Up till quite recent times in the dales of Yorkshire and on the fastnesses of Northumberland the old sportsmen never moved out of their own immediate neighbourhood. That quaint old hunting character, "Bobbie" Dawson, for over sixty years whipper-in to the Dilsdale in Yorkshire, and one who lived for the chase alone, on being told that a certain gentleman present was accustomed to hunt with the Border, Morpeth and Percy exclaimed: "Ah's niver heerd on sike pleaces." But I will let Mr. Crawhall's letter speak for itself.

"Mr. Cuthbert (probably of Beaufront) has sent his keeper up with a letter dated 16th October, complaining of the Allendale hunters trespassing on his ground at Nubbock and Greenridge. I will give you an extract of his letter: 'My gamekeeper informs me that the Allendale hounds came last Saturday and persevered in hunting on my ground. I dislike fining them under such circumstances and therefore request you will endeavour to put a stop to it. If you cannot, is there any mode I can adopt to put a stop to it without proceeding to such an extremity? If you think there is not I will give my man directions

to proceed against them by information before the magistrates and have them fined. I have told the keeper there would be no difficulty in putting a stop to it, that I would write to you as Master of the Allendale Hunt, who, I was convinced, would not allow any such trespass in future and that there having been without your knowledge or consent. Now I wish you and Holmes would tell the hunting lads what danger they run and desire them to desist, otherwise I cannot again stand up for them and, of course, they will have to undergo the lash of the law.'

"We had a beautiful hunt yesterday, killed four hares, the best run we have had for the week. Battler led the run."

Mr. Crawhall then concludes with a postscript which shows that the old Allendale sportsmen were in no whit less keen about a deal than their successors to-day. Says he:

"We have to go to Greenridge to hunt next month, when you will have an opportunity of showing off your black gelding."

On Mr. Nevin's death, or retirement in 1834, the Allendale Hunt was carried on for some years by the late Mr. Thomas Steel, of Podsbank (agent for Mr. W. B. Beaumont, afterwards first Lord Allendale), and there are many interesting items regarding "The Allendale Subscription Hunt" in the minute book in my possession.

RULES OF THE ALLENDALE SUBSCRIPTION HUNT

October 5th, 1846.

"At a meeting of subscribers to the Allendale Subscription Hunt held at the house of Mr. Thomas Dawson, innkeeper, at Allenheads on Monday, October 5th, 1846. Mr. Thos. Sopwith in the chair.

1st.—It was unanimously agreed that a hunt be established, to be called the Allendale Subscription Hunt.

2nd.—That the days of hunting be on alternate Saturdays at Allendale and Allenheads, and that on 3 days' notice being given, another day's hunt to be in the Allenheads district any week during the season."

Probably there were frequent "bye-days" when a few keen sportsmen foregathered with a few couple of hounds to get on the early morning drag.

"3rd.—That all persons approved of by the committee of this Hunt and subscribing one pound or upwards annually be members of this Hunt, and that all persons keeping a dog and approved of in respect thereof by the committee, shall be admitted as a member of the Hunt and be entitled to attend all general meetings and to vote at the same."

This was a general rule found in all olden hunts' rules of the time.

"4th.—That Mr. Steel be the Master of the Hounds, and that his offer to take charge of the same is accepted by this meeting, which has great confidence in the ability with which he has always attended to this department.

5th.—That the licence be paid together with all other expenses out of the funds of the subscription and that the licence be taken out in Mr. Steel's name.

6th.—That Thomas Graham be appointed huntsman to this subscription hunt."

As was usual, the huntsman followed another occupation, and this was pretty general throughout the country with the smaller packs.

"7th.—That the following members be appointed as a committee to attend to the business of this

subscription hunt and that meetings be held alternately at Allendale Town and Allenheads: Mr. Sopwith, Mr. Steel, Mr. Watson, Mr. Bownas, Mr. Christopher Nevin, Mr. Wm. Walton.

8th.—That Mr. Dodd be secretary and treasurer of this Hunt.

9th.—That it is expressly understood that all members of this Hunt pledge themselves to preserve the game on the manors of Mr. Beaumont and other adjoining proprietors by using their utmost efforts to prevent poaching and to bring to conviction any persons guilty of the same."

Nearly all the country over which the pack hunted belonged to Mr. Beaumont, afterwards the first Lord Allendale.

March 1st, 1856.

It was unanimously agreed that the following members be appointed as a committee: T. Sopwith, Esq., Mr. Thos. Steel, Mr. J. J. Watson, Mr. Wm. Curry, Mr. Joseph Lee, Mr. Wm. Walton.

So the Hunt was carried on for years; season after season saw Mr. Steel showing good sport, but his death created a vacancy that was not capable of being filled and we read:

"In consequence of the lamented death of Mr. Thos. Steel, who for so many years attended with great zeal to the business of the Allendale Subscription Hunt, a meeting of the several subscribers to the Hunt was duly called by written notice sent to every subscriber requesting their attendance at the King's Head Inn on Friday, the 26th August, 1864, at four o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour the following were present, namely: Mr. Thos. Sopwith, in the chair, Mr. W. Le Arson, Mr. W. J. Johnson, Mr. W. Holmes."

The subject of the Hunt was brought under consideration, and it appears to be the general opinion that there are not so many persons anxious to continue the Hunt as to afford a prospect of its being successfully maintained. Of the indifference on the subject the small attendance at the meeting is a sufficient proof.

It was unanimously resolved :

“ 1st.—To discontinue the Hunt.

2nd.—That the balance now in hand is £36 3s. 4d. and that there are contingent liabilities amounting probably to £28 11s. od., leaving an available balance of £7 12s. 4d.

3rd.—That Mr. Wm. Holmes be requested to discontinue the hounds and finally close the affairs of the Hunt.

4th.—That any balance may eventually be applied in aid of a memorial to the memory of the late Mr. Steel who for more than seventy years attended the Hunt, in fact from boyhood to within a few weeks of his death.

5th.—That information be sent to the several subscribers that the Hunt is discontinued.”

After this the country was incorporated in the Haydon territory where, of course, it still remains.

THE GILSLAND HUNT

Mr. Gelderd's Hounds and Others

In the olden time, as we have seen, the Haydon met at Gilsland, possibly by invitation, and committed depredations on the stout hares and exe foxes found in those parts. For many years a pack of trencher-fed hounds were kept at the picturesque “land of Gyghlls” by the farmers around who took office alternately as Master. Tradition relates that these

hounds were some of old John Peel's, noted for their drive and music, but on the subject of sporting literature is silent. Much the same sort of pack is still kept at Bewcastle, which shows good sport in a very rough country. Later on Mr. Gelderd, whose name figures in the Haydon diary as a liberal subscriber and who was well known with the Cumberland fell packs of the day, started a pack, which at first he hunted himself two days a week. The kennels were at The Shaws Hotel, Gilsland, and Mr. Gelderd's kennel huntsman, James Backhowse, was a curious character. On account of the trouble occasioned by long draws to find a fox he kept in a yard adjacent to the kennel sometimes as many as thirty foxes, which were fed on the ordinary "kennel" pudding and young rabbits. By way of exercise he used to stir them up every morning with a light carriage whip, and they were exercised round the yard. Whether these hounds were "stop" hounds history does not relate, but Backhowse's method was no bad plan in a country with few covers or woods.

Mr. Gelderd resigned his horn after a while to Mr. Thomas Ramshay, who had previously married his daughter. That he was an excellent sportsman there is no doubt, for he was one of the country squires of the olden times, a good shot, a clever huntsman and with rare sporting blood in his veins. He was one of the Ramshays of Barnton, and his father owned the redoubtable "Lazy" Lanercost. Lanercost was by Liverpool, also owned by Mr. Ramshay, from a fifteen pound mare named Otis who belonged to Lord Egremont. After a successful Turf career Liverpool was brought to stud at Naworth Castle, Lanercost being his first foal. His sire's end was an unhappy one says "The Druid" in "Silk and Scarlet."

"In 1844 the old horse was sold for £2,000 to the

French Government, but he died before he was delivered. He had narrowly escaped with

‘The slight and slender jasmine tree,
That blooms on my Border Tower,’

from being burnt alive amid the ruins of Naworth Castle only to meet a less glorious fate. During the confusion which ensued for the next two or three weeks he was left to incompetent hands to physic and he died in most fearful pain. In spite of this misfortune with him Mr. Ramshay did well with his sons, Naworth, Moss Trooper and Broadworth, and still better with Lanercost whom he bought as a yearling for 120 guineas from the owner of his dam Otis. He was an enormous feeder and became so thick and fat that he was sent off to Tom Dawson to do gentle work at Middleham all his two-year-old season.

“The coarse head and neck, the latter of which assumed a live shape in many of his stock, were all there then, and slug as he was he could always, as if in anticipation of Ascot, make the liveliest resistance if any medicine was to be put down. When they first tried it he went right on end and stuck his head into the plaster ceiling of his box, and a little egg-shaped indentation which still tells of ‘Lanercost his mark’ had much more interest for Northern wanderers than Belt Willie’s armour in the old Banquet Hall.

“To judge from the amount of persuasion he required to make him move, he was nearly as thick-skinned as Brunswick who used to go six miles and wear thick double hoods and quarter pieces whenever he had to sweat.

“The last of Lanercost in his racing days was crawling round the turn for home at Ascot, and his action quite gave us that impression, which had not more than once flashed across Templeman that his back was broken. He had all the requisites of a

racer, fine arched loins and a beautiful back, and with best of legs if they had not been afflicted with corns."

With this good horse's Turf career we have not here to do. But Mr. Gelderd also owned two famous local horses in Spawater and Lady Gosling who had successful steeplechasing careers, and were also used to a turn with the hounds, in fact Lady Gosling was Mr. Ramshay's favourite mount. This pair, who made local sporting tradition, were trained by Beveridge, who subsequently went as stud groom to Mr. J. C. Straker at Stagshaw Bank. Mr. Gelderd kept on his hounds till 1886, when he gave them up, and during that period the Cumberland lent him that portion of their country which lay east of the River Eden. Upon Mr. Gelderd's retirement a new pack was got together by Mr. Grey, of Naworth Castle, who rechristened them the "Irthing Vale Hounds," and it was in honour of their sporting prowess that Isaac Pattinson wrote the following song. This still has a great local hold, and one can hear it sung at the tail of the plough, in the village smithy, or at any sporting or convivial gathering.

THE IRTHING WATER HUNT

On the 11th of October eighteen and seventy-three,
I will give you all particulars if you listen unto me.
The hounds from Irthing Water Head their appointment
did fulfil.
They cast off at the Villicha Craig, poor Reynard's blood
to spill,

Chorus:

Tally-ho, hark away: tally-ho, hark away;
Success to Irthing Water Hounds,
Hark, hark away.

There was Mondy and Cæsar, and Royal likewise,
Their noted skill for hunting everyone doth prize:
Then Darling, Ruby and Phatus, being of the female sex,
They showed great determination for the hunting of the
fox.

Tally-ho, etc.

At seven o'clock that morning they reached Villicha Craig,
They hunted the ground all over but could not find a drag;
But the celebrated Mondy, he tried a favourite hole,
Then turned his head towards the crowd and loudly he did
call.

Tally-ho, etc.

The hounds were called together, with speed, I do declare,
And by the aid of a terrier they brought Reynard from
his lair;
With all his might he headed north, but to his great
surprise,
A female, early in the field, dazzled Reynard's eyes.

Tally-ho, etc.

How gallantly those dogs went off and ran,
With loud cries of vengeance that Reynard he should die;
The hunters, being far behind, they thought him to the
Spy their work was done,
But they met the hounds returning with two foxes instead
of one.

Tally-ho, etc.

Those animals they did their best their precious lives to
save,
But finding that their race was run they prepared for the
grave;
Death was their fate, they both were killed, dispute this
all who can,
They killed one at the Villicha Craig, and the other at the
Naked Man.

Tally-ho, etc.

Now we'll drink success to Irthing lads, and push the bottle
around,
O'er those lofty hills and mosses their melodious voices
sound;
They are well known, both far and near, for the hunting
of the hound,
From the West Seas to Tynemouth Bar no better can be
found.

Tally-ho, etc.

Gilsland is renowned for many things, including its famous "Spa," the historic old cottage of Meg Merrilles, which Scott named "Mumps Ha," and in the old days hunting and hound trailing. The latter find a niche in Gilsland's ancient fame; many are the stories current of the brave old days of yore, when "hunds was hunds," as an old man expressed himself to me once. One of the first records of hound trailing which I find in my notes is in 1845, when Mr. Hodgson's, of Aitken, Carter (by Haydon, noticed in an earlier chapter), who was procured from the old-time Haydon, ran second to Black Towler, owned by Mr. T. Green, at Burgh Marsh Races (long now banished from the calendar) and beat the celebrated "Brampton bitch" whilst in her prime.

Tipler, a hound bred and kept at Swaits near Gilsland, ran several ten to twelve mile matches. This hound was the admiration and boast of both old and young fox-hunters throughout the country in which he hunted. It was always "Lake thou ard Tipler hes it" with the Gilsland pack in the olden days. For without undue boast he was considered the most certain and sensible hound that ever ran fox over the wild fells, hills or moors of the North. It was Tipler when the "aroed" was being drunk that obtained the credit of securing many a brush, and right resolutely did he fight to obtain the coveted trophy. In those days it was not the custom to attach the mask to the whipper-in's saddle, it being generally carried by one of the pack; to his credit let

it be said Tipler carried many a gory trophy home, and woe betide those who tried to take it from him.

Whilst on the subject of hound trailing a trail was once held at Gilsland which makes the famous "Bluecap" match at Newmarket pale before it. In "The Victoria History of Cumberland" the account reads as follows :

"A trail match of twelve miles between Ruby, the Brampton bitch, and a fine bred foxhound called Ranger which came from the Haydon pack, was once decided at Gilsland. The greatest pains was taken by the owners to bring their hounds to the post in first-rate condition. A singular peculiarity of this match was a stipulation that both hounds should have the companion with which they had been accustomed to run, in order to make or assist the running. Damsel, a bitch belonging to Mr. Thompson, started for this purpose with Mr. Todd's Ranger; whilst Gilkerson's Crowner started with the Brampton bitch Ruby. The first trail was from Waterhead to Kershope Head, which turned out unsatisfactory. The hounds were so fast, and made the turning so speedily that they got so close to the drag, that they had left the trail before arriving at the goal. A fresh start had therefore to be made, and the parties agreed to run directly back from Kershope to Waterhead. Mr. Todd's Ranger led and kept the lead in both the chases with the exception of about a mile, middle way in the second race. He galloped in winner at the finish, full of resolution and courage, and immediately flew at a 'grew' belonging to Mr. Hedley, of Bewshaugh, and would have made short work of the long 'tail' if its owner had not removed it from Ranger's attentions. Time over 12 miles, 25½ minutes."

But it must be remembered that the hounds had done eleven miles previously over a very rough

country indeed, not a brush harrowed race-course over which the "Bluecap" trial was held.

Ranger was got by Lord Wemyss's Rummager from the Haydon Lawless, so good blood once more counted as it always does in the long run.

Amongst other famous hounds were those belonging to Mr. John Todd, of Waterhead, Gilsland, who at one time had a large, fine-shaped, resolute hound called Towler. He was for years regularly hunted with the Gilsland pack, always being the foremost in the van, possessing an undeniable nose. He is still spoken of by those who have heard stories recounted of his marvellous speed (he used to carry a bag of shot round his neck whilst hunting) and stoutness as by far the best trail hound throughout the North Countrie in his day. Twenty years later Mr. Todd had another Towler—tradition does not say if the two hounds were related. No better foxhound at all points was ever slipped from a couple.

THE BRAMPTON HUNT

In the quaint, picturesque, old town of Brampton which lies nestling in a hollow over the Cumberland Border, and where in days of old "Belted Will," Earl of Carlisle, held high wassail, hunting has gone on for many decades. The Howards of Naworth Castle certainly hunted the red deer in the woods and forests which at that date covered nearly all Cumberland.

The monks of Lanercost too kept hounds, and it is a matter of tradition that they too hunted their fill when not engaged in defending their property from the Scotch and moss-troopers. So mighty a prince as Edward I, who was hardened by a life spent in the saddle, and who, when not engaged in warfare, was a keen and good sportsman, could hardly have spent a winter at lonely Lanercost without some form of amusement, so it seems pretty safe to conjecture that

"Edward Longshanks" wiled away the dreary winter of 1306 with horse and hound, and many times did the forests ring and fells re-echo to the "mort" on the forester's horn. It is recorded that during the winter that he spent there over two hundred stags were killed in the forests around Lanercost. After the Reformation the Priory came into the possession of the Dacre family, from whom are descended the present line of Howards. Though no records are extant of sport in Belted Will's day, yet like most high-born gentlemen of his time the art of venery and woodcraft must have formed part of his education, and it is to be expected that so masterful a man would not be content without some of the pleasures of the chase around his Northern home. Racing, hunting, cock fighting played a large part in the country gentleman's calendar of old, for travelling was dangerous, the roads bad, and long journeys were only made by wealthy people. This Belted Will also owned "Barbary horses," and it is probable that more than once he bore away the famous "Bell" at Carlisle Races, the inscription on which is as follows: "The swiftest hors this bel to tak for Mi Lady Daker sake." From one of his breeding is descended the famous Bylery Turk who forms a link in the chain of the pedigree of Isonomy. On Langanby Moor many a match was decided by the "Running Horses," as they were called, and many a guinea of good red gold was lost and won.

This is a digression from Brampton town and its hunt, yet the old district is so bound up in historical matter that some reference must be made to the days when the Dacres, Howards and others hunted from Naworth to the walls of Carlisle.

In more recent times hounds, trencher-fed of course, were kept by the farmers of Brampton, who like the old Haydon, hunted hare and fox, with an occasional deer from Naworth Park.

Nevertheless, the first record of an established hunt at Brampton—for in the early nineteenth century it was no strange thing to find three separate packs hunting a country now covered by one alone—is in 1853 when Mr. G. L. Carrick, of Brampton, started a pack of harriers to hunt around Brampton and Naworth, and over part of the country which the then Cumberland Foxhounds held sway. Mr. Carrick had a long reign, showing excellent sport for over twenty-eight seasons, when he was succeeded by Mr. H. B. Lonsdale who reigned till 1887.

During this Master's term of office the famous Sandy (who hunted the Carlisle Otter-hounds during the summer) was Mr. H. B. Lonsdale's huntsman. His end was a tragic one. In May, 1886, the Harriers met to finish the season at Seathill, Irthington. After hounds had been in full cry for twenty minutes the huntsman was missed; shortly afterwards a labourer crossing a field near Fivelands found the huntsman dead with his favourite terrier seated on his chest, his hunting-crop fast in his hand. Thus the famous old huntsman died, the music of the hounds, which he loved so well, being the last sound that fell on his ears.

Speaking in no invidious sense "Sandy" was the guiding spirit of the Carlisle Otter-hounds, and their sporting success for a quarter of a century was no doubt due to his unflagging energy and devotion to what he considered was an almost sacred cause. He was one of the old-time type of huntsmen, and combined both the qualities of a good houndman, and both in and out of kennel, his hounds would obey every note of his wonderful voice, and every gesture of his hand.

The following verses appeared in a sporting journal of the day soon after his death :

"Now, Sandy, brace your iron nerves, the bugle sounds afar,
This morn we meet at four o'clock, beyond the Scottish bar,

Nigh where the Roman legions once pitched their mighty tent,

Nigh Esk and Liddle's trysting place both man and hound are bent.

Ho! farmers of Kirkinton listen to the glorious sounds,
List to the deep-mouthed baying of the Carlisle Otter-hounds.

Hark! ho the hounds are coming 'mid the bustle and the din,

And loud the hills re-echo ere we reach the moated linn.

As we view the famous huntsman marching proudly in the van,

Our hearts are beating wildly, both the hearts of hound and man.

Then shouts the gallant Carrick from the topmost of the mounds,

'Three cheers for otter-hunting and the Carlisle Otter-hounds.'

Now the lads of Nichol Forest are to the front this day,
And hunters from the Liddle side make haste to join the fray,

While many a Border Reiver's son, whose old profession's gone,

Pulls on his stoutest hunting boots and jumps his nag upon;

And Elliots bold and Armstrongs true forsake their hunting grounds

To follow Carrick's banner and the Carlisle Otter-hounds.

Ho! 'tis a gallant muster toll at such an early hour,
To meet the Eskdale beagles at Gilnocki's Border Tower.
We must cross the Esk and Liddle or gain the Scottish side,

So we bound upon our horses and we stem the double tide,
When a cheering note of welcome from the Vale of Esk resounds,

A glorious shout of triumph from the Carlisle Otter-hounds.

Ere the morning sun had rested on Criffel's distant hill
We had scented our first otter and made an early kill,

While shepherds from the mountain tops had left their
flocks to roam,

And pitmen, black as niggers, join the hunt at Knottyholm;
On we sped along the valley not recking of our mounds,
Like a tempest down the river swept the Carlisle Otter-
hounds.

Hark! now the hounds are speaking, then a 'varmint' in
the wind,

Old Towler's fair upon his track, tho' Hector made the
find.

Now Nichol Forest to the front and lead the grand foray,
A great and noble trophy is within thy reach to-day;

But was ever such a hunter? it was worth a thousand
pounds,

When Carrick tailed the otter for the Carlisle Otter-
hounds.

But alas! the chase is over, and our tears are falling fast,
For the famous huntsman's bugle horn has blown its final
blast,

Tho' gazing on his lifeless form seems like a hideous
dream,

'Tis one sad proof that he has crossed yon overwhelming
stream.

Each noble hound gave one loud yowl and held his panting
breath,

As the prince of otter-hounds lay within the arms of
death."

The next Master was Mr. W. Anderson, who showed excellent sport for the five seasons which he was in office. He was followed by Mr. R. G. Graham, of Netherby Hall, a very old Cumbrian family, who was in turn succeeded by Mr. Wilfred Allison, who only held office for a couple of seasons. Major G. A. Mounsey Heysham then hunted them for three seasons. The new Master was also Master of the Carlisle Otter-hounds, which he bought, keeping them on till 1901, when Mr. H. Brooks Broadhurst joined him in the mastership of the

Brampton Harriers. The otter-hounds were then sold to Mr. J. W. Graham. Ned Park was Major Heysham's huntsman to both the otter-hounds and harriers. Major Heysham retired in 1906, leaving Mr. Broadhurst to carry on alone till 1910. The next Master to assume the Hunt livery of "Green coat, black velvet collar and red waistcoat" was the late Mr. W. M. Wood, who was in command for a single season, being followed by Mr. Sidney Topham, and Mr. Andrew Gillon, who were only Masters for a single season also.

In the year 1912 the mastership was taken over by Mr. T. L. Wordsworth of the 5th Lancers, who kennelled fourteen couple of nineteen inch harriers at The Nook, Rose Hill, near Carlisle. The new Master also formed a pack of foxhounds which hunted the same district two days a week. Mr. Wordsworth carried the horn himself, showing very good sport, for his hounds had grand hunting qualities, and moreover the Hunt was very popular with the farmers in the district, who supported it cordially. Mr. Wordsworth continued as Master till 1917 when the pack was given up. The following appeared in a sporting journal some time ago :

"A meeting was held last month towards this end (i.e., December, 1922) at which those in favour of the project explained the manner in which it is suggested the country should be hunted. Most of the landowners in the country have already expressed their willingness to support the scheme, and most of the farmers are keen on the sport and have missed the opportunity of a gallop with hounds."

Unfortunately these well-placed efforts came to naught, and at present there are no hounds hunting the Brampton country, though the Cumberland Farmers' pack occasionally visit it.

There is a hope that a pack may be established in

the little old-world town once more, where the sportsmen of old days congregated to talk over Carlisle races or compare the greyhounds competing for the Brampton Cup, on the Swifts, and where "Bonnie Prince Charlie" broke his unlucky march to London.

THE CUMBERLAND HUNT

In the Border County of Cumberland sport of all sorts has long held pride of place in the affections of its inhabitants.

In the days of yore, wrestling, coursing, cocking, bull baiting, hound trailing and racing both on Langenby Moor near the Border city of Carlisle, at Penrith and half a dozen other places, were some of the attractions to which flocked the stout-hearted squires from lofty hall and moated grange and the honest yeoman from fair homestead, and, lonely hill farm.

To us at the present it may seem strange that no mention of the glory of the chase is brought forward; but gossiping Sandford who wrote of the county's "merry past," never makes even one mention of hunting, though doubtless those two great sportsmen, Dick Senhouse and Sir George Fletcher, hunted the red deer of Inglewood to their hearts' content, winding many a "mort" when the stag came to hand and their rough-haired deer-hounds had their reward at last.

The Countess of Pembroke, who was the first and last woman to be "pricked" as High Sheriff and who used to sit in that capacity on the right hand of the judge at the Westmorland Assizes, tells us in her diary that "there is a tradition that a single greyhound named Hercules ran a stag out of Whinfell Park in Westmorland to Red Kirk near Annan in Scotland

and back to Whinfell Park, nigh 120 miles, when both being spent, the stag leaped over the park pales but died on the opposite side, and the greyhound attempting to leap fell and died on the contrary side." In memory of the feat the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree hard by and the following couplet being made upon them :

" Hercules killed Harta-greese
And Harta-greese killed Hercules."

However, be that as it may, in common with most parts of the country the fox was regarded as the worst kind of vermin; in fact the churchwardens used to offer five shillings for every fox's head brought to hand, which sum was generally spent in a steaming joun of punch, in which it may not be libellous, to say the staid and worthy churchwardens participated.

The fact remains that no records are extant of hunting in Cumberland till the approach of the last century, the first record which comes to light being an old hunt button of plated silver and on which is inscribed a hare at full stretch, with the words "Cumberland Hunt" over it. The third George's head appears on the stamp of the button, the date being 1770, which goes to prove that hare hunting was carried on at this date, though doubtless these harriers had many a merry morning's run after the hill foxes which were described as *fierce as tigers and long as hay bands* by the shepherds and dalesmen of the hill farms, who were doubtless glad to see the green-coated, white-collared sportsmen on the scent of these midnight plunderers and lamb slayers.

These harriers gradually were entered to fox, and at the latter end of the eighteenth century Squire Edward Hasell, of Dalemian, was Master, being generally dubbed "Squire Black Cap" owing to him wearing a small cap of that colour when hunting.

An old hunting song of the period describes his prowess :

“ Up came Squire Hasell who cared not a pin ;

He leapt over the ditch, while they all tumbled in.”

This was when he was down the precipitous side of Swarthfell where, tradition says, no other horse had ever set shoe within, before or since.

His son, William Hasell, lived at Hutton Hall, near Penrith, and he also kept hounds, which were depicted on the pavement before the door. His successor was Edward Hasell, who owned Dalemain from 1794-1825, and whose hounds ran and killed the last stag in Inglewood Forest, when this ancient chase was disforested. His hounds continued to hunt both stag and fox; in fact a captured stag was annually in October turned out on Penrith race-course in the presence of a large and brilliant company who had assembled for the two days' racing; there being much “revelry by night” at the dinner and ball which followed, at which aspirants were elected members of the “Inglewood Hunt.”

In the year 1827, when the late Edward William Hasell was Master, the Hunt was amalgamated with the Cumberland Hunt, being known as the Cumberland Foxhounds, the country being advertised for the first time. The new Master was Major Colomb, with George Wright as huntsman.

The Cumberland at this time were hunting in Dumfriesshire, November being generally the month for this excursion, when Major Colomb generally took fifteen horses with him, since the Major kept up a very large establishment both in horses, men and hounds, sparing no expense for the sake of sport; which, however, was not as good as it should have been, foxes being very scarce in all parts of the country, this being the *prima facie* reason for the Major's retirement in 1831.

Though Major Colomb hunted a wild tract of Cumberland and part of Dumfriesshire, the Hasells had by no means given up their hounds, and the stag was let out at Penrith as in days of yore to the Inglewood Hounds, as the Hasell family pack was named. Consequent upon the Cumberland Foxhounds ceasing to be advertised, an amalgamation of sorts was effected, Mr. Hasell becoming Master, the Hunt still retaining the name of Inglewood; the Dumfriesshire visit was abandoned and the kennels shifted to Tarn Wadling. A good story is told of a certain sporting person who paid a visit there, saying to the kennel boy: "D—n it, Joe, you stink!" "Stink," reiterated Joe, "you'd stink if you slept on the bones the hounds eat!" Such was the lad's hard and humble couch.

Mr. Hasell considerably strengthened the pack, getting drafts from Sir Matthew White Ridley, then hunting the South Northumberland, whose huntsman, George Thompson, lived on with Mr. Hasell, and from the famous Duke of Cleveland, then Master of the huge Raby country.

Mr. Hasell seemed to have lost interest in the chase, the subscriptions dwindled to nothing, the hounds ran riot and slew sheep, so in 1836 the Master retired, no one coming forward to take his place, though the Hunt was carried on in a way, Mr. Murray's hounds coming from Dumfriesshire and hunting about Brayton and Bothell. But the Inglewood disappeared in 1839; they were sold into Northumberland and Durham for £29, but history does not relate who was the purchaser, but whoever he was he got a bad bargain, as on one occasion they ran, killed, and ate, a calf! Eventually they all came to the halter, and tanyard.

The successors of the Inglewood were the Carlisle Hounds who, though they had nothing to do with the former Hunt, being an entirely new pack

composed principally of old Cumberland and Tyndale trail hounds, took over the olden Hunt's territory with Bob Cowen as huntsman and kennels at Newton near Carlisle. Alas! both money and foxes were alike scarce, and the Hunt was in a parlous condition until Captain Ferguson, of Houghton Hall and of the 23rd R.D. Fusiliers, conceived the idea of turning the pack into stag-hounds. Of course the initial procedure was to get some stags, so the new Master applied to Lord Galloway, who said that they might have as many as they could catch, so accordingly Captain Ferguson and Cowen, set off with a few couple of old, steady hounds and in a fortnight there were boxed three stags and a hind.

But the career of Captain Ferguson was short, as he was ordered to Canada with his regiment, where he subsequently became famous as a big game shot.

Colonel Salkeld took command for seven seasons, having Joe Graham as his huntsman, keeping the hounds at his own expense at Holm Hill. On his retirement he made his huntsman a present of the hounds, which were generally entered to fox before Christmas morning, the carted stag being turned out for the remainder of the season.

Years before this the Cumbrian hero, John Peel, had hunted a pack of hounds on the west side of the country, having prior to that date hunted Sir F. Vane's pack of foxhounds, killing in 1829 forty-three foxes and in the same season having a run of over seventy miles over eleven parishes.

The future Master of the Cumberland Foxhounds, Sir Wilfred Lawson, was entered with John Peel's hounds and later Mr. G. H. Dixon, says: "In the year 1853, Mr. Lawson, the present baronet of Brayton, was hunting the Western division of Cumberland, the pack owing its original existence to John Peel."

In the next year, Sir Wilfred Lawson was returned

a member for Carlisle, his brother William hunting the pack and acting as Master. However, he could not be induced to carry on for more than one season, so Mr. Milham Hartley ("Fierce Milham of Patron Point" as he was known) came forward, the Hunt being rechristened the Cumberland Foxhounds, the hounds being kennelled at Raughton Head with Tom Johnson as first whip and kennel huntsman. Mr. Hartley was a thorough and energetic sportsman, so good sport was the result; it was during his mastership that the famous "Raughton Gill Day" took place. Exigencies of space do not allow a long description, suffice to say hounds found in Westward Parks, running into their fox at Raughton Gill. Reynard upon being weighed scaled over twenty pounds—and that *sans* brush, mask and pads.

Mr. Hartley promised his services for three seasons and when the last expired, Mr. Musgrave Brisco took over the hounds, kennelling them at Crofton Hall, his residence, Tom Johnston being made huntsman, though in the early part of the season he had a stroke from which he never recovered.

Mr. Brisco resigned at the end of the season, Mr. Milham Hartley entering into his second mastership, his reign lasting till 1868, when he resigned owing to ill-health, being presented with a testimonial suitably inscribed.

A new system was now adopted whereby the Hunt was run by a committee of management with Sir Wilfred Lawson and Sir Henry Vane of Hutton Hall at the head of it. The committee of management retired in 1871, Sir Wilfred Lawson resuming the mastership with Martin Call as huntsman, the kennels being at Roehill, Raughton Head.

Another change was made the following season, Major Wybergh, a name well known in every clique of venery and at the present day equally so on the Turf, becoming huntsman, and right good sport did

he show with Tom Watson as whipper-in, though unfortunately in 1875 poor Tom had a terrible accident, as his horse pulled off a wall and kicked him in the face.

In 1875 Captain Sharp became Master, but his reign was only of the short duration of one season, when Mr. H. C. Howard and Colonel Wybergh hunted the country three days a week.

The two Masters showed good sport for three days a week, albeit foxes were not very numerous and had many good runs for nine seasons, and it was during their initial season that a dinner was given by the Fishmongers' Company in London to M.F.H.'s and other well-known hunting people. So many Northern sportsmen went up to it, a song was written in commemoration of the great re-union.

The Banquet is spread in the Fishmongers' Hall,
And the guests are all gathered around,
The Masters of Hounds, both great ones and small,
Amid the gay throng may be found.

There's the Major just fresh from a run at Blinderake,
In the midst of the falling snow,
When our fox took a line, when at last forced to break,
Half a mile just as straight as a crow.

There's the Squire of Dalmain from the Ullswater Hunt,
Where the hounds are as swift as young eagles;
There's Parker, who gallantly rides in the front,
And Harry who runs with the beagles.

There's George Moore from Whitehall, at the head of the
board,
At one time no rider was bolder;
But now he can't ride, though his strength is restored,
For fear he should damage his shoulder.

But he still loves the chase in his warm-hearted way,
Although he's unable to follow,
And his heart beats with joy on a fine hunting day,
When he hears the bold Major's view halloa.

There's Sam who rides Sultan so steady and strong,
Never known to shy, stumble or pull;
Ere he purchase another, the time will be long,
For his money's all spent on a bull.

From the Irthing, the deputy Johnson has come,
Where the sport is so rich and so rare;
The Tordiff appears from the wide Abbey Holme,
Where they always are hunting the hare.

Royal George sits beside him by capital luck,
That gallant and veteran stager,
We knew his high office, his rank and his pluck,
But don't think him quite up to our Major.

Then there's Lamplugh who rides such a swift, dashing
steed

(For daring what youngster can match him?)
That you'll hardly believe it, though true now indeed,
On some days I, myself, can scarce catch him.

Which is strange as you know my fast pace in the chase,
Regardless of mud, stones and rocks;
And how always I'm first to arrive at the place
Where I'm certain of heading the fox.

But though I can beat the huntsman and hounds
And leave them behind me like winking,
At the Fishmongers' board I won't dare to be found—
For I know they can beat me at drinking.

Well, well, just keep steady, whatever you do,
Shirk the sherry and stick to the soup;
And then you will cleverly ride each run through,
In good time for the Major's Whoop-Whoch.

On Colonel Wybergh's retirement in 1885, Mr. H. C. Howard carried on alone for one season, being joined at the beginning of the next season by the late Sir Wilfred Lawson, who continued to act conjointly with him till 1890 when he retired. Mr. Howard was then joined by Mr. C. J. Parker, and it was during their time of office that the west side of the country

was loaned to a new pack under the mastership of Mr. J. H. Jefferson, this Hunt being known at first as the Cumberland West Foxhounds. The two joint Masters hunted the old Cumberland Hunt territory till 1906, when Mr. Howard retired after a long connection of over thirty seasons.

For six years Mr. Parker carried on alone and then he retired in favour of Major F. P. N. Dunne and Mr. A. Wybergh who resigned at the end of the season, leaving Major Dunne to carry on alone till the year of the European struggle.

The Hunt then fell into abeyance, though the western portion of the country had been hunted by the Cumberland (as it is now called) by Mr. Jefferson for five seasons, he retiring in favour of Lord Leconfield, who held the reins of office for one season, being followed by the present Master, Sir Wilfred Lawson, whose family, as we have seen, have been connected with the chase and all that hunting implies for generations.

At the present, he hunts the Cumberland himself two days a week, showing very good sport with the stout moorland foxes, which take a deal of killing.

In 1923 the old Cumberland Hunt Committee handed over their equipment and saddlery of the Hunt that fell into abeyance on the outbreak of war to the newly formed Cumberland Farmers' Hunt, the Master of which is Mr. R. H. Tinniswood, and hounds are hunted by Ben Goddard, late of the Tynedale, two days a week.

Both Hunts wear the same button, and the memory of the old Cumbrian huntsman, John Peel, is preserved in the grey collars worn by the members and Hunt servants of both Hunts.

Nearly all the territories over which both Hunts hold sway are grass with occasional stretches of moorlands and woodlands, but which, after all, can be

left behind without seeing gash of plough or gleam of wing.

John Peel left a great legacy behind him which has been realized to the fullest extent, by his predecessors, who seem to be just as anxious as one of our most picturesque hunting figures was when his hound ran from Dentonholme to Scratchmere Scar and he followed them.

“ Over rasper fence, gate or bar,
To vie for the brush in the morning.”

Such are the packs which hunt or have hunted on the moors, hills and fells of the North, and if any of my readers complain that I have been too brief and pithy in describing them, then in mitigation I can only say that space does not permit me to enter into all the sporting traditions which are entwined round them. Our forbears of old were used to long arduous runs consequent, upon a more open country than we of to-day know not, and the same effect has been felt by the hunting scribe; briefness with a pithy clarity of manner is what is asked for to-day, anything but irrelevance and long-windedness. That is my *raison d'être* for the brevity of the foregoing for, as I worked out the line, I have found that a brief description fits the case more aptly, as does a quick forty minutes' burst over a good jumping country, than the long slowness of olden time. But one thing remains, love of the sport, especially that connected with horse and hound and as the old sportsmen used to sing :

“ Here's health to all sportsmen
Wherever they be,
Long life to fox-hunters of every degree,
Whether farmer or tradesman, my lord or his grace,
May he spend his last days in support of the chase.”

CHAPTER X

OLD-TIME HUNTSMEN OF THE NORTH

“ Old friends, old times, old customs, old manners.”
—*Goldsmith*.

MENTION of various names connected with the chase have been made in the foregoing chapters, and one feels that the present history will hardly be complete without some account of these old huntsmen who have flitted across the old-time story already recounted.

The Haydon, who hold pride of place among the Northumberland packs in point of view of longevity, were hunted for long by Robert Bruce, as has been seen. Unfortunately nearly every record of him has been lost: in fact I was told on making inquiries that “ we knaw nowt at au about sic ard men,” but with perseverance I have unearthed some particulars of one of the old Haydon’s foremost figures.

Bruce lived at Warden, so accordingly one dull, misty afternoon I was decanted at Fourstones’ station by the railway. On entering the local hostelry to ask for directions (I say this advisedly for much greater men than I have tarried and found comfort in wayside taverns) I was told that if one kept to the path by the riverside, Warden Paper Mills (unlovely eyesore) would soon be reached, and then I had “ nowt to dee but gan reet on.” Accordingly leaving Fourstones, or “ Fourstanes ” as we say in the North, which is supposed to take its name from the

presence of four stones which according to local tradition have marked the boundaries of the place, and to have had on their tops a cavity for the reception of holy water. There is a story current in the district that one of these was called the "Fairy Stone" because in the rebellion of 1715, the top of this altar was formed into a square recess with a cover to receive treasonable correspondence of the rebel chiefs, and that a little boy clad in green came in the twilight of every evening to carry away the letters left in it for Lord Derwentwater and deposit his answers, which were spirited away in a similar manner by the agency of some of his friends: such is the local story. I crossed the railway, and found the field path, and as I walked along the smell of the country and the musical running of the Tyne seemed good to me. Though damp, it was a day beloved of the heart of John Jorrocks, soft and balmy, perfect scenting weather, with a tang in the air making one love good old Mother Earth. One regretted the autumnal tints were no longer on the trees, and as one glanced at the fields on either side of the river, mile after mile without gash of plough, the thought reverted that here at all events is some of the best of the Haydon country. In fact the whole of this neighbourhood is fairly steeped in sporting tradition; the Maughans of Newbrough Lodge showed sport in it for years, old Bruce the subject of our text, the Claytons of the Chesters, a name well known in the blood stock sale ring, the Allgoods of Nunwick, and many other names too numerous to recapitulate, have made the district of great interest to Northern sportsmen.

The River Tyne, which widens here very considerably, is alone of interest to the angler, for both salmon and trout are plentiful if one cares to throw a line on the shallow waters. Traces of the otter's webbed pads are not unknown either, and though the

river rises very rapidly at times, good sport is found by the Northern Counties Otter-hounds.

The Tyne is justly famed for its beauty, as witness the old song which speaks more eloquently than can I, of the wild beauties and sporting facilities, of the broad River Tyne :

“ O, the banks of the Tyne are well known far and near
For the beautiful landscape and stream running clear,
Where the trout fills your eye with a gold sparkling gleam,
And the salmon glides swiftly through the clear running
stream.

Ye may boast of the plover, the moor cock and hen,
Where the wild thyme smells sweetly in yon mossy glen,
Ye may boast of the larnack, singing so fine,
But give me the sang on the banks of the Tyne.”

Regretfully leaving the river bank, I struck across the fields with the ungainly paper mills on my left, soon finding myself after a short walk at the village of Warden, which was one of the many manors given to Lord Lucy of Cockermouth; who greatly distinguished himself by capturing the notorious Andrew de Harclar at the battle of Boroughbridge in Yorkshire; by the second Edward of unfortunate memory. After the battle Sir Thomas Lucy had the unpleasant task of depriving Sir Andrew of the honour of knighthood. As his golden spurs were being hacked off, and his knightly girdle taken away, the Lord of Cockermouth exclaimed, “ Now, Andrew, thou art no true knight, but a sorry knave.” Eventually the manor descended by the female line to the powerful Percy family. Surrounded by patches of woodland, which enhance the beauty of a somewhat diversified landscape, by their sylvan charms, the age-old picturesque early English Church of Warden is indeed in a perfect setting. Entering the little God's Acre, I examined the various headstones, eventually

finding those of the Bruce family. Robert Bruce's reads:

IN MEMORY
of
ROBERT BRUCE

Born 1807

Died April 26th, 1874.

Aged 67 years.

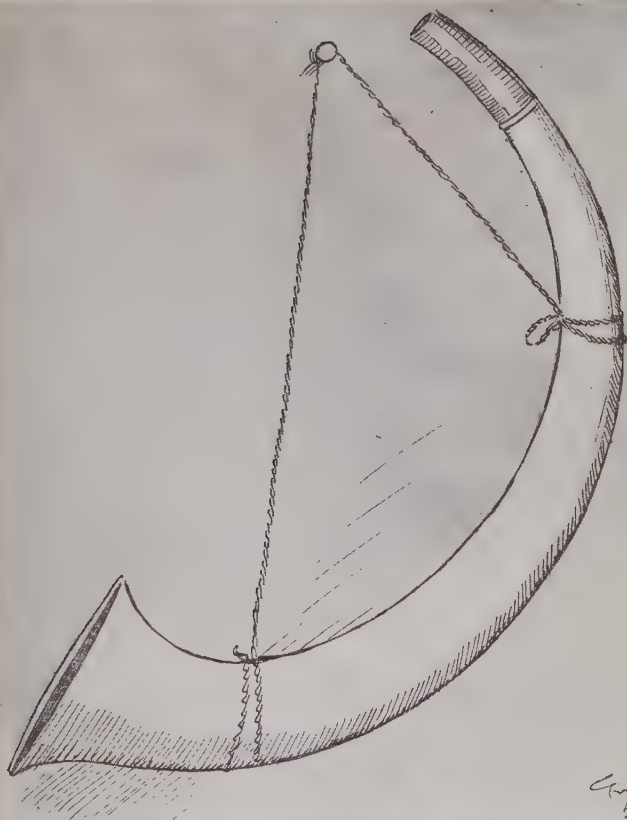
This stone was erected by the members of the Haydon Hunt. He was thirty-two years huntsman of the Haydon Hounds.

Though Bruce received no very princely remuneration from the Haydon, yet he kept his own horse out of it, and himself as well, though, of course, he helped the farmers in summer with their harvest and hay crops and they in return "summered" horse for him.

For over thirty years he showed good sport with the Haydon (as we have seen), and I was told by an old-time follower that "Bob," as he was affectionately termed, "could fair mak' woods ring when a fox set up."

A year or two before his retirement, Bruce was returning home after a good run and a mark to ground at the Steel Craggs in Shire Head, eighteen miles from kennels. It was a beautiful, calm, starlit evening with a slight sprinkling of snow, and the moon at the full. On the way home a fox crossed their path near the Black House on Yarridge and hounds broke away at view. The Master and huntsman were nothing loath, even at nine o'clock at night, to follow them. Old residents used to relate thirty years ago how they were brought to their doors to hear the cry sweeping along from Yarridge to Nubbock on a night almost as light as day and the clear voice of Bruce cheering and harking them, on at intervals.

Of course such a great character as Bruce did not escape the notice of that prince of sporting writers, "The Druid" who in "Saddle and Sirloin" describes



Robert Bruce
his mark +

ROBERT BRUCE'S HORN AND SIGNATURE



him at the Cleveland Show at Yarm in 1864 thus: "The greatest character among the huntsmen was Robert Bruce of the Haydon. He was a tall, hard-bitten sort of old fellow, clad in a velvet cap and well stained scarlet swallow tails. He brought two couple, but they were of a coarse given stamp, no doubt 'beggars to gan' among their native heather and Scotch fir plantations, and ready in the words of their guide to 'teer doon a fox, lang afore these grand bred 'uns they mak' soe much talk of have fun him.'"

Of course the hounds were trencher fed, every member keeping one or two, and it was part of Bruce's duty to collect the hounds before hunting, sometimes the previous evening, more often on the hunting morning, his *modus operandi* being as follows. Having mounted his horse whilst the world was still dark, he went up and down blowing his horn, calling the hounds by name, when he arrived at each of their dwelling places.

His favourite position was on the Haydon Bridge and long did the echoes ring after Bob had wound his quaint, curved old horn, and as each hound came willingly the old huntsman made a great fuss of him. Soon the pack was in small compass behind his heels, then they wended their way to the place of meeting. One hound in particular lived with Bruce, a black and white bitch named Dancer, and was so attached to him that she could hardly be ever persuaded to leave the huntsman's heels, even when the rest of the pack were running hard on a serving scent. Dancer had always one eye on her lord and master and the other on the fox in front. Like most of these old-time worthies, Bob loved good cheer and good fellowship, and he was mortally offended, if he was not asked to drink a health when calling anywhere. His old curved horn served as his cellar at the hunt dinners since he used to cork one end, filling the instrument with good whisky. Once when calling at a farm-

house after a good run, when both horses, men, and hounds were tired out, the farmer handed "Bob" a glass, exclaiming impressively: "There, Robert, that is over twenty years old." Bruce drained the glass, and turning to the farmer said: "Whe, Mistor, it's smaall for its age then!"

Deep rooted in the old man's heart was love of the chase and his almost parental regard for his hounds and in a lesser degree for the fox; the old huntsman was one of Nature's gentlemen, having been educated in Nature's school of the woodland, and, eke the heathery heath.

Tradition relates that one summer's day whilst riding on the fells, above Haydon Bridge, he found a vixen dead in a trap. Seizing both trap and vixen he galloped off to the Anchor Inn, Haydon Bridge, then the headquarters of the Hunt, kept by old Matthew Hetherington, a keen hunting man, and showed him some villain's fell handiwork. Matthew, after giving due vent to his feelings, told Bob that it was done and swearing would not improve the position. "Whe," reiterated Bob, "I wasn't half as sorry when me old moother deed."

In hunting Bruce employed methods of his own; he let his hounds work, rarely casting them, in fact they did not need it, and rarely going to a holloa. "Leave them alean'. Let them be," was his remark if any sportsman volunteered information or assistance. He was a staunch believer in an early start. If, for any reason, members dallied at a meet or kept him waiting, he would always pull his big watch out of his breeches' pocket by a jack-chain and exclaim: "What good's this? It's gotten far ower late i' the day."

One of the characteristics of the old-time Haydon and one which pertained throughout the North in days of yore was the following. Whenever hounds killed (which, as will be seen from the foregoing pages, was

not an infrequent occurrence) on the way home and at the first hostelry reached, a large jorum of whisky punch was brewed, in which the mask and sometimes the blood-stained end of the brush was dipped three times before the assembled sportsmen drank; they then tossed off the steaming bumpers with many a toast and chorus, reference being found to this custom in the H.H.'s (Hampshire Hunt) hunting ballad, which runs as follows :

“ And now that bowld Reynard we’ve kilt,
We’ll go back to ould Alresford and dine;
We’ll put ’is fowr pads in a bumper,
And drink our Lord’s good health in wine.”

And it is recorded that a Duke of Northumberland had a fox’s head devilled for dinner at Alnwick Castle after a long run.

Bruce, in common with old-time huntsmen and sportsmen of his day, was wont to be rough and straightforward in his manner and speech; calling a spade a spade and not an implement of agriculture. He was fiercely jealous of the reputation of the Haydon, and whenever anyone started to run the Hunt down in any shape or form, his invariable reply was : “ Nah reets reet and fairs fair, but if thou disn’t hod thy gob ar’ll shut it for thee,” and generally the *tu quoque* silenced the offender; inasmuch as Bruce one would rather drink with than fight with any day; perhaps if one were wise one would abstain from doing either.

Bruce once when coming back late at night with his hounds, was asked by the landlord of the inn where they halted for refreshment, what sort of sport they had enjoyed. “ Never a smell o’ fox, but are smelt herrings despart strang in Thorngraston,” was his reply.

Robert Bruce died in harness after season 1873-74 to the great and general regret of all the Haydon

country, for with his claret-coloured purple lapped coat and horn slung over one shoulder, with a spare stirrup leather over the other and his old grey horse, which was rather "kittle" on three legs and not very sure on the fourth, but which always bore his master to the end of the longest and hardest day, the old huntsman was a very familiar figure.

All the members of the Haydon were present at his funeral and a long, last "Tally-ho! Gone away!" was heard over his grave.

Northumberland, indeed the whole of the North, at one time possessed many of these old-time sportsmen; they were to be found in practically every hunt. Another "character" (as we Northerners call them) was quaint old Will Scott, who told a local Squire at Rothbury that a fox had run to ground at Simonside, near Rothbury. Naturally the Squire asked him how he knew. "Whe," replied the huntsman, "hevven't Aa getten his aan handwritin' to show for't?" at the same time showing his hand, which reynard had bitten.

That good sportsman, the late Captain J. C. Rogerson, for years Master of the North Durham (now included in the Braes of Derwent country) used to tell a very good story anent a certain old Northumbrian huntsman, who for years judged the young entry of a certain Newcastle harrier pack. Season after season it fell to the lot of this old worthy to propose the health of the pack and at the same time give his comments on the state of it. His peroration ended somewhat like this: "Whe now, Ar seen the Haydon dergs, and the Tindale dergs, the North of Durham dergs, and the Earl o' Zetland's dergs; but Ar will say that Ar nivver saw a cannier leakin' lot than Mr. — harriers. They're perfect little steam injuns."

Another old-time huntsman of the North contemporary with the other old characters we have

glanced at, was Josh Kirk, who hunted the Slaley Hounds for Mr. Jonathan Richardson, a country now covered as we have seen by the Braes of Derwent, the Tynedale and in part the Haydon.

Kirk was one of those characters so common at the beginning of the last century; the strange class wandered up and down the land turning their hands to everything, but seldom staying at any work very long. This old-time huntsman was a miner before he went to Mr. Richardson, but he used to hunt his two days a week on foot regularly.

Kirk is generally supposed to have been the prototype of James Pigg, Mr. Jorrocks' Northumbrian huntsman (only the greatest M.F.H. of fiction called him Scotch, because of his "burr") and the picture Surtees drew of Pigg fitted the Slaley huntsman perfectly—"a tall, spindle-shanked man inclining to bald, with flowing grey streaked locks, shading a sharp-featured, weather-beaten face lit with bright hazel eyes." Indeed some of the adventures of the Handley Cross huntsmen befell Kirk; one of the best days the Slaley ever had brought one of these about.

Says Mr. Wm. Scarth Dixon in his "Hunting in the Olden Days":

"The pack found in the Sheep and ran over Corbridge Fell to where the first and only check took place just outside a villa garden. Kirk and his master alone were on terms with the pack, and the former suggested that the fox might have slipped into the garden. The order to go and see was immediately obeyed, and then the immortal 'melon frame' scene took place. Whilst this was going on in the garden a man came running up with the information of the fox's whereabouts, and leaving his huntsman to finish his altercation with the angry owner of the damaged melon frame, Mr. Richardson set off after his fox.

Hounds recovered the line and ran back to where they had found, rolling their fox over handsomely."

Where Kirk got his skill and "science" there is no record, unless, as is usual in such cases, hunting was an inherent part of him combined with an inborn knowledge of hounds and their doings, but he was a skilful huntsman, a capable horseman, very bad to beat over any country, and one of those men whose frames have been toughened and hardened by hard, continuous exercise under the open sky.

Kirk loved hunting for its own sake, putting hounds before everything else. Sometimes this was carried to great extremes. On one particular occasion he outstripped all bounds. To quote Mr. Dixon once more:

"They had had a long hard day in a rough country, and a very tired fox was just in front of them. To use a familiar phrase amongst huntsmen, 'He only wanted picking up.' But there was one thing against this most desirable consummation—the huntsman's horse was done to a turn and the Master's was very little better. But the Master had a guest with him and there was a little bit of 'go' left in his horse, so he generously gave him up to Kirk and told him to go on and kill his fox. Mr. Richardson and his guest returned home, and a weary wait they had before hounds turned up. It was nine in the evening when they arrived, Kirk on foot. He told his tale of how handsomely hounds had killed their fox, and then the guest wanted to know where his horse was. 'He's the daftest horse ar iver did see, he's somewheres on the moor,' answered Kirk, and then he told how, seeing the fox crawling up on the other side of a dene, which could not be crossed on horseback, he had jumped off, leaving him loose, as huntsmen often do. He ran across the dene, and when he had broken up

his fox Kirk went back to where he had left the horse and of course found him gone. He tramped the weary miles home contentedly and could not understand the gentleman's solicitude about his horse. 'Dinn'as fash yersel, canny man,' said he, 'we've kilt wor fox.'

It would seem to be a well-established fact that Kirk was the prototype of "wor canny James," and Surtees probably drew his character from life, as he was a keen supporter of the old Slaley.

The question of nomenclature arises, and perhaps this is where those who follow the milestones of the great novelist's career—of whom Thackeray was such an admirer—may fail. Pigg is a well-known Northumbrian name, perhaps Surtees took the name from that local institution, "Pigg's Charities," for we find the huntsman of "Handley Cross" saying, "Only you see ma fore elder, John you see, John Pigg you see, willed and wor brass to the 'formary ye see, and left me wi' fairly nowt—gin ye gan to the 'formary ye'll see it arle clagged up i' great goud letters gin the warll." Again the name of Lord Elcho's huntsman was Joe Hogg, whom Surtees would undoubtedly know well. We find "Pomponious Ego" (a very crafty character sketch of the great Nimrod) saying in the account of his day with Mr. Jorrocks' hounds, "I trotted on to have a little chat with his huntsman, a fellow of the appropriate name of Hogg. But what an example of a man was he. A great, lanky, hungry, ill-conditioned, raw-boned Borderer, speaking a language formed of the worst corruptions of Scotch and English." So there the master hand again depicted Josh Kirk.

History does not relate what happened to Kirk after Mr. Richardson's retirement, but one thing strikes the mind that given the possibilities of

education and other amenities of life, Kirk, Bruce, Scott and others who have figured in these pages would have risen high in their calling, for they were men of undoubted ability, being sportsmen (and all that the somewhat wide term stands for) to the core, loving their hounds and horse, possessing moreover shrewd philosophical minds, tempered with much harmless wit.

Mr. Jonathan Richardson, of whom mention has been made, was Master of the Slaley for many seasons prior to Mr. Nicholas Maughan's mastership. He was one of the best welter weights of his day, being familiarly known as "The Flying Quaker." It is recorded that once on Corbridge Fell, near Stagshaw Bank, Mr. Richardson jumped in and out of a sheepfold, the walls of which were over five feet three inches high, the top course being mortared. The sheepfold is still intact, though I have never heard of anyone emulating the performance.

Another old huntsman of whom some slight mention has been made, was the famed Siddle Dixon, of the Braes of Derwent. He was a quaint character, yet good sportsman withal; and, like the majority of these old huntsmen, cared little for outward show, or other forms of ostentation. But he was as keen a huntsman as ever wound horn, loving the sport for its own clear-cut sake, and only happy when the cry of his pack came ringing down the breeze. As was the case with most old huntsmen, Siddle was immensely popular with all classes, and his dry humorous sayings are still largely quoted in the district. For "Siddle" was a great figure-head and institution in the hunt. Though a veteran in service, age had not perceptibly affected his activity nor his capacity for showing sport in a country, which is one of the most difficult in England. His hard-bitten countenance, his dry humour expressed in the native dialect of the Tyne, his light and easy seat on a horse, and the

confidence his hounds had in him, all proclaimed a huntsman and a "character." Not only was he all this but he was, like his Master, a "doggy" man, and his pack meant a good deal more to him than is the case with some huntsmen. For mere appearance he cared little and, again in that way, he took a lead from his Master, but he was a workman all over. Once when seen at a Scales Cross meet he had his weathered scarlet and the usual deeply wrinkled boots, which, by their corrugations, always kept the "tops" drawn down well over his calves. Added to these everyday features, however, his cap peak was cracked down the middle and somewhat loose, having, as he explained "Getten bashed th' tother day abean a tree." In addition to this he bore evidence of further recent damage in the exercise of his adventurous calling, for he carried across his left thigh a rent in his white breeches, a good six inches long, which had been made good by darning, in bold herring-bone stitches with dark worsted thread! In spite of such-like eccentricities "Siddle" was a fine type of man with a large share of natural dignity and good manners—there was nothing of the noisy, swaggering way with him, which might have easily been assumed in view of his age and general popularity.

In the big woods and ravines of "The Braes" his beautiful tenor voice will always be remembered by those who hunted with him. It was a treat to hear this when, perhaps with a poorish scent, his hounds had got divided on different foxes and were doing little good, in such places as East Dipton or Broomley Fell. He would go along one of the main rides, and would call them together in a remarkably short space of time—never touching his horn—by the magic of his voice. Then with a glorious cheer he would start them off drawing again where he thought a fox would be lying. His practical handling of hounds in this way when in heavy covers was largely the

secret of his success in showing sport. His son Jack was an able whipper-in to him, and the pair knew the ins and outs of every deep valley and big fir plantation in their intricate country.

A good story is told of another of these old-time hunt men, when Squire Hill, of Thornton, was hunting what is now the Staintondale country. He had one, Willy Ecclefield, as huntsman and head groom. He was a fine sportsman, good horseman and a quaint character, being devoted to his master. An instance of this devotion is shown when he went to the "Squire" one day, saying, "Do you want owt i' t' morn, sir?" "No, Willy, I don't want anything particularly," answered the Squire. "Why, sir, we was thinking of getten wed, but if you want owt, we can put it off."

As has been observed Willy was a fine horseman, and once when Squire Hill was hunting part of the now Holderness country, jumped Wansford lock, a truly brilliant performance. Quite equal to the railway gate which Stephen Goodall jumped when hunting the Bramham Moor. During part of the time when those old huntsmen were flourishing, John Winter was huntsman to the Durham County Hounds, then under the mastership of the famed Ralph Lambton. One particular season great difficulty was found in filling a whipper-in post. Applicant after applicant was turned away, till one day a diminutive Yorkshireman in a very large pair of top boots presented himself to Mr. Lambton. On being asked for his qualification for the post he said he had whipped-in to his coosin "John Andrew of the Cleveland." Mr. Lambton, struck with his appearance, engaged him on the spot, and he made no mistake, for the little Yorkshireman was none other than the famed John Harrison (but he was called Tom to distinguish him from John Winter), who showed such good sport for season after season under

various masters, after Mr. Lambton's retirement in 1838. Alas! his end was an unhappy one, his nerve was as good as ever, but his eyesight failed, and he found that when the cub-hunting season came round once more he was nearly blind. One morning before setting off he had a gallop by himself to see if this was really the case. Coming in he sent the lads in to breakfast, went into the boiler house and hung himself.

Perhaps this chapter, dealing as it does with some of the old huntsmen of the North, should not be concluded without a word or two, about one of the most famous of them all, John Peel. There must be very few people in the world who have not heard of this famous huntsman. On the sunny plains of India, in the wonderful violet velvet nights on the Sahara, as far as the frozen Arctic circle, in the Colonies or wherever the English tongue is spoken, at the mention of the old Cumbrian sportsman's name, many eyes will light up, their minds reverting to the little island where the good fun lies.

John Peel at one time was huntsman or hunted Sir F. Vane's pack of foxhounds. In 1829 this pack killed over twenty brace of foxes under his guidance; for years he hunted the country now covered by the West Cumberland, and it was in Peel's last seasons that the late Sir William Lawson joined him, the hounds being kennelled at Brayton.

John Peel, whose bluey-grey coat with brass buttons, white beaver hat, "choker" tie, knee breeches, long stockings, shoes and one spur, made him such a picturesque figure, lived at Caldbeck where his house, with spur, bridle, and horn, used by him can still be seen.

So popular and widespread is the song that it has made John Peel a famous and evergreen figure in the hunting world. The song was composed by the late Mr. Matthew Woodcock Graves (who died in

Tasmania) at the Oddfellows' Inn, Caldbeck, one day after hunting.

The opening lines are :

“ D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey.”

not *gay* as many people imagine and sing it, for the following reason : The coat was made from the wool of Peel's own stout mountain sheep, known generally as the Herdwick breed, which was of a blue black, grey colour, being known by the locals as “ Skiddaw Burn.”

When the song was composed, Graves sang it through to Peel to the old Scotch lilt, “ Bonnie Annie.” The old huntsman (so tradition says) “ smiled through his tears,” the composer remarking, “ By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth.” The run alluded to in it starts from Low Denton Holme, near Caldbeck, where John Peel lived; and bold reynard is run into on Scratchmere Scar near Lazonby.

The Master, Hunt servants and members of the Cumberland Foxhounds wear a grey collar to commemorate the famous sportsman.

Graves describes him thus :

“ Of very limited education beyond hunting, but no will of a fox or hare could evade his scrutiny, and business of any kind was utterly neglected. I believe he would not have left a drag of a fox on the impending death of a child, or any other early event. He was six feet and more and of a form quite surprising, but his face and head somewhat magnificent. A clever sculptor told me that he once followed, admiring him, a whole market day before he discovered who he was.”

The longest run Peel ever had was when he

hunted Sir F. Vane's pack. In the *Carlisle Journal* for December, 1829, the account is as follows :

"They found at Gillbrow, Lorton ran over Wythorp Fen, through Embleton, over the Haye near Cockermouth, crossed the Derwent, thence by Isel and Sunderland climbs, Shreapland, Kirkland, Torbenhow, Binsay, Bolton Gate, Westward Park, Red Dial, Crofton Hall, Risley, Westward Park, Faulds and Westward Park, seventy miles over clover marshes."

Peel used to hunt fox till March and then from that month till May he entered two or three couple of steady hounds to fountmart and sweetmart, which at this time were quite common in Cumberland and Westmorland. It is recorded that one day he went out and got on the drag of a mart, which took hounds several climbs over the fells, till they ran back on a loop to a heap of stones, where the mart was found fast asleep; a case of hunting his game first and then finding it. John Peel died in 1854, his hounds becoming part of Sir Wilfred Lawson's pack. In the little churchyard at Caldbeck his gravestone, which is adorned with trophies of the chase, reads :

"In Memory of John Peel, of Ruthwaite, died November 13th, 1854, aged 78 years."

Graves wrote a monody on his death :

"Now Reynard may prowl in the wide open day,
Nor the hare out so lightly need steal:
The hounds have all singed and slunk far away
When they boded the death of John Peel."

Thus we have run from scent to view. With this chapter must end the records, songs and stories dealing with sport of many kinds in the "merry past."

It was from that past that we sprang, and our forefathers, some of whose doings we have glanced

as the old-time histories have unfolded themselves, bequeathed to us a priceless heritage, for sport is no mere whim of fashion—solid, unbending, unchangeable—it has descended to us, to be used not as a thing lightly to be thrown aside, rather as a national characteristic consequent upon our claim to be sportsmen, and all that good sportsmanship implies.

If our forefathers had ideals which do not accord with ours of to-day, we must remember that they lived in a harder, robuster age when such ideals were tolerated. But it is on their bones that our whole superstructure has been raised; it is from their blood that we are descended, and if it should so befall that hunting which engenders courage, endurance, perseverance, patience and general hardihood were to cease, then England's glory would be defaced, and our national character a thing of the past.

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